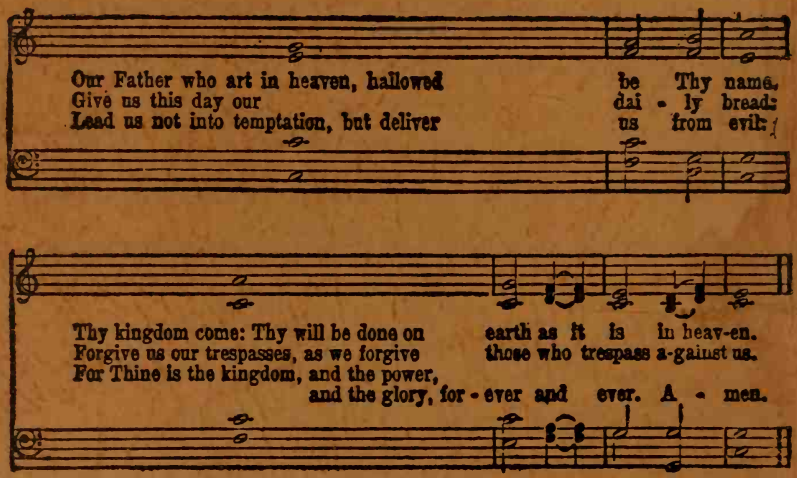
Gospel Pearls

I've found the pearl of greatest price.
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must for Christ is mine.
He shall my song employ.

Lord's Prayer


Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread:
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav-en.
Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

GOSPEL PEARLS

Edited and Compiled for Special Use in

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
CHURCH, EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS
CONVENTIONS
AND
ALL RELIGIOUS SERVICES

BY THE

MUSIC COMMITTEE

OF THE

Sunday School Publishing Board:

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PROF. E. W. D. ISAAC, Jr. MRS. CARRIE BOOKER PERSON
MISS LUCIE E. CAMPBELL MRS. GENEVA BENDER WILLIAMS

Printed in Both Round and Shaped Notes

Published by the

SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING BOARD
NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION, U.S.A.

D. C. WASHINGTON, Executive Director

330 Charlotte Avenue Nashville, Tenn., 37201

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Publisher's Note

The Sunday School Publishing Board of the National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., finds it a great pleasure to present its First Edition of a Song Book, born in due time out of an urgent demand for real inspiring and adaptable music in all of our Sunday Schools, Churches, Conventions, and other religious gatherings.

"Gospel Pearls" has been compiled by a committee appointed by the Sunday School Publishing Board, and is the result of painstaking toil and meritorious musical ability of the members of the committee who have had broad experience in the musical field.

The Sunday School Publishing Board sincerely hopes that the book will prove acceptable, and that it may find its way into every home of our great family throughout the length and breadth of the land, and will supply a long felt want in all our churches, as well as aid in making the services attractive and worshipful. We wish to express our gratitude to the members of the committee for their faithful and unrequited labor. Acknowledgments are also hereby made for permissions granted to us to use some of the highly prized and valuable songs herein found.

A. M. Townsend

Secretary,

Endorsers

The Undersigned having been requested by the officers of the Sunday School Publishing Board of the National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., to examine "Gospel Pearls," take pleasure in giving our hearty endorsement to this splendid collection of much needed Gospel songs, and cheerfully recommend it to all who are in need of a soul-stirring, message-bearing song-book.

"Gospel Pearls" has a blessed message, which it pours forth in every song. May it receive a very generous welcome at the hands of the public and may the story sweet and tender, find an echo in each heart, and prove itself an Evangel.

Respectfully,

E. C. MORRIS, *President,*
NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION.

R. B. HUDSON, *Secretary.*

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Preface

Notwithstanding the large number of song books in circulation, no apology is offered for the advent of "Gospel Pearls"; for its name tells the story, coming as it does to supply the present day needs of the Sunday school, Church, Conventions and other religious gatherings, with "Pearls" of song suitable for Worship and Devotion, Evangelistic services, Funeral, Patriotic and other special occasions.

"Gospel Pearls" contains more than half an hundred familiar hymns and tunes that cling so closely to the heart, that try as you may, you can not get away from them; then comes a collection of the Standard old songs, gathered with great care and especially adapted for soul-winning, as well as the very latest and popular works of the very best composers of sacred song, and a collection of Jubilee songs known as Spirituals—the rarest and prime favorites—the result of long hours of research and hard work, collecting and making popular throughout the land by Professor John Work, Prof. F. J. Work, Dr. J. D. Bushell, and others of musical ability and experience.

These songs may be used in every phase of public worship and will prove to be of untold value in Revivals and Evangelistic Services. They are tried and true.

"Gospel Pearls" is a boon to Gospel singers, for it contains the songs that have been sung most effectively by Prof. Britt, Mrs. J. D. Bushell, Prof. Smiley, Prof. Nix, Mrs. Williams, and other prominent singers, telling of His wondrous love through song.

It is a tribute to Christ we bring and it is our fondest hope that "Gospel Pearls" may enjoy the widest possible circulation and use, inspire the believer, convict the sinner, and cheer many a weary traveller.

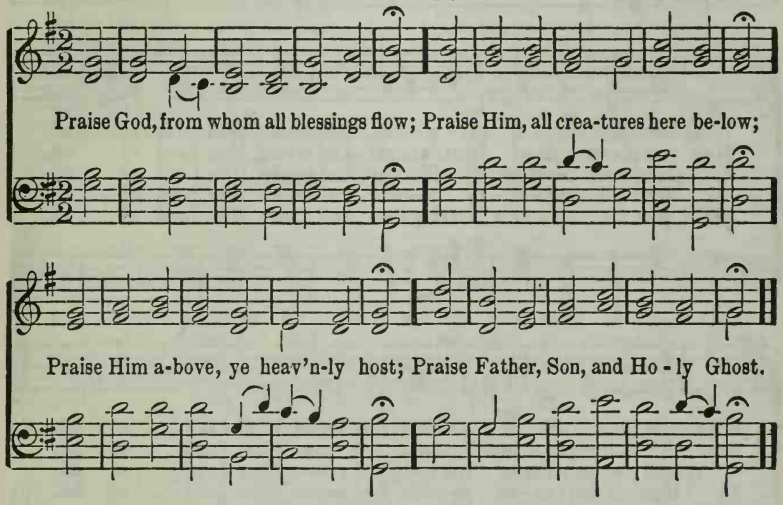
MUSIC COMMITTEE,
Sunday School Publishing Board,
National Baptist Convention, U. S. A.
Nashville, Tennessee.

GOSPEL PEARLS.

Worship and Devotion.

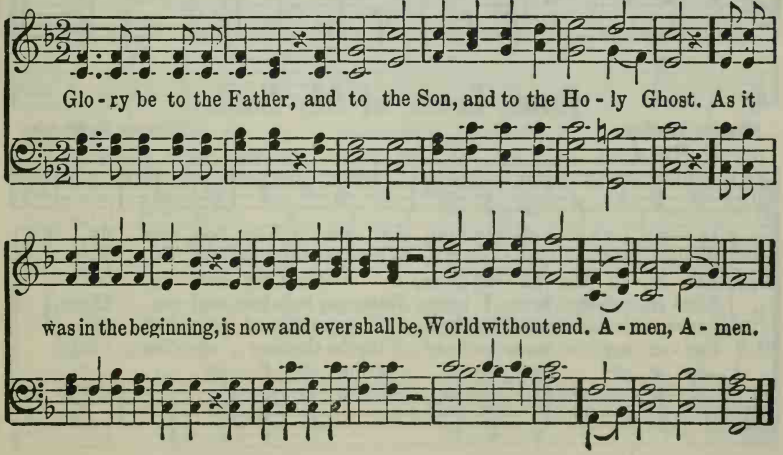
"Come into His presence with singing."
" O worship the Lord with a song."

No. 1. Doxology.

Thomas Ken. (OLD HUNDRED) Guillaume Franc.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 2. Gloria Patri.

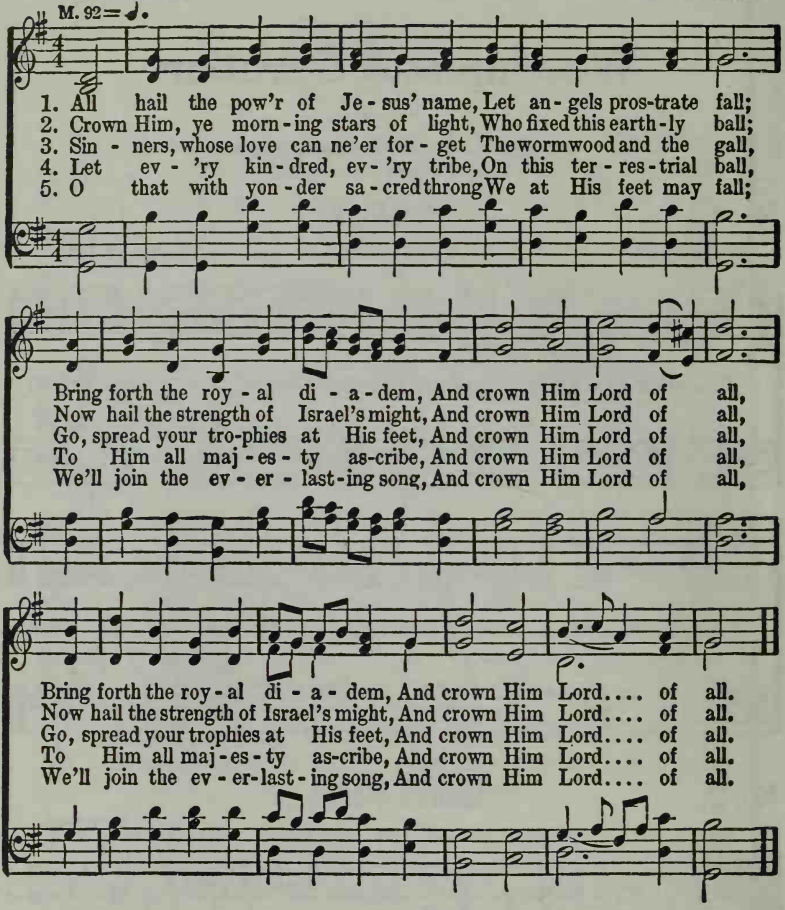
Unknown.


Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it
was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, World without end. A - men, A - men.

3. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

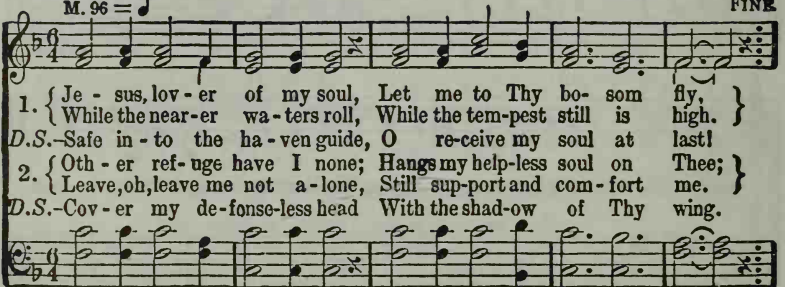
M. 92 = ♩.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

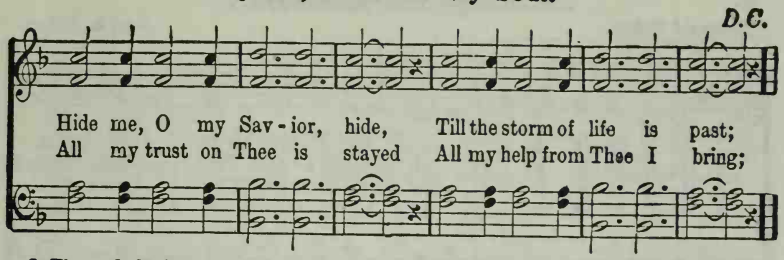
4. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. Simeon B. Marsh.

M. 96 = ♩ FINE


1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }
D.S.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me. }
D.S.–Cov - er my de-fonse-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.

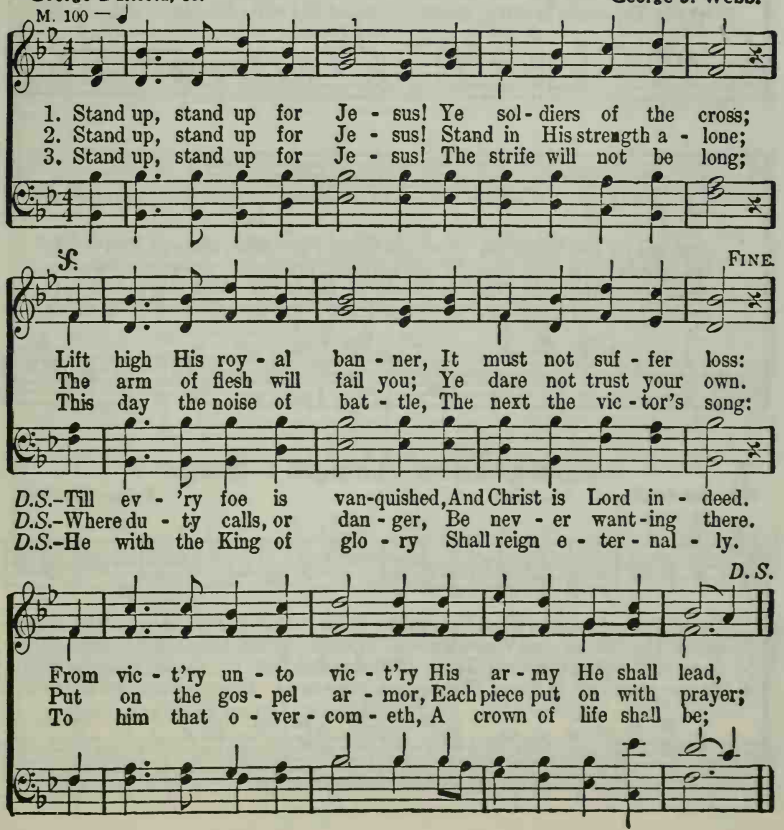
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



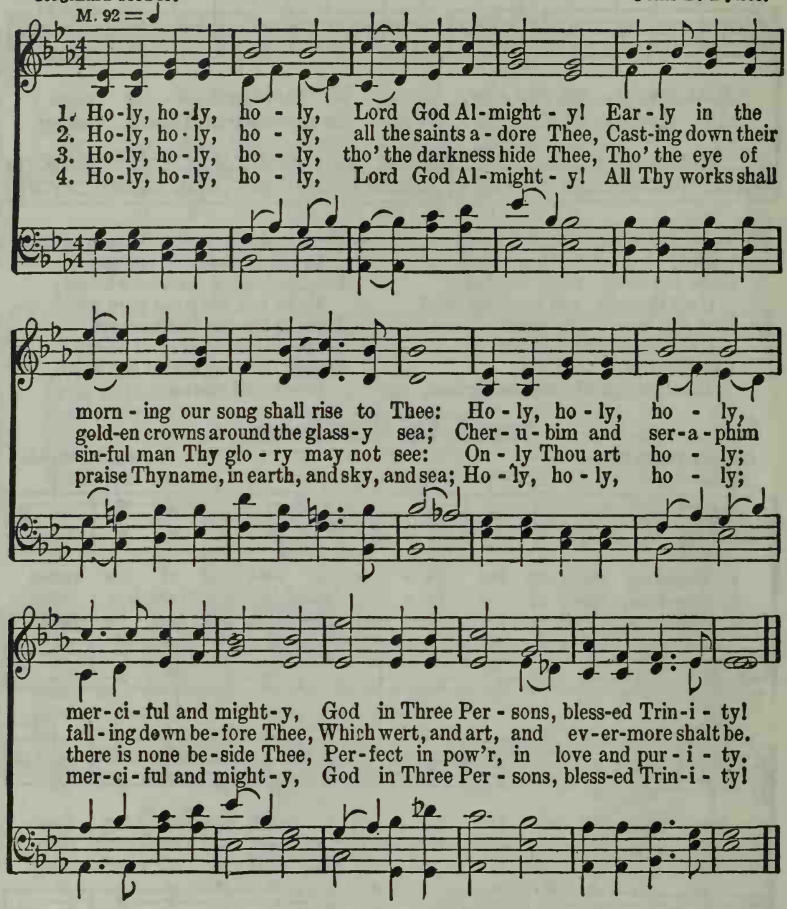
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness.
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

5. Stand Up for Jesus.

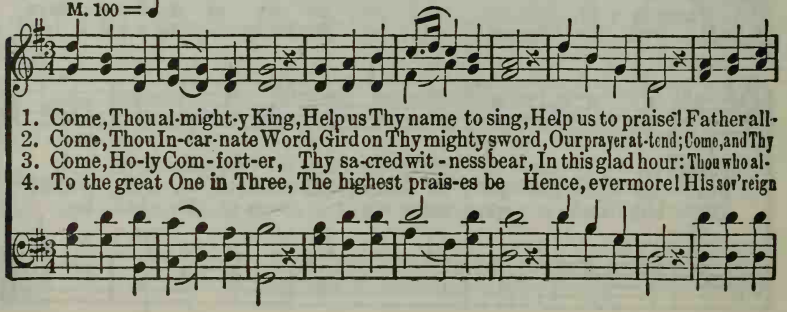
George Duffield, Jr. George J. Webb.

M. 100
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
S.
FINE.
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
D.S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.-Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
D.S.-He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
D. S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

6. Holy, Holy, Holy.

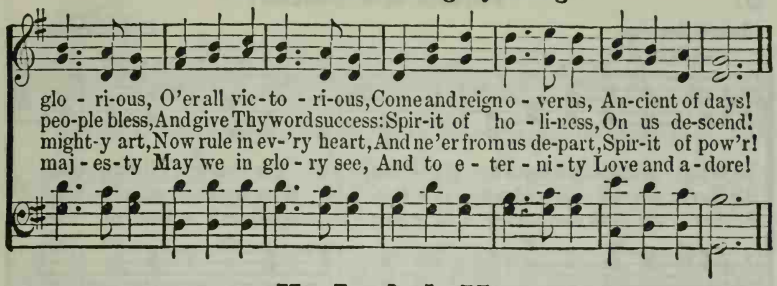
Reginald Heber. M. 92 = ♩ John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser-a - phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly;
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

7. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley M. 100 = ♩ Felice Giardini.

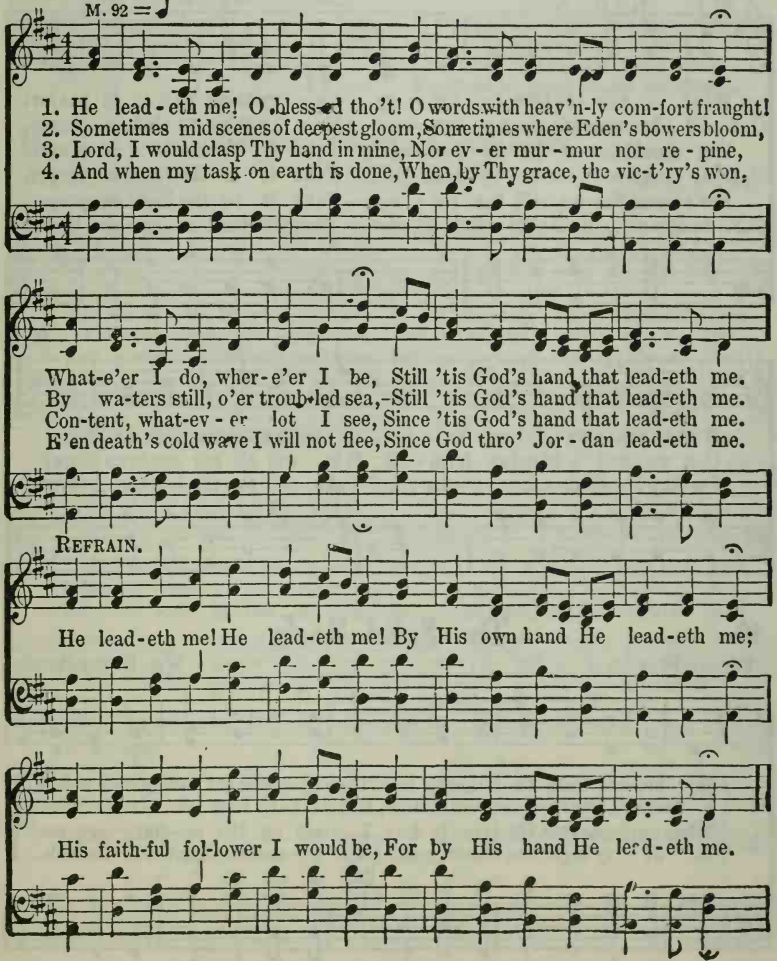

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.


glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
maj - es-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni-ty Love and a - dore!

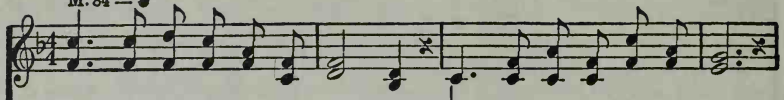
8. He Leadeth Me.

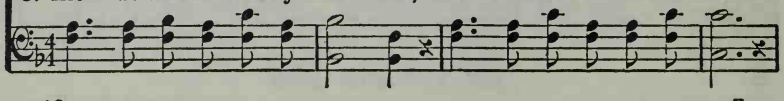
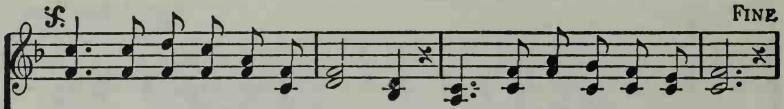
J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


M. 92 = ♩
1. He lead - eth me! O blessed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

9. What a Friend.

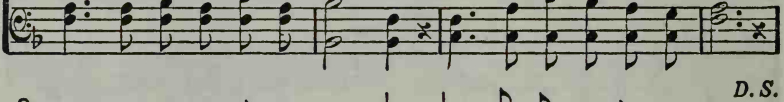
Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.

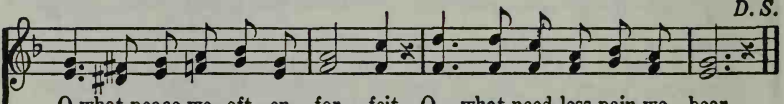
M. 84 = ♩

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—



FINE.

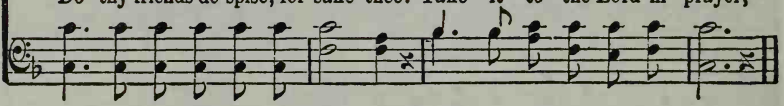
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.





D. S.

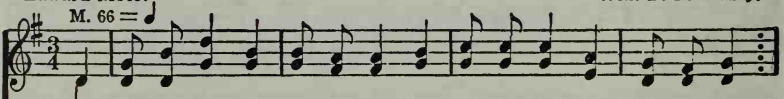
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



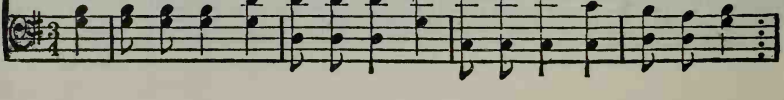
10. The Solid Rock.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 66 = ♩

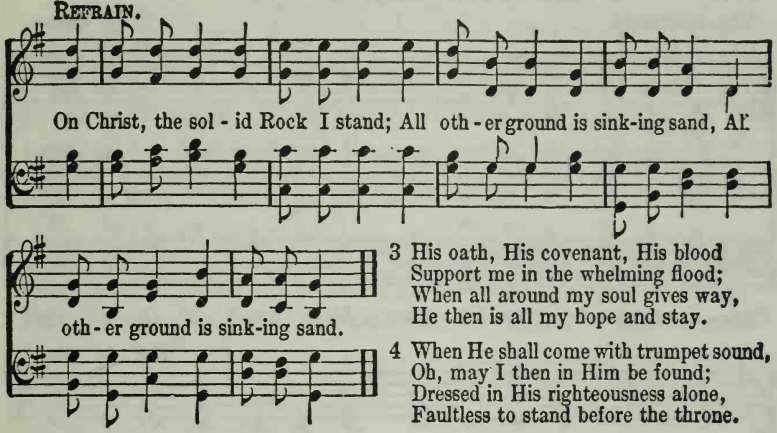


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace:
   In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vale.



The Solid Rock.

REFRAIN.



3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

11. Savior, More Than Life.

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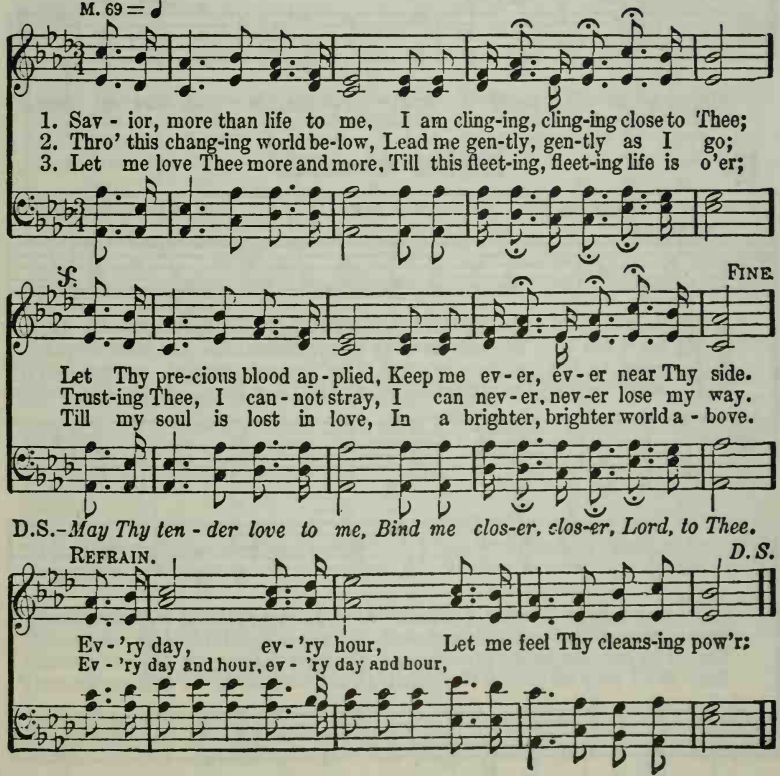
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

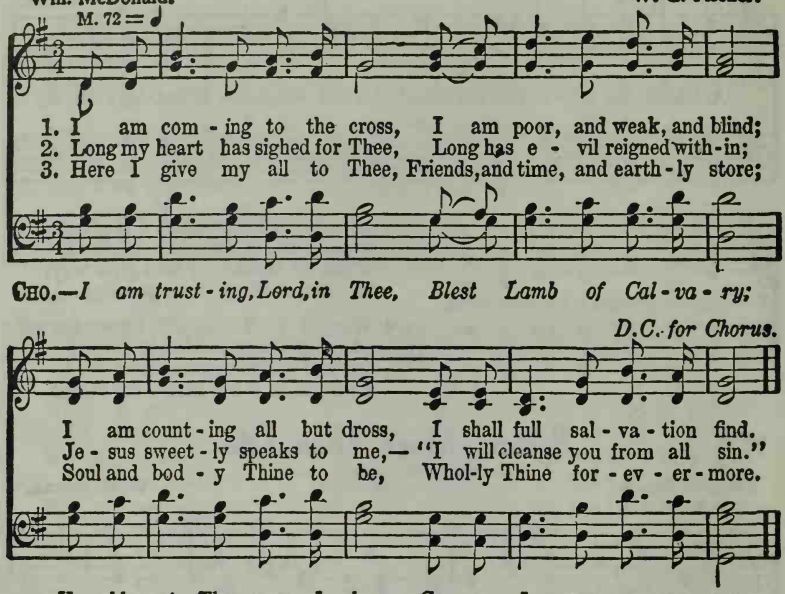
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

M. 69 = ♩

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.
D.S.-May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

f. FINE.

12. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

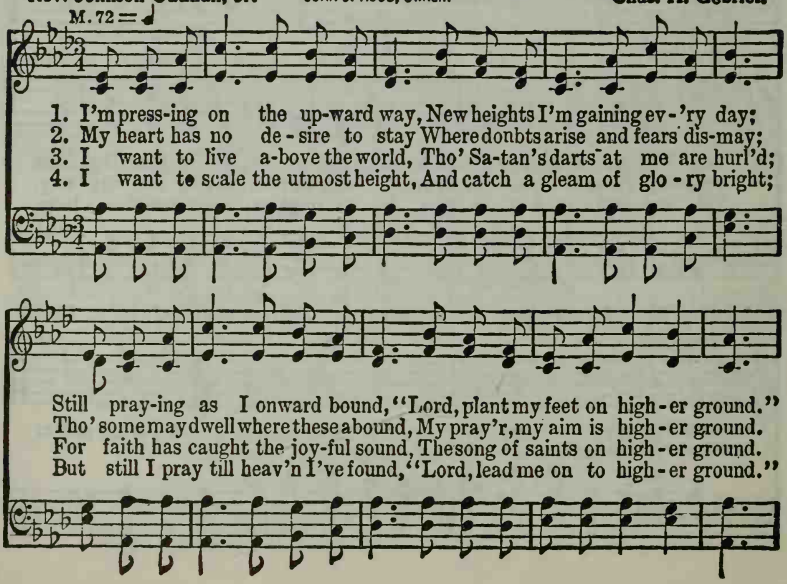
Wm. McDonald. W. G. Fischer.


M. 72 =
1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D.C. for Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

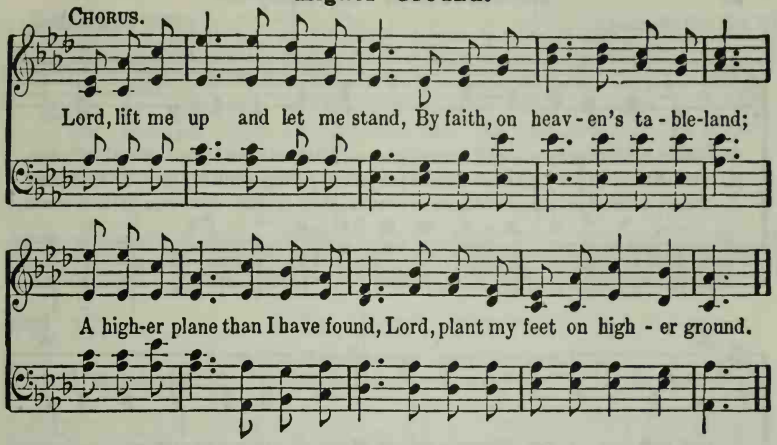
13. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

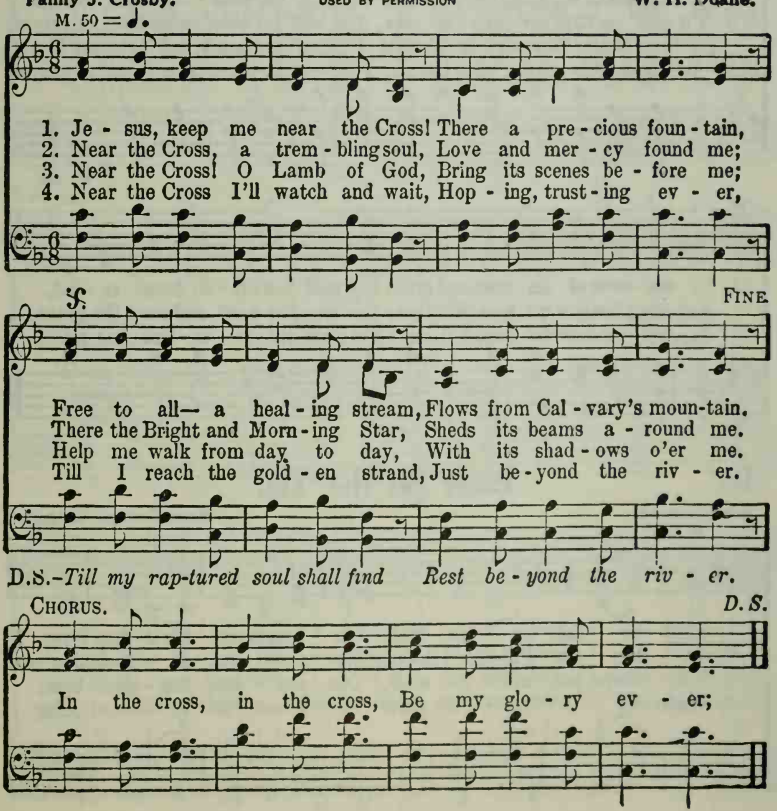
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


M. 72 =
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high - er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high - er ground.
But still I pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high - er ground."

Higher Ground.


CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

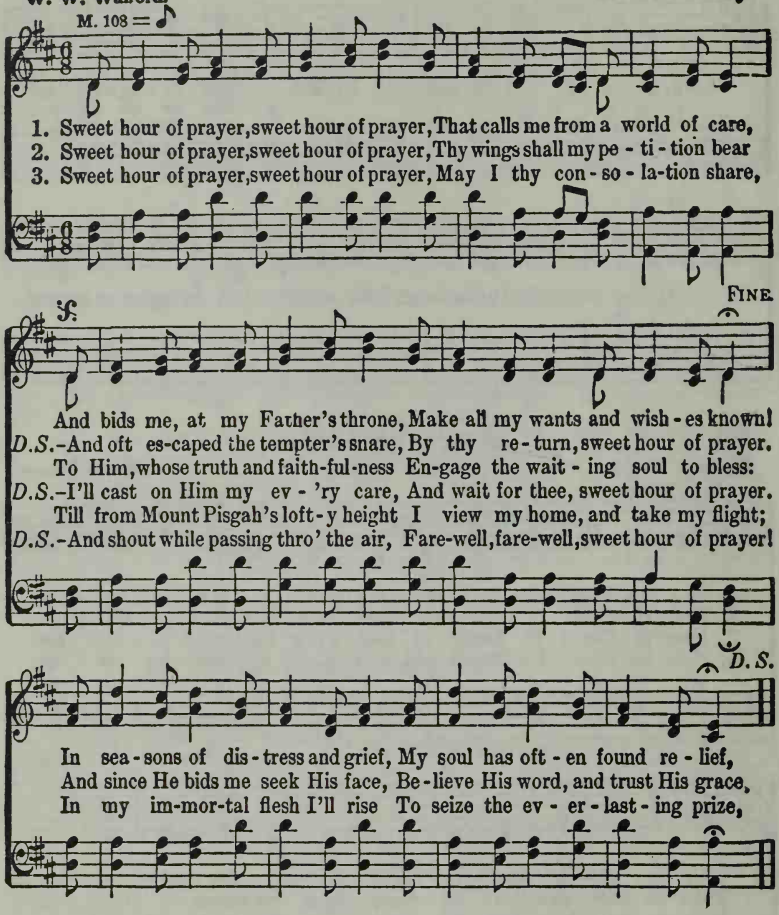
14 Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION W. H. Doane.

M. 50 = ♩.
1. Je-sus, keep me near the Cross! There a pre-cious foun-tain,
2. Near the Cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er,
FINE.
Free to all— a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's moun-tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star, Sheds its beams a-round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.
D.S.-Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.
CHORUS.
D. S.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;

15 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

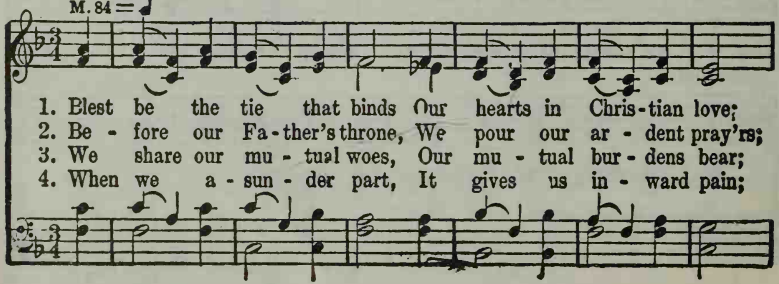
M. 108 =


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D.S.-And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!
D. S.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

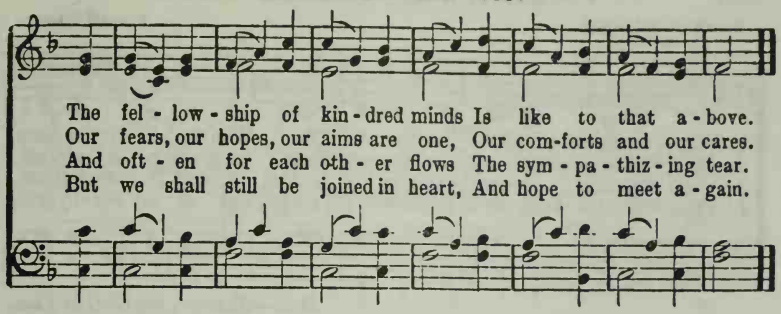
16. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

M. 84 =


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 17. I Do, Don't You?

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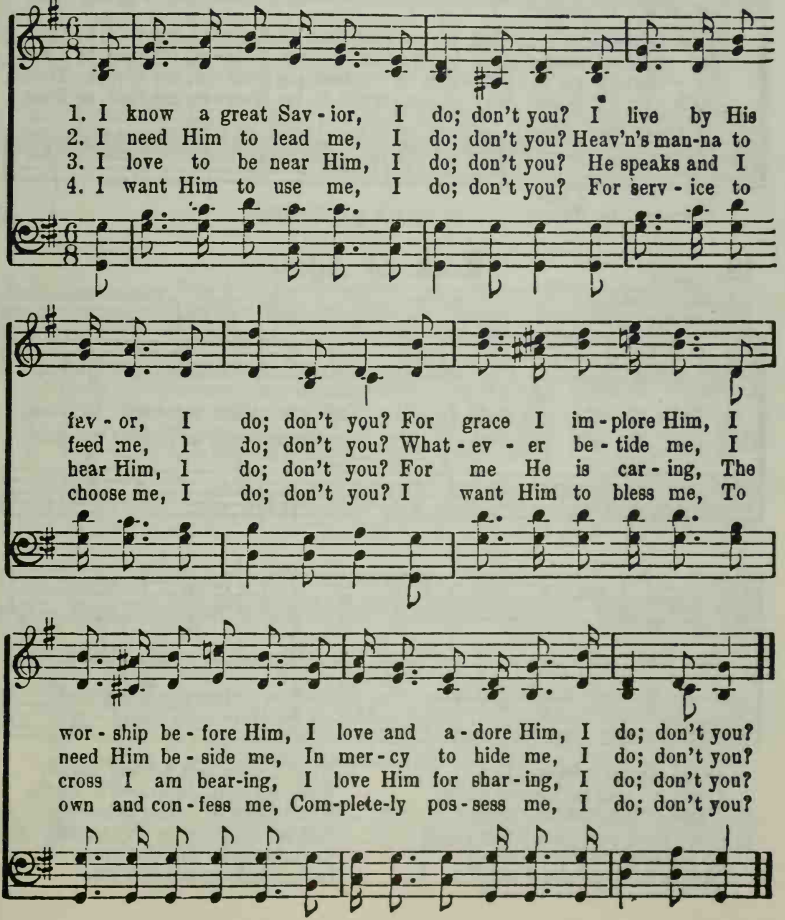
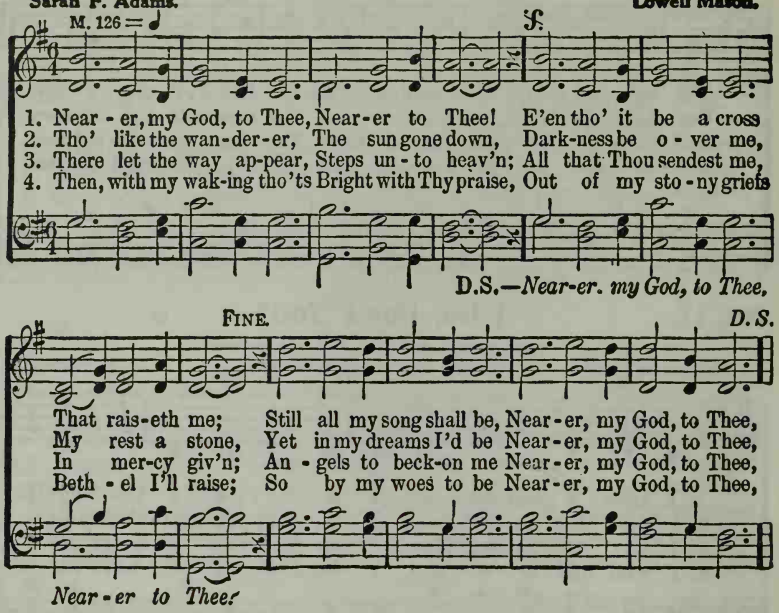
Melville W. Miller. E. O. Excell.

1. I know a great Sav - ior, I do; don't you? I live by His
2. I need Him to lead me, I do; don't you? Heav'n's man-na to
3. I love to be near Him, I do; don't you? He speaks and I
4. I want Him to use me, I do; don't you? For serv - ice to
fav - or, I do; don't you? For grace I im - plore Him, I
feed me, I do; don't you? What - ev - er be - tide me, I
hear Him, I do; don't you? For me He is car - ing, The
choose me, I do; don't you? I want Him to bless me, To
wor - ship be - fore Him, I love and a - dore Him, I do; don't you?
need Him be - side me, In mer - cy to hide me, I do; don't you?
cross I am bear-ing, I love Him for shar - ing, I do; don't you?
own and con - fess me, Com-plete-ly pos - sess me, I do; don't you?

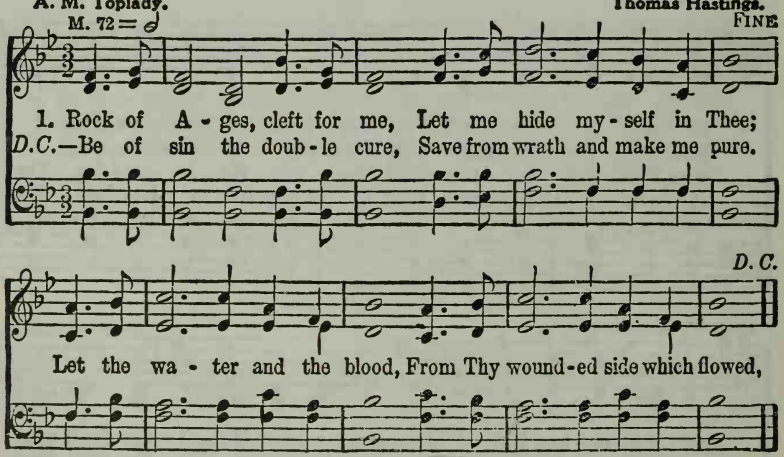
18. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.


M. 126
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D.S.
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee!

19. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

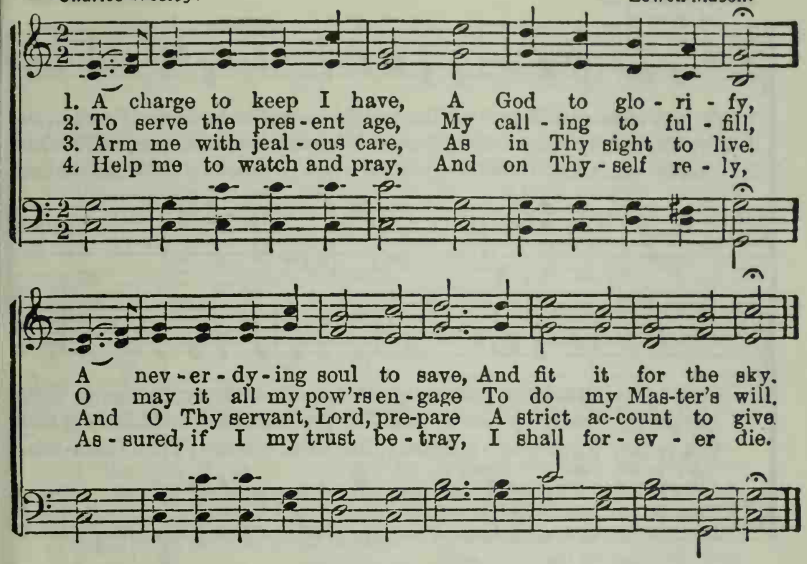

M. 72
FINE
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

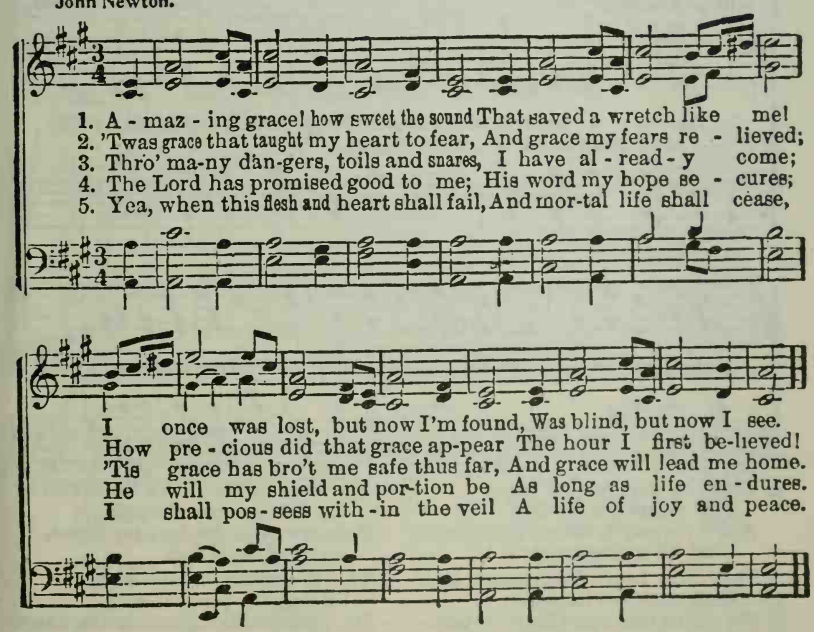
No. 20. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live.
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas-ter's will.
And O Thy servant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 21 Amazing Grace.

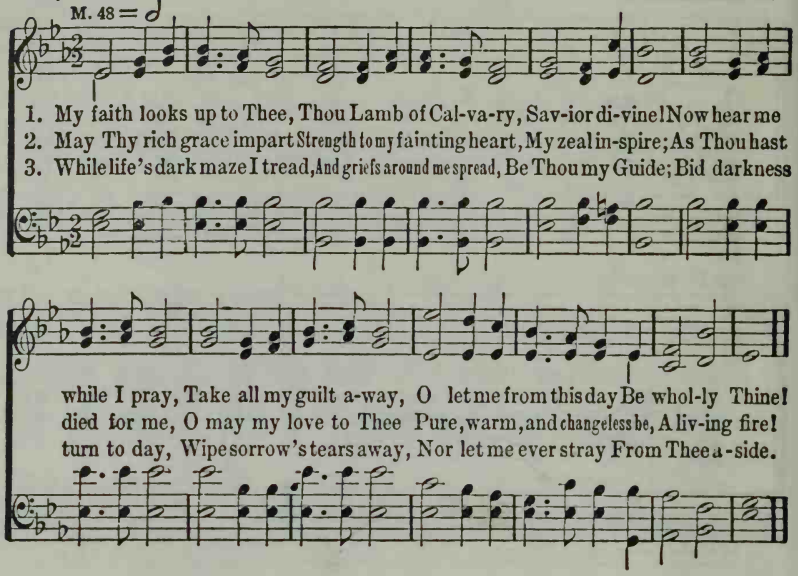
John Newton.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the veil A life of joy and peace.

22. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

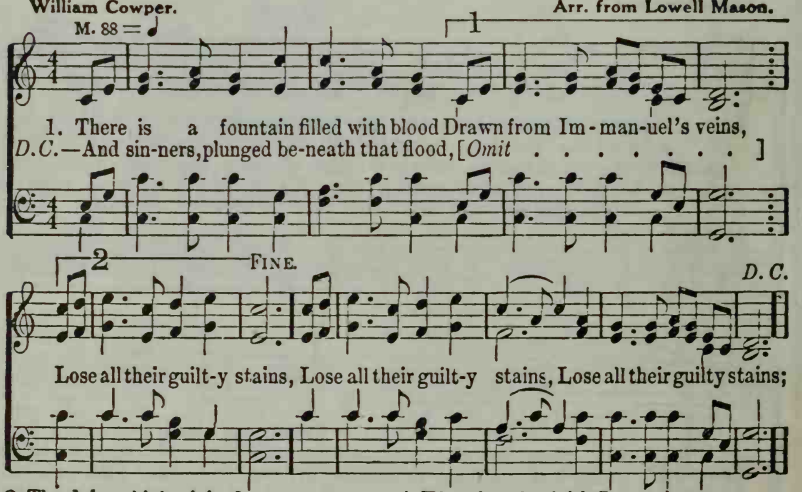
M. 48 = ♩


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side.

23. There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. Arr. from Lowell Mason.

M. 88 = ♩


1
1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D.C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit . . . . .]
2
FINE.
D.C.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

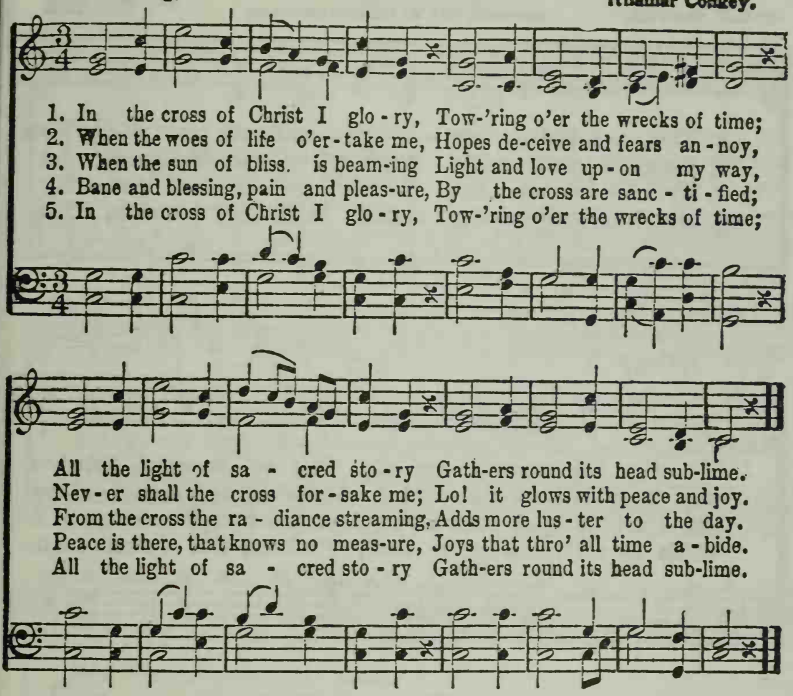
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

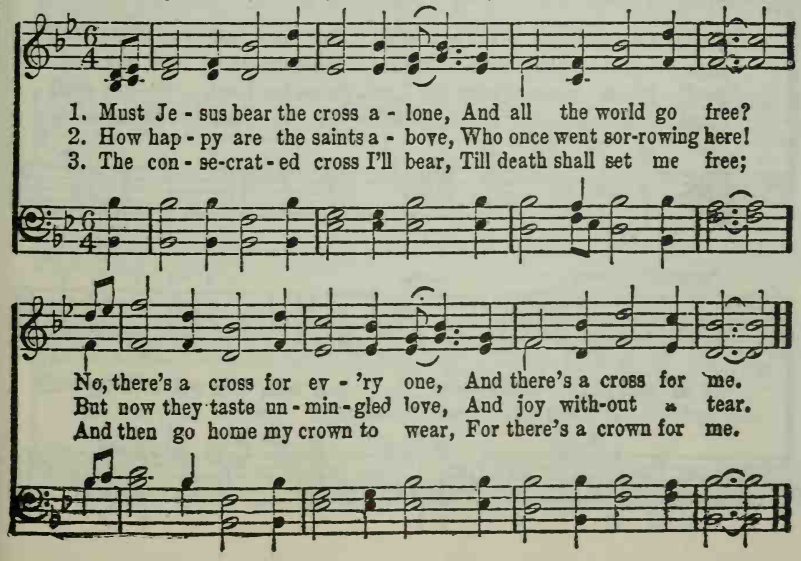
No. 24. In the Cross of Christ.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

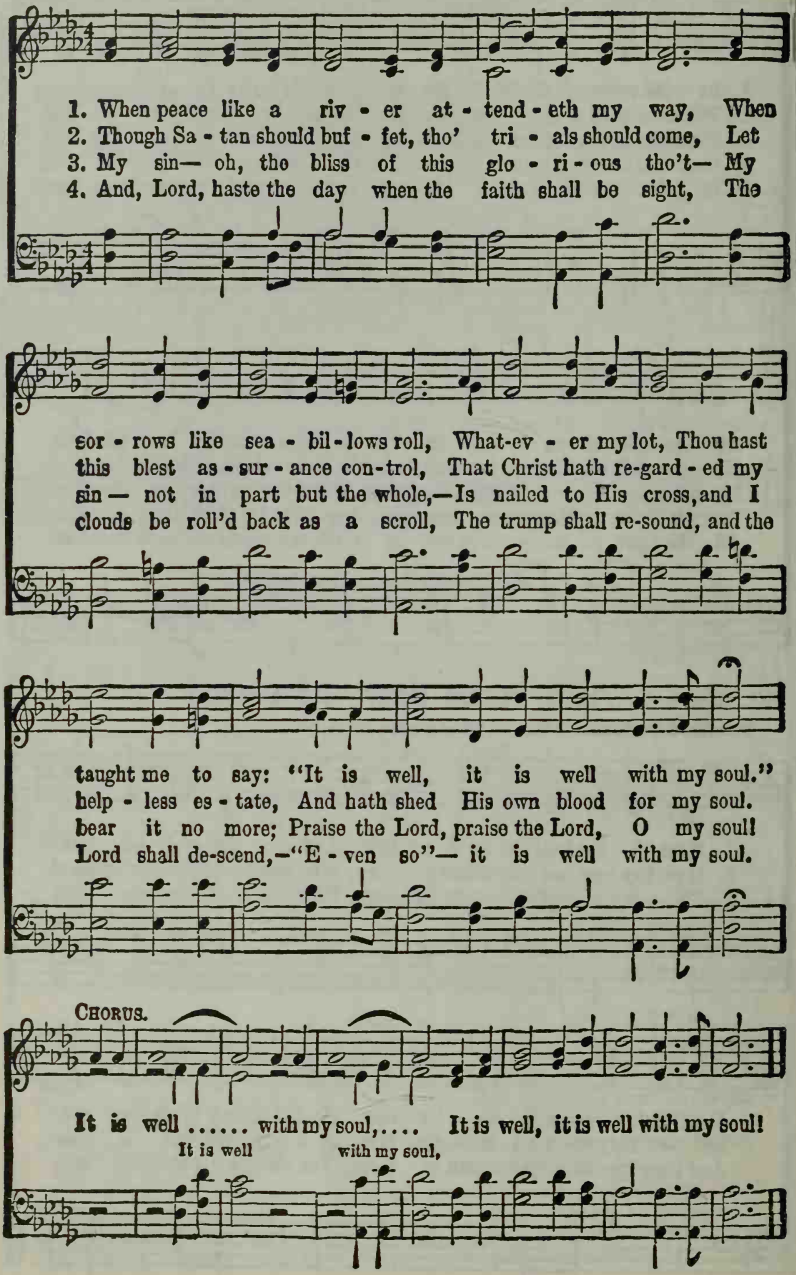
No. 25. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

Thomas Shepherd. Alt. (MAITLAND. C. M.)


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-rowing here!
3. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

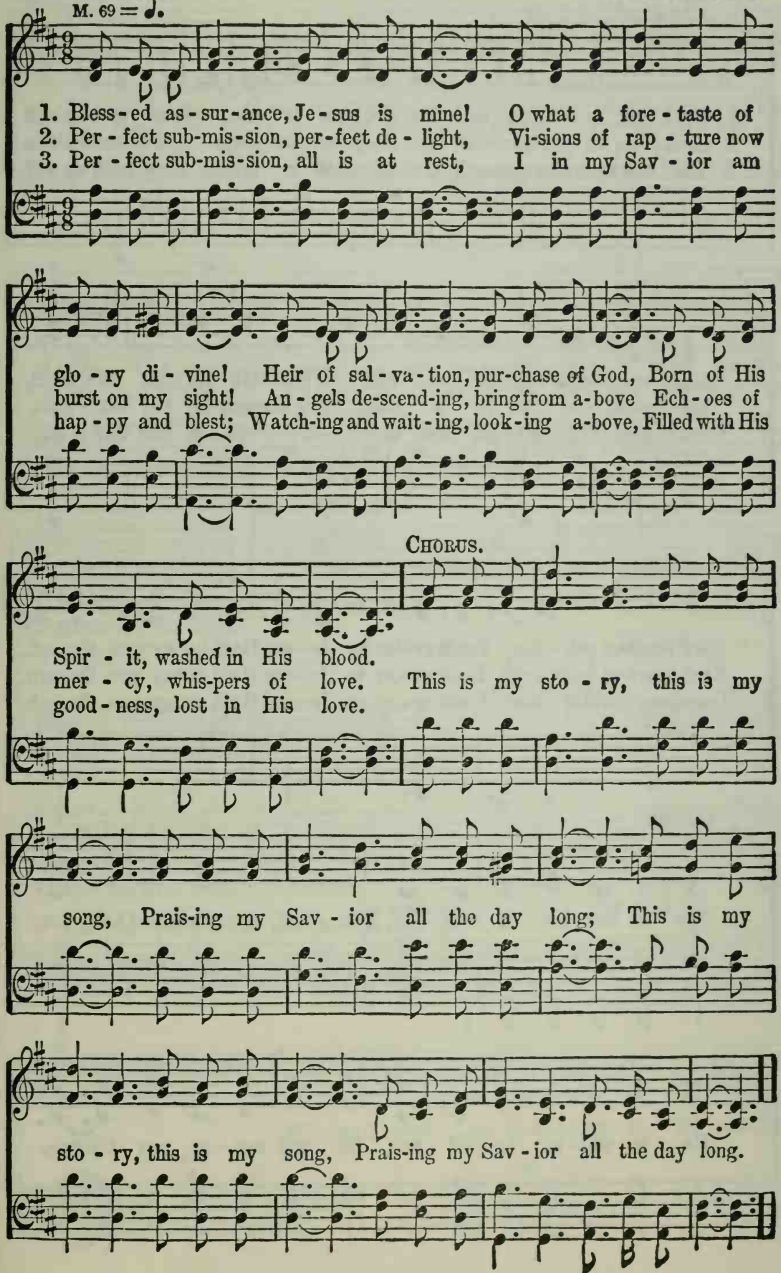
26. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the
taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de-scend,—"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well ..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul!
It is well with my soul,

27. Blessed Assurance.

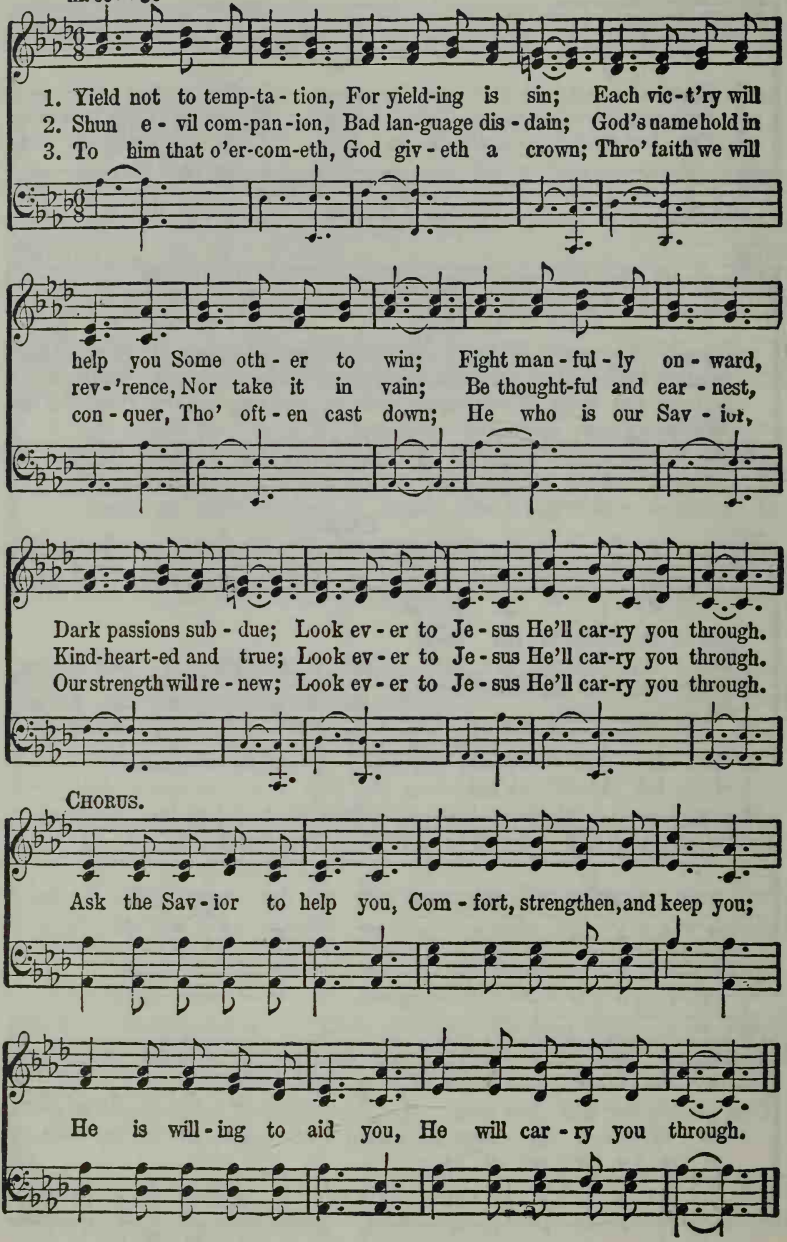
Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

M. 69 = ♩.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight! An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

28. Yield Not to Temptation.

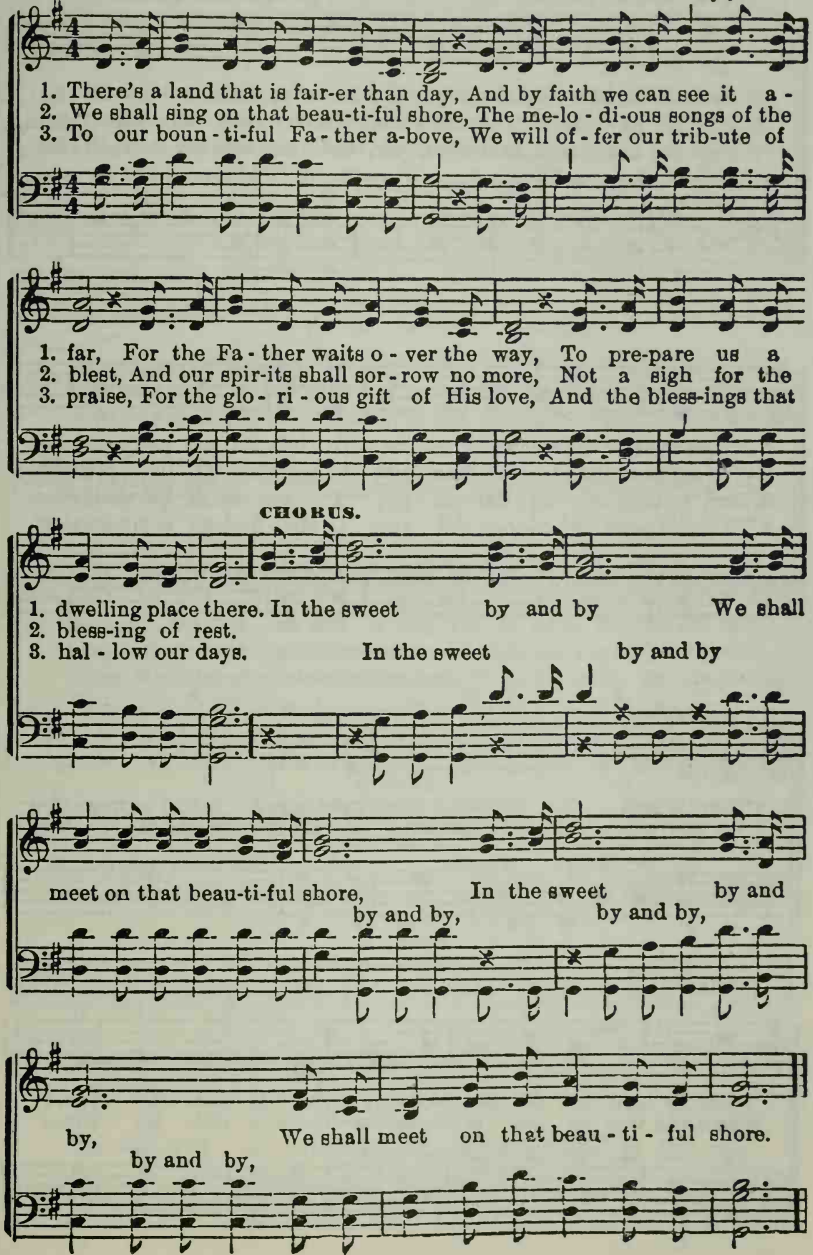
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. P. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

M. 66 = ♩.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ion, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

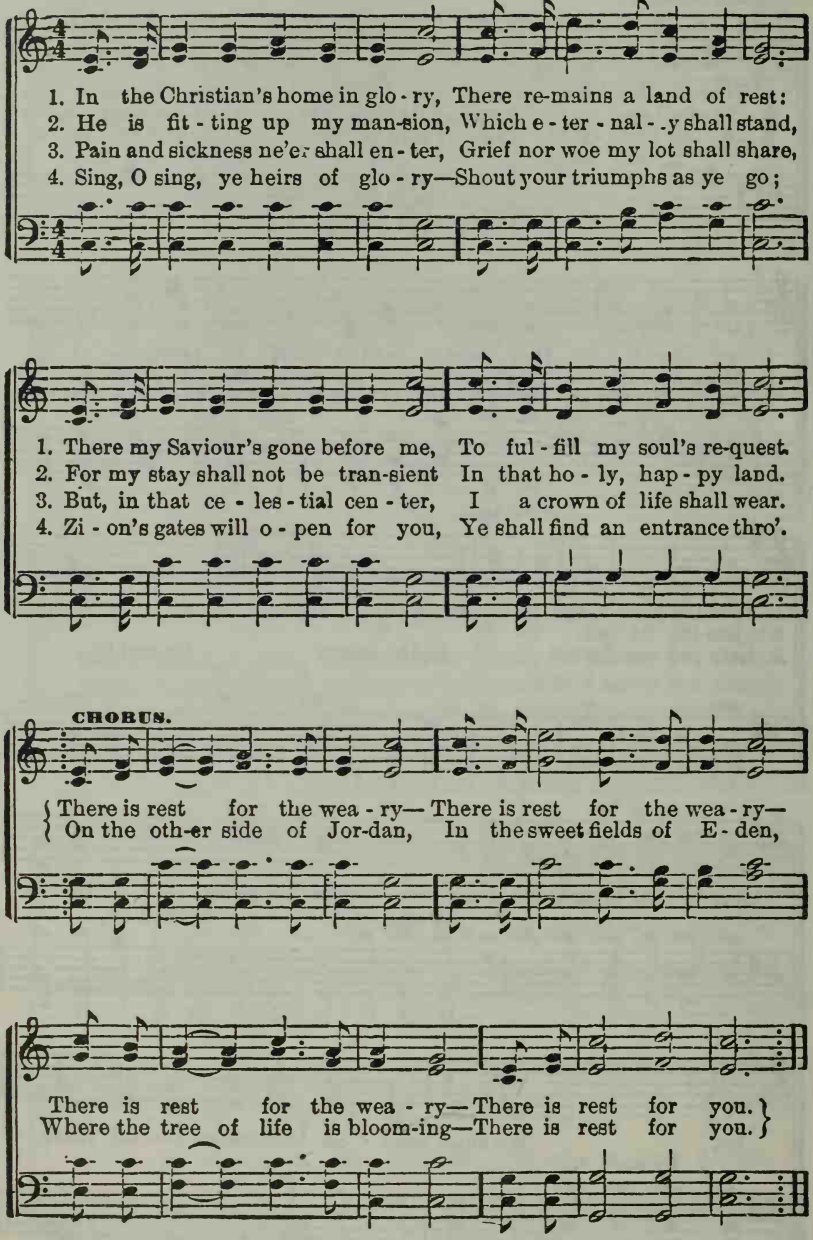
No. 29. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster. By per.

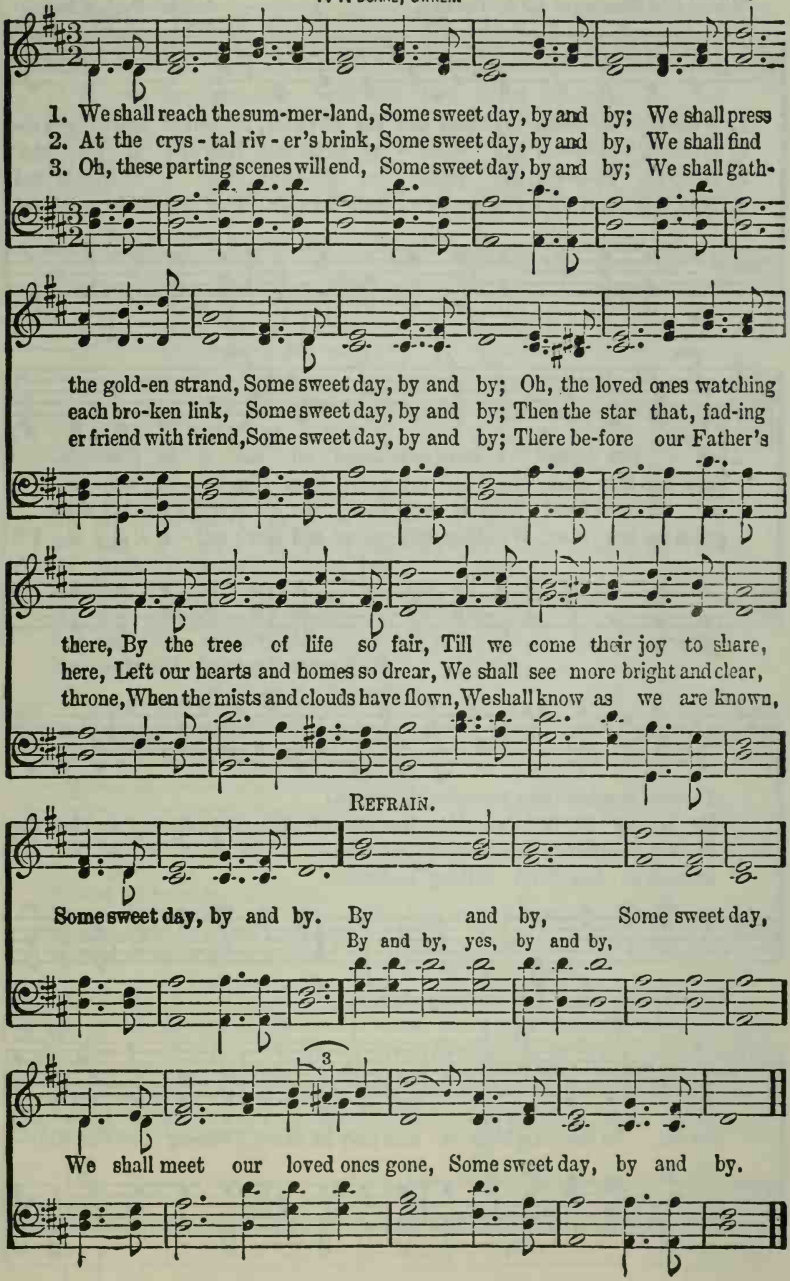

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo - di-ous songs of the
3. To our boun - ti-ful Fa - ther a-bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of
1. far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
2. blest, And our spir-its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
3. praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that
CHORUS.
1. dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by We shall
2. bless-ing of rest.
3. hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by
meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and
by and by, by and by,
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by,

No. 30. Rest For the Weary.

Samuel Y. Harmer. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest:
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;
1. There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
2. For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
3. But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
4. Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an entrance thro'.
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for the wea - ry—
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing—There is rest for you.

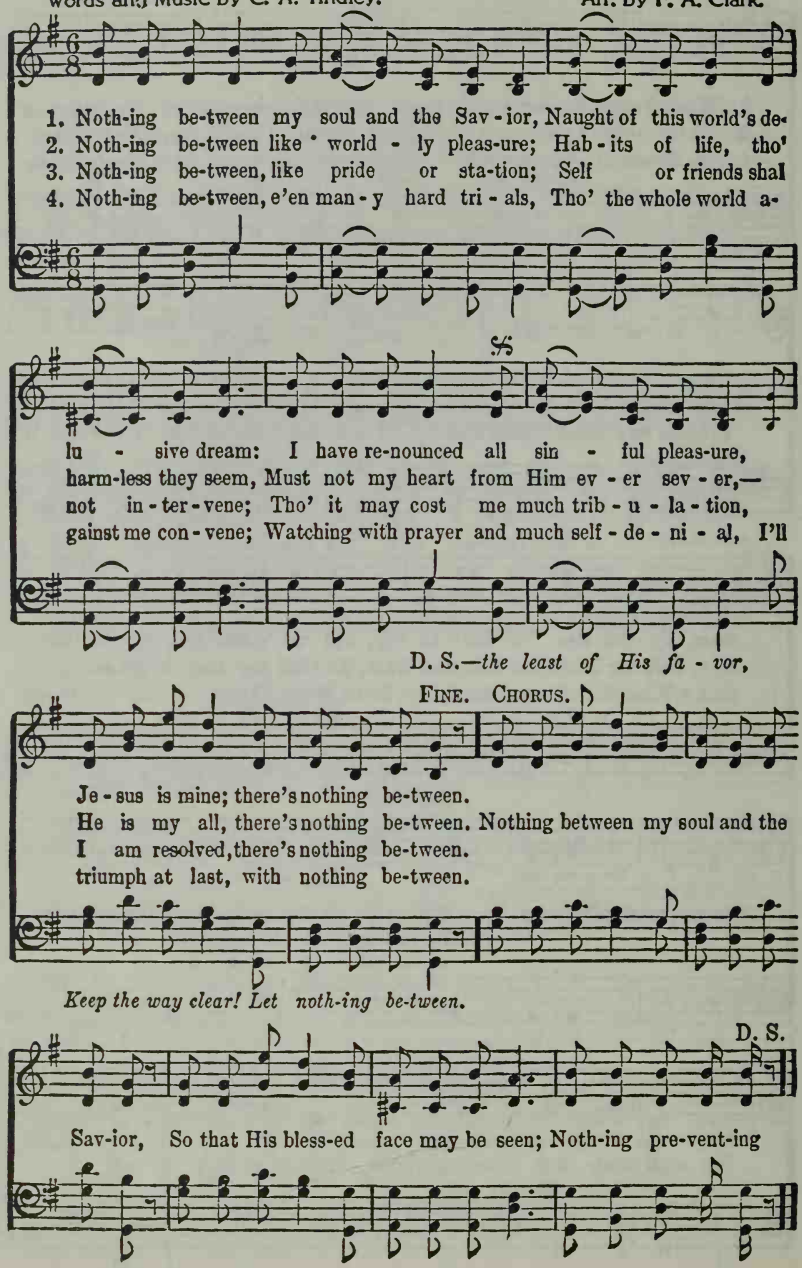
No. 31. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL, F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by, We shall find
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath-
the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the loved ones watching
each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing
er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our Father's
there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share,
here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,
REFRAIN.
Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day,
By and by, yes, by and by,
3
We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

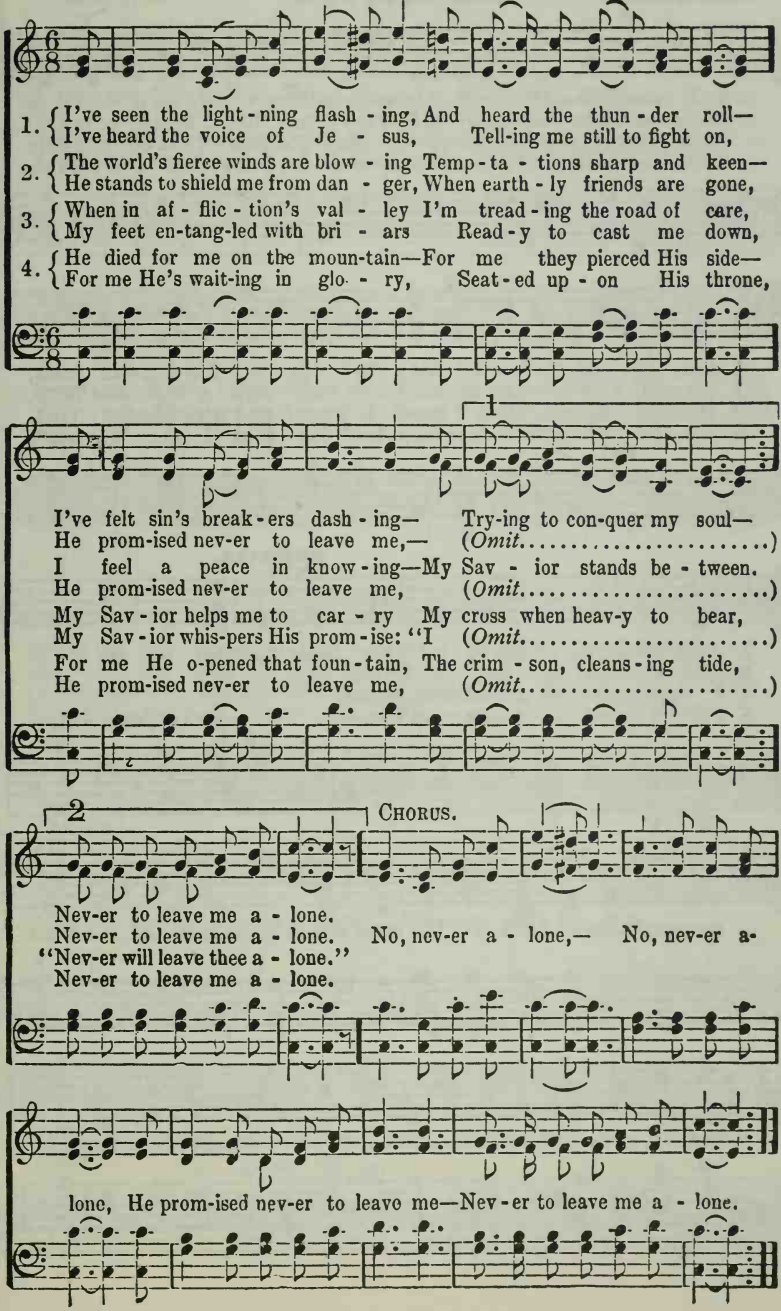
No. 32. Nothing Between.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley. Arr. by F. A. Clark.

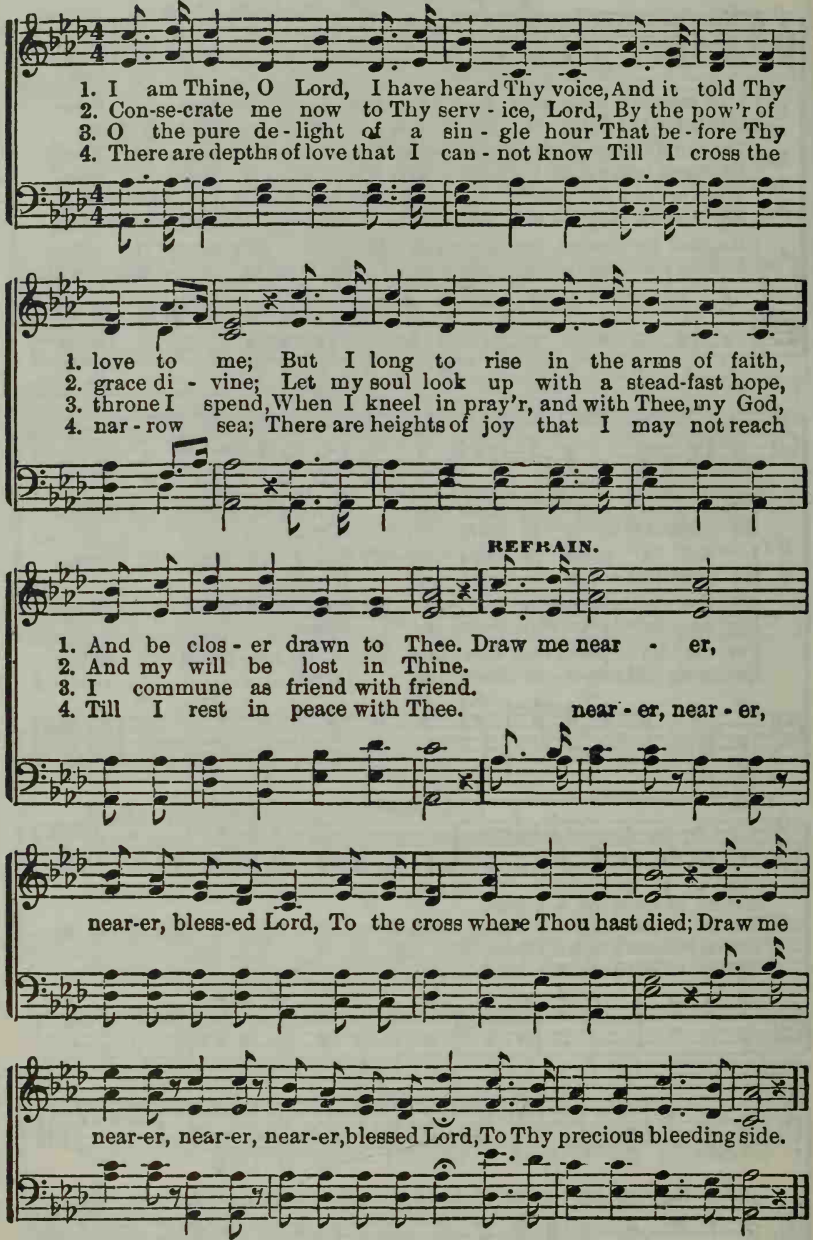

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shal
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-
lu - sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure,
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,—
not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
gainst me con - vene; Watching with prayer and much self - de - ni - al, I'll
D. S.—the least of His fa - vor,
FINE. CHORUS.
Je - sus is mine; there's nothing be-tween.
He is my all, there's nothing be-tween. Nothing between my soul and the
I am resolved, there's nothing be-tween.
triumph at last, with nothing be-tween.
Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.
D. S.
Sav-ior, So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing

No. 33. Never Alone.

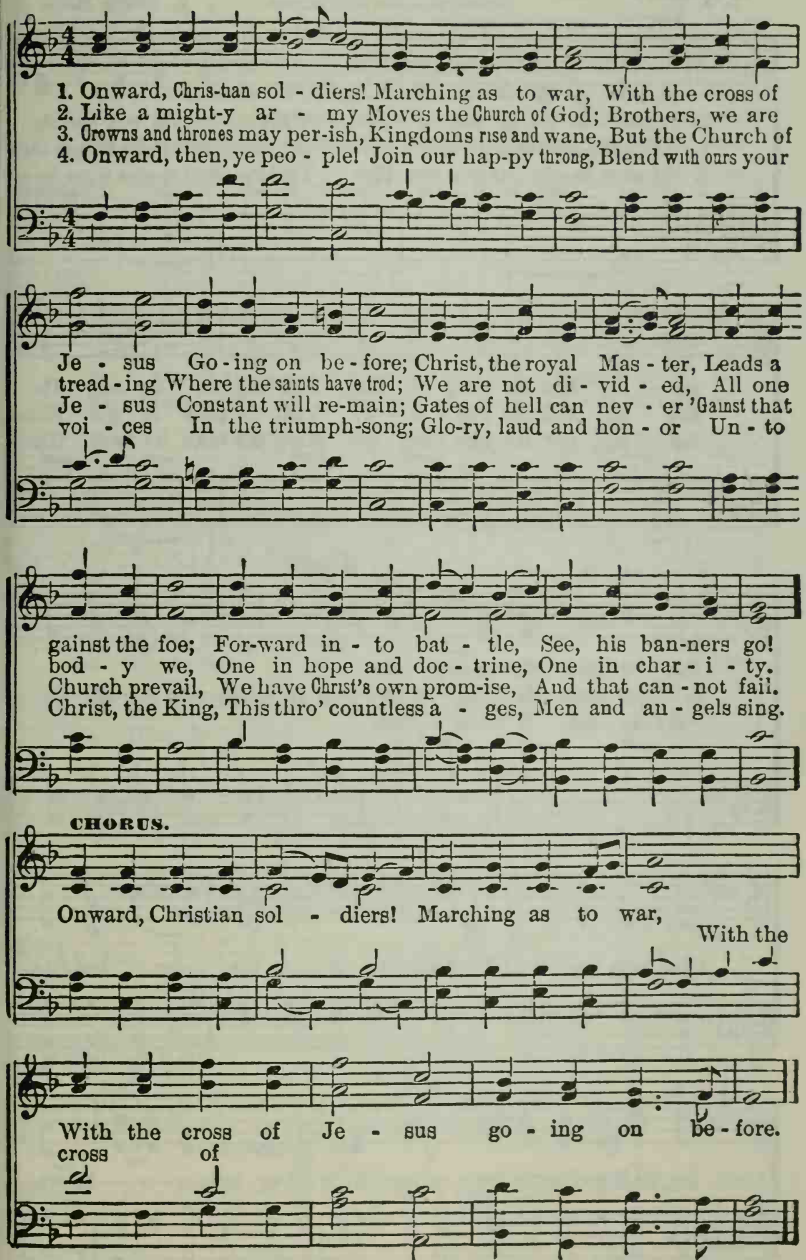
English.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash-ing, And heard the thun-der roll—
I've heard the voice of Je-sus, Tell-ing me still to fight on,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow-ing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
He stands to shield me from dan-ger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. When in af-flic-tion's val-ley I'm tread-ing the road of care,
My feet en-tang-led with bri-ars Read-y to cast me down,
4. He died for me on the moun-tain—For me they pierced His side—
For me He's wait-ing in glo-ry, Seat-ed up-on His throne,
1
I've felt sin's break-ers dash-ing— Try-ing to con-quer my soul—
He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,— (Omit.....)
I feel a peace in know-ing—My Sav-ior stands be-tween.
He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, (Omit.....)
My Sav-ior helps me to car-ry My cross when heav-y to bear,
My Sav-ior whis-pers His prom-ise: "I (Omit.....)
For me He o-pened that foun-tain, The crim-son, cleans-ing tide,
He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, (Omit.....)
2
CHORUS.
Nev-er to leave me a-lone.
Nev-er to leave me a-lone. No, nev-er a-lone,— No, nev-er a-
"Nev-er will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a-lone.
lone, He prom-ised nev-er to leave me—Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

No. 34. Draw Me Nearer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
1. love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
3. throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach
REFRAIN.
1. And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
2. And my will be lost in Thine.
3. I commune as friend with friend.
4. Till I rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

No. 35. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
voi - ces In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon - or Un - to
gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Church prevail, We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the
With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.
cross of

No. 36. In the Garden.

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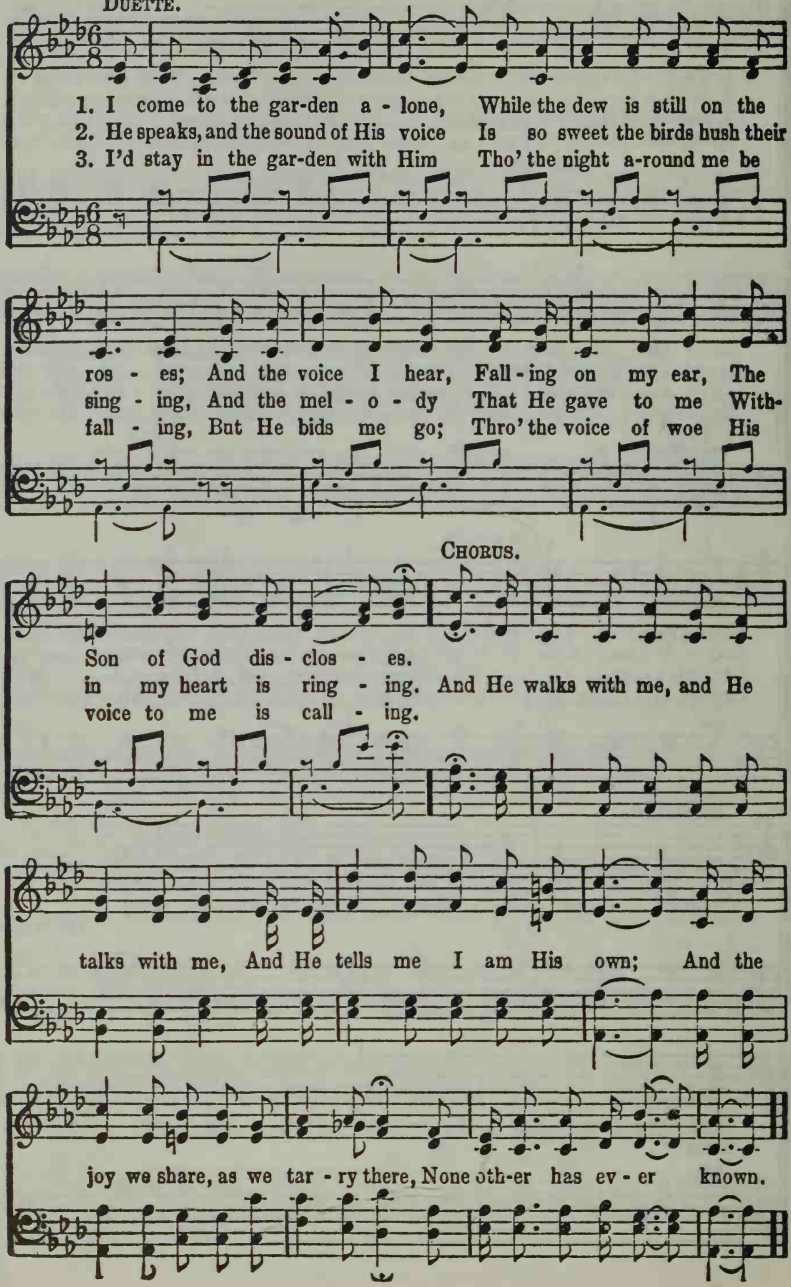
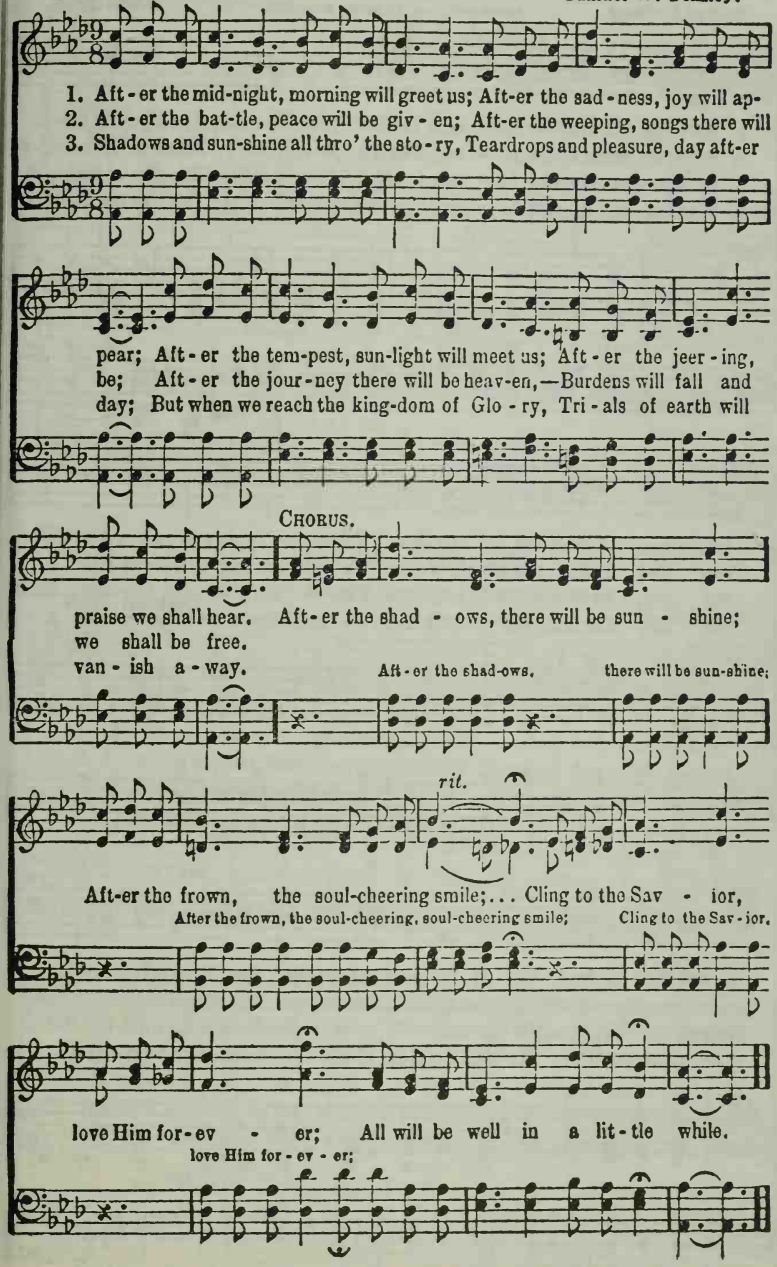
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

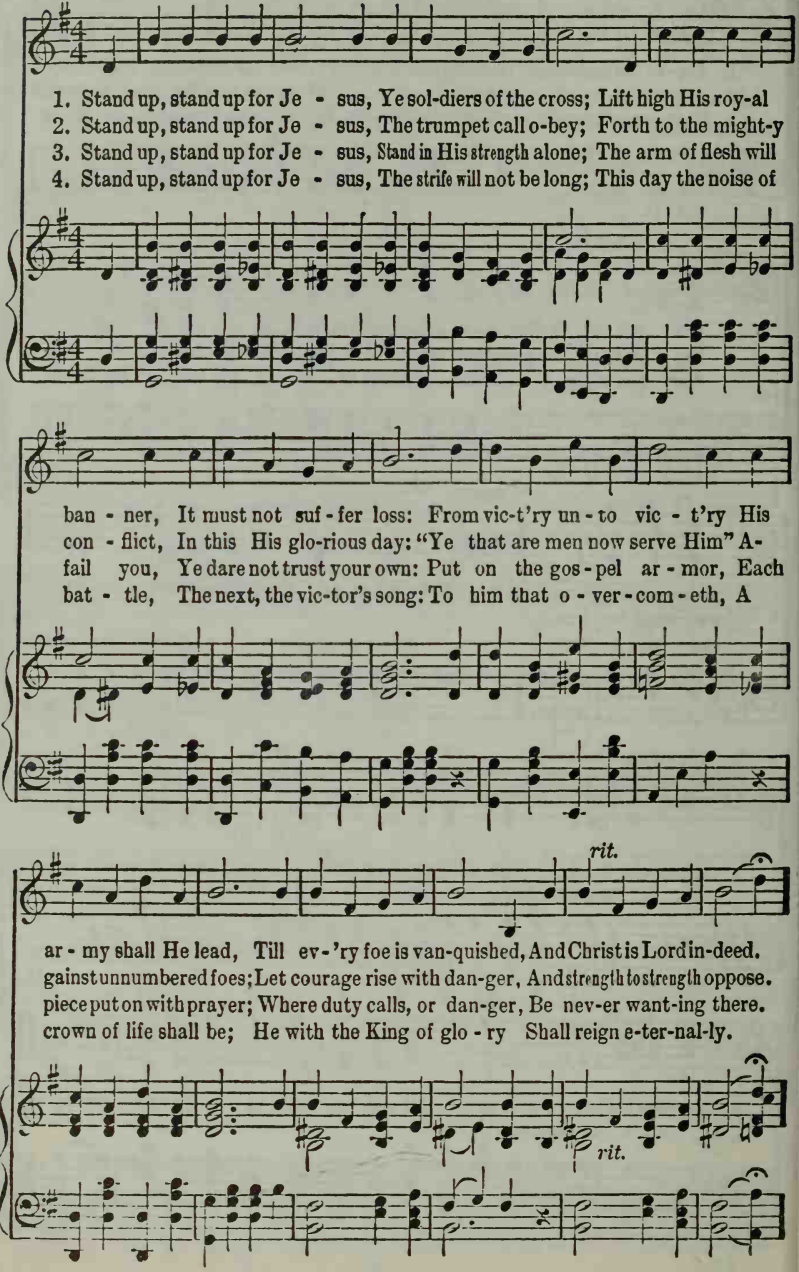
DUETTE.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His
CHORUS.
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

No. 37. After the Shadows.

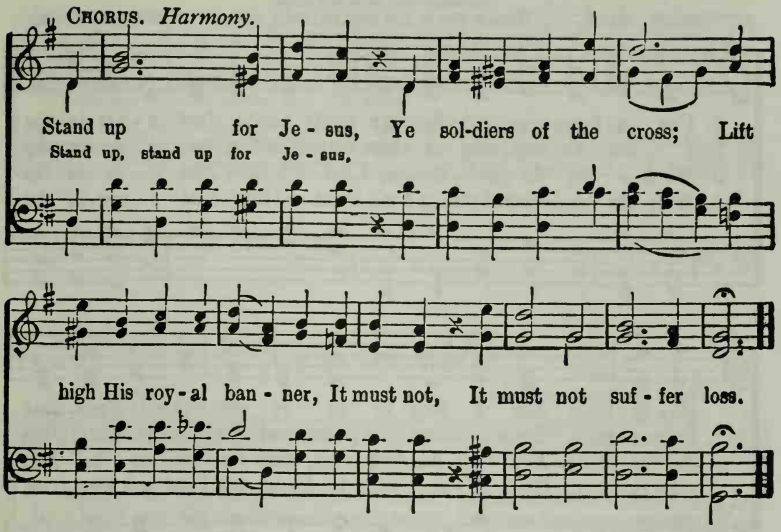
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Aft-er the mid-night, morning will greet us; Aft-er the sad-ness, joy will ap-
2. Aft-er the bat-tle, peace will be giv-en; Aft-er the weeping, songs there will
3. Shadows and sun-shine all thro' the sto-ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day aft-er
pear; Aft-er the tem-pest, sun-light will meet us; Aft-er the jeer-ing,
be; Aft-er the jour-ney there will be heav-en,—Burdens will fall and
day; But when we reach the king-dom of Glo-ry, Tri-als of earth will
CHORUS.
praise we shall hear. Aft-er the shad-ows, there will be sun-shine;
we shall be free.
van-ish a-way.
Aft-er the shad-ows, there will be sun-shine;
rit.
Aft-er the frown, the soul-cheering smile;... Cling to the Sav-ior,
After the frown, the soul-cheering, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Sav-ior,
love Him for-ev-er; All will be well in a lit-tle while.
love Him for-ev-er;

No. 38. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY GEIBEL & LEHMAN. Adam Geibel.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A-
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A
rit.
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.
rit.

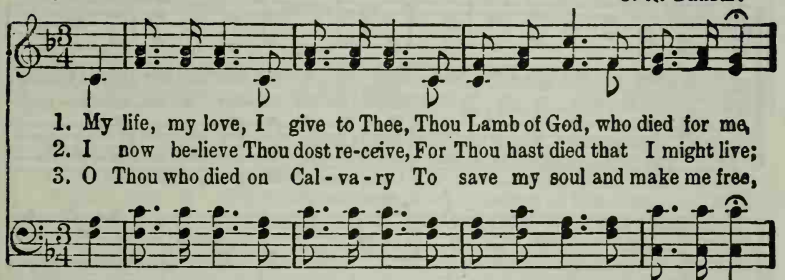
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.


CHORUS. Harmony.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

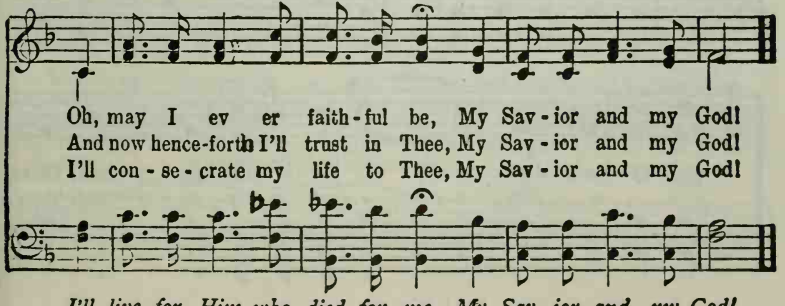
No. 39. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me,
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO. —*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - by then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 40. Just Over in the Glory-Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DEAN & ACUFF.
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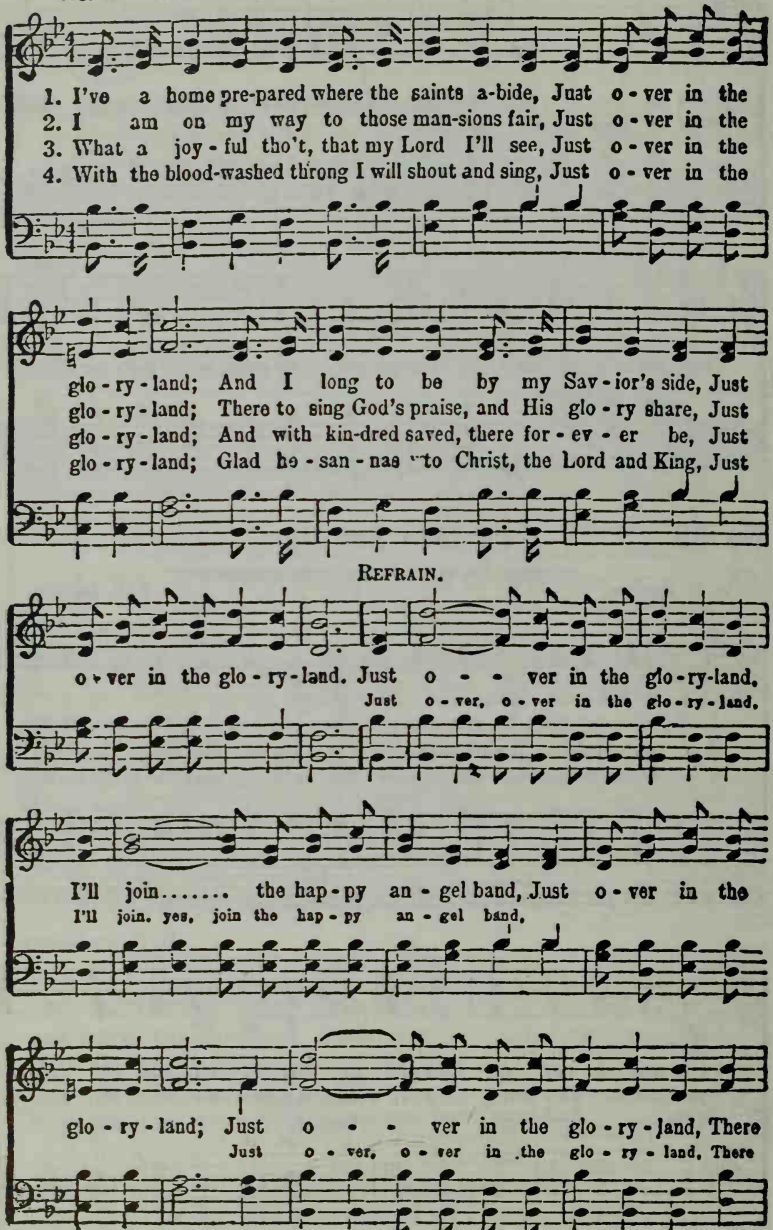
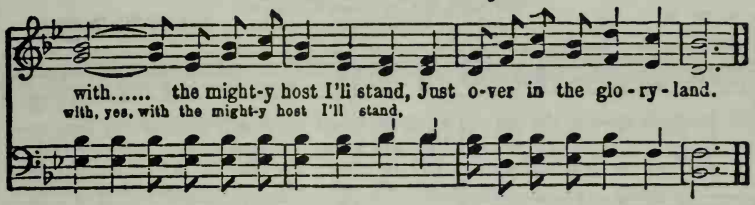
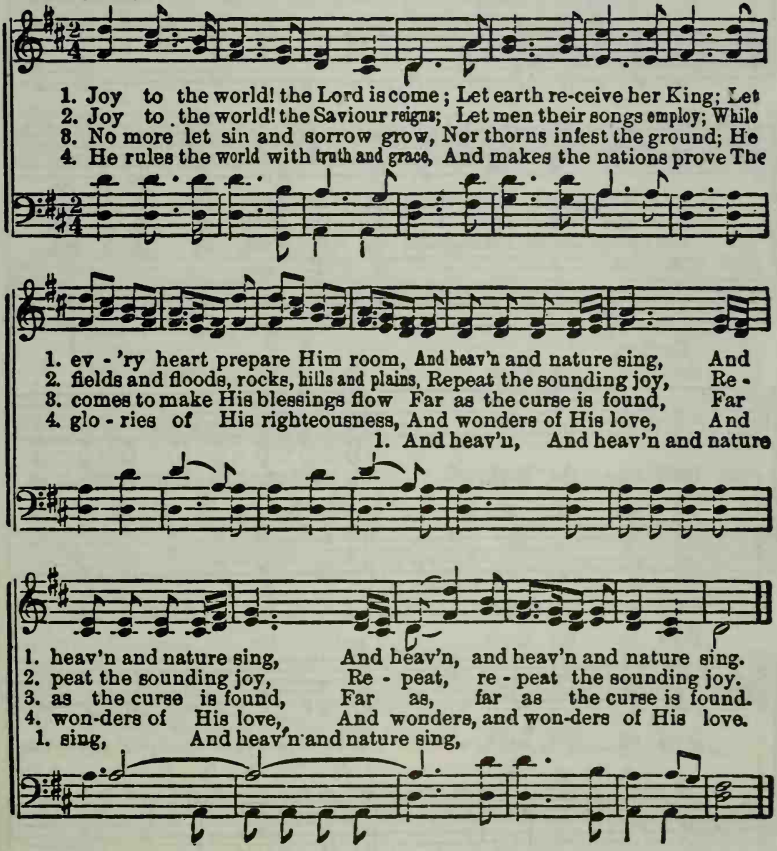
Jas. W Acuff. Emmet S. Dean.

1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land;
2. I am on my way to those man-sions fair, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo-ry share, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land;
3. What a joy-ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; And with kin-dred saved, there for-ev-er be, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land;
4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; Glad ho-san-nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
REFRAIN.
o-ver in the glo-ry-land. Just o - - ver in the glo-ry-land.
Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
I'll join..... the hap-py an-gel band, Just o-ver in the
I'll join, yes, join the hap-py an-gel band,
glo-ry-land; Just o - - ver in the glo-ry-land, There
Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land, There

Just Over in the Glory-Land.



No. 41. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. Arr. from George F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The
1. ev-'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
2. fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
3. comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
4. glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And
1. And heav'n, And heav'n and nature
1. heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.
3. as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won-ders of His love.
1. sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

No. 42.

Build On the Rock.

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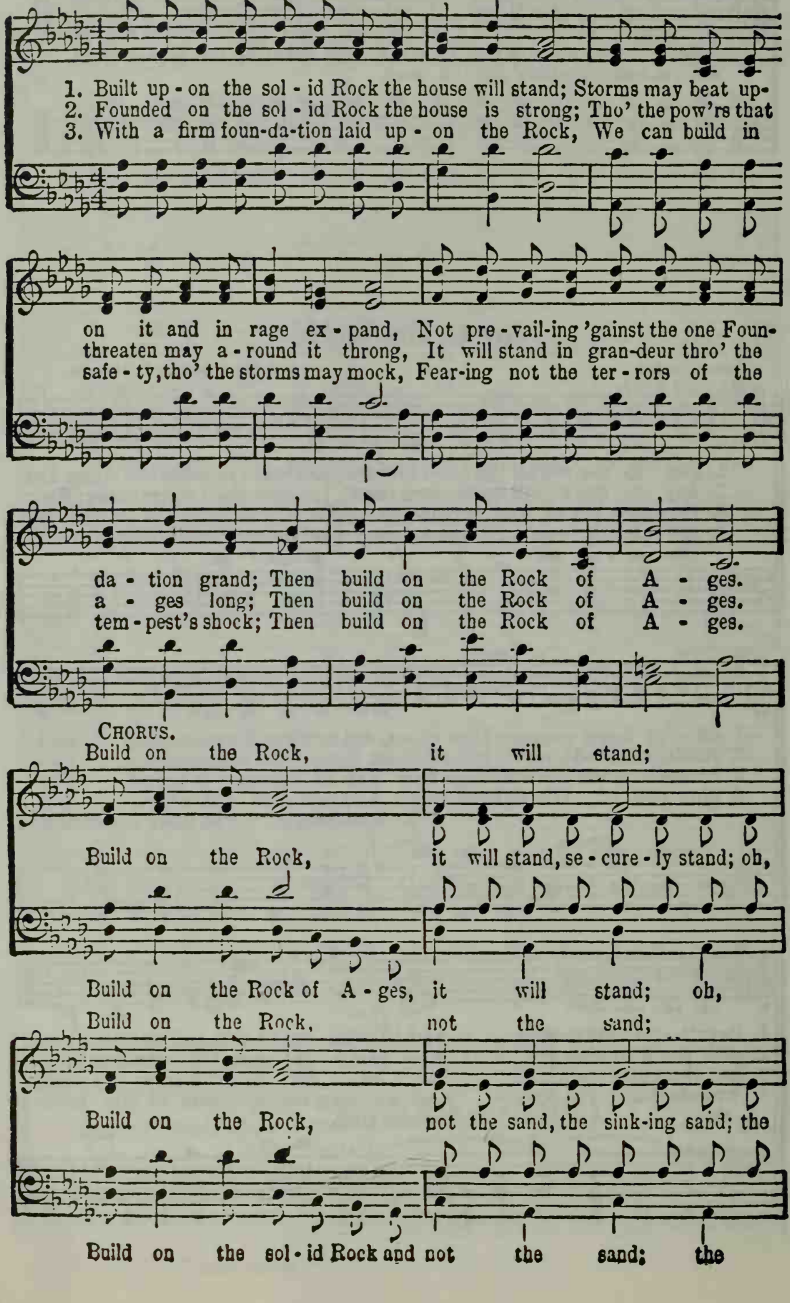
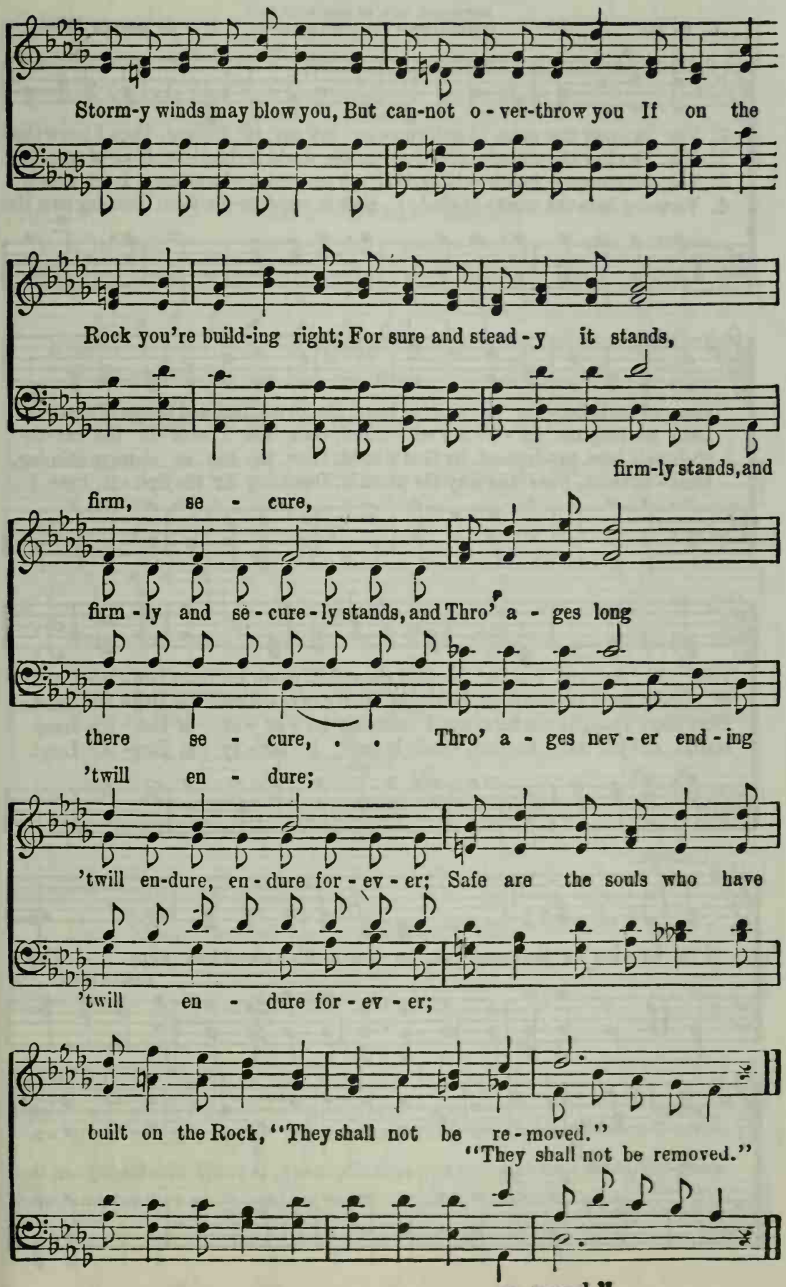
S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Built up - on the sol - id Rock the house will stand; Storms may beat up-
2. Founded on the sol - id Rock the house is strong; Tho' the pow'rs that
3. With a firm foun-da-tion laid up - on the Rock, We can build in
on it and in rage ex - pand, Not pre - vail-ing 'gainst the one Foun-
threaten may a - round it throng, It will stand in gran-deur thro' the
safe - ty, tho' the storms may mock, Fear-ing not the ter - rors of the
da - tion grand; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
a - ges long; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
tem - pest's shock; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
CHORUS.
Build on the Rock, it will stand;
Build on the Rock, it will stand, se - cure - ly stand; oh,
Build on the Rock of A - ges, it will stand; oh,
Build on the Rock, not the sand;
Build on the Rock, not the sand, the sink-ing sand; the
Build on the sol - id Rock and not the sand; the

Build On the Rock.

Storm-y winds may blow you, But can-not o-ver-throw you If on the
Rock you're build-ing right; For sure and stead-y it stands,
firm-ly stands, and
firm, se-cure,
firm-ly and se-cure-ly stands, and Thro' a-ges long
there se-cure, . . Thro' a-ges nev-er end-ing
'twill en-dure;
'twill en-dure, en-dure for-ev-er; Safe are the souls who have
'twill en-dure for-ev-er;
built on the Rock, "They shall not be re-moved."
"They shall not be removed."
re-moved."

No. 43. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

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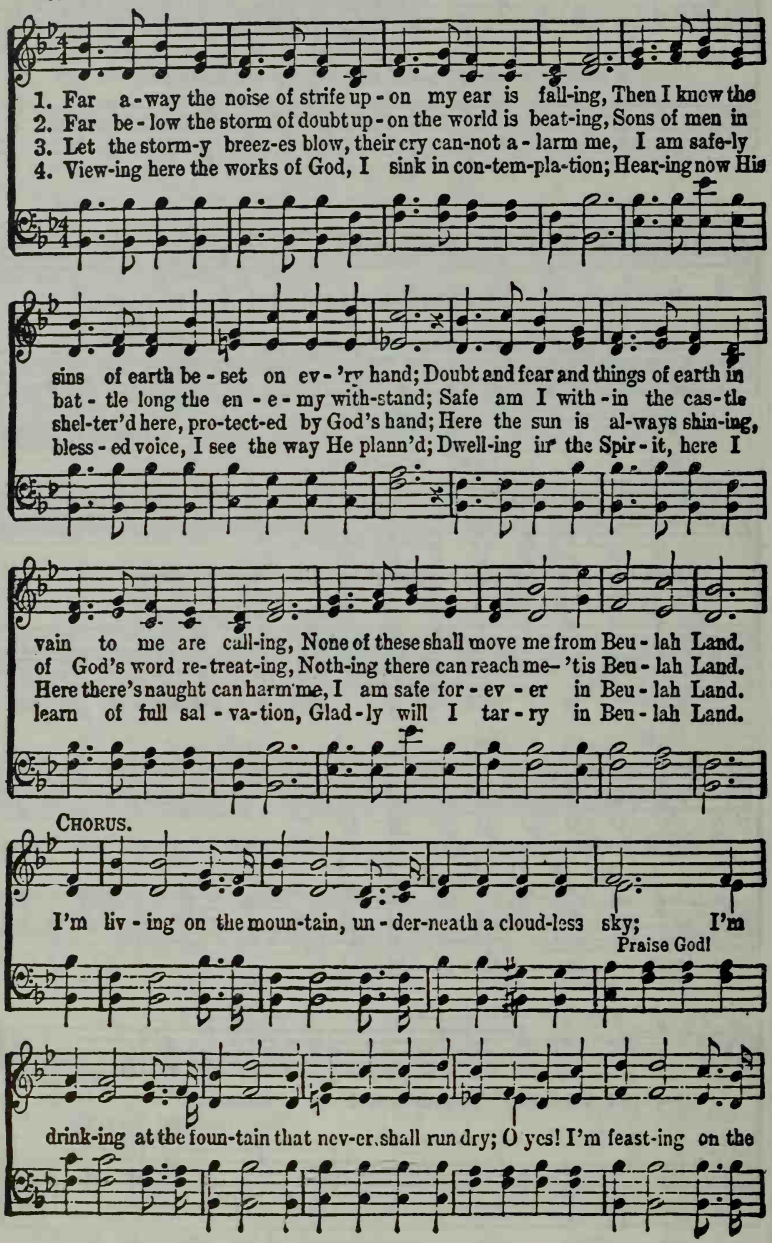
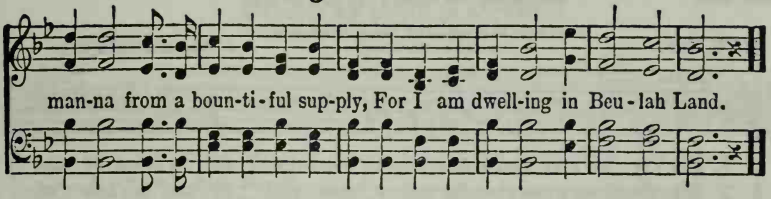
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

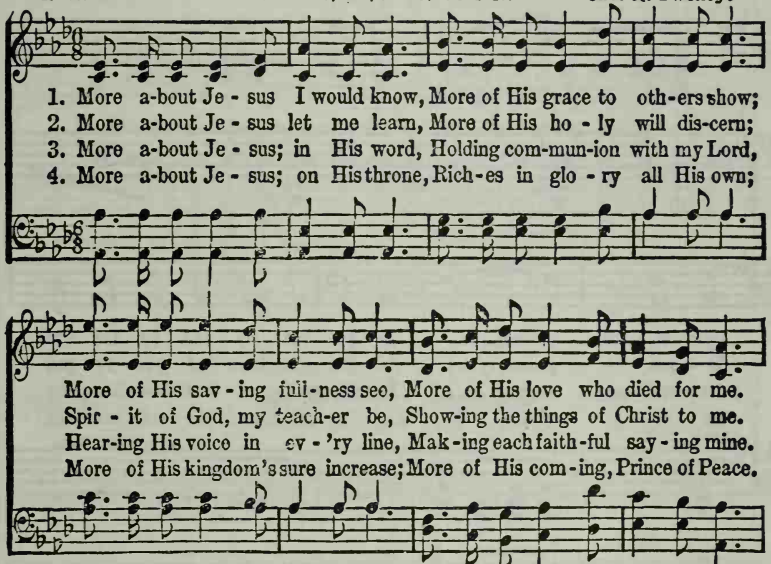

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion; Hear-ing now His
sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing there can reach me-'tis Beu-lah Land.
Here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.
CHORUS.
I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky; I'm
Praise God!
drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry; O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

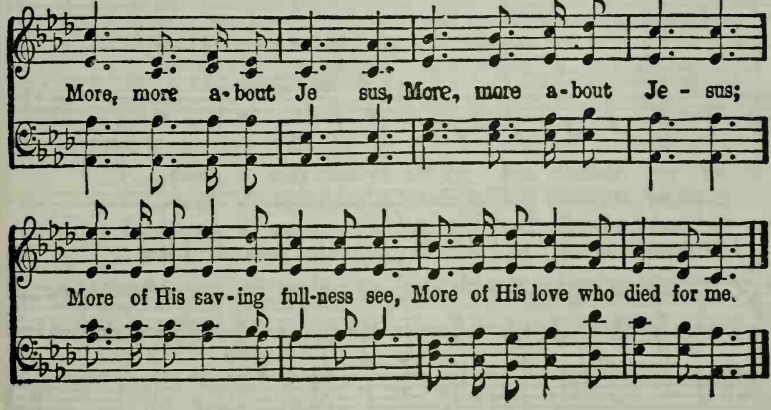


No. 44. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



No. 45. Death is Only a Dream.

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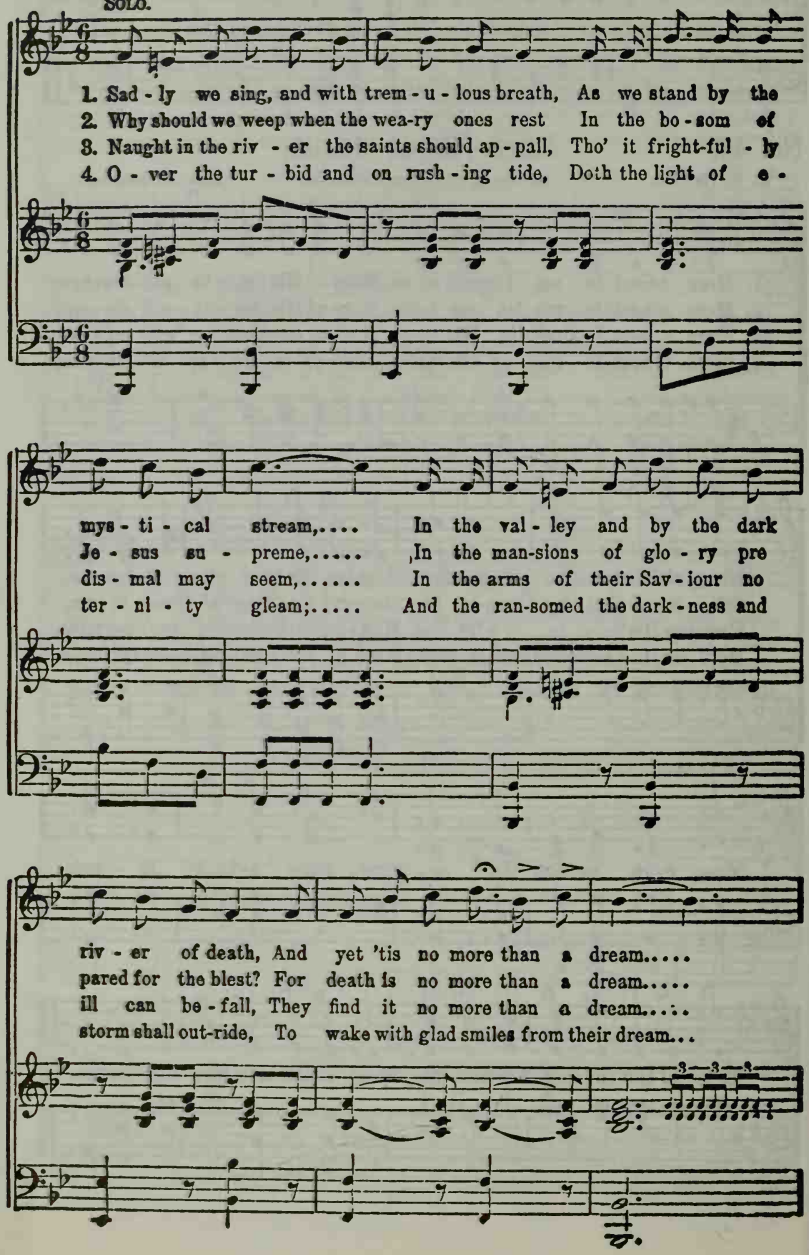
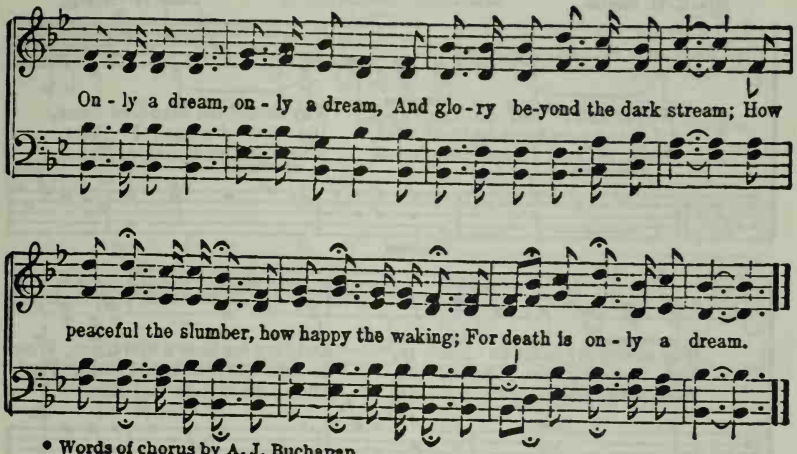
C. W. Ray. A J. Buchanan, by per.

SOLO.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea-ry ones rest In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright-ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -
mys - ti - cal stream,.... In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme,..... In the man-sions of glo - ry pre
dis - mal may seem,..... In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam;..... And the ran-somed the dark - ness and
riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.....
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.....
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.....
storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream...

Death is Only a Dream.

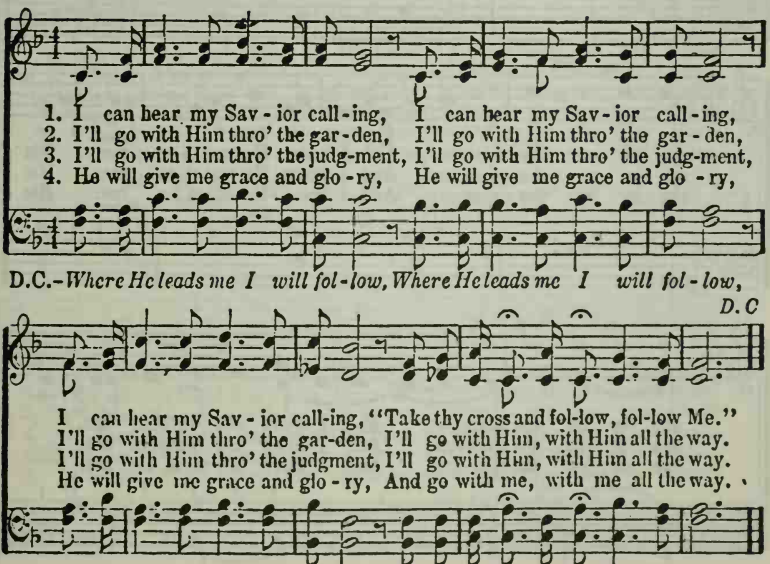
CHORUS.*


On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry be-yond the dark stream; How
peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream.

* Words of chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 46. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
D.C
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 47. His Eye is On the Sparrow.

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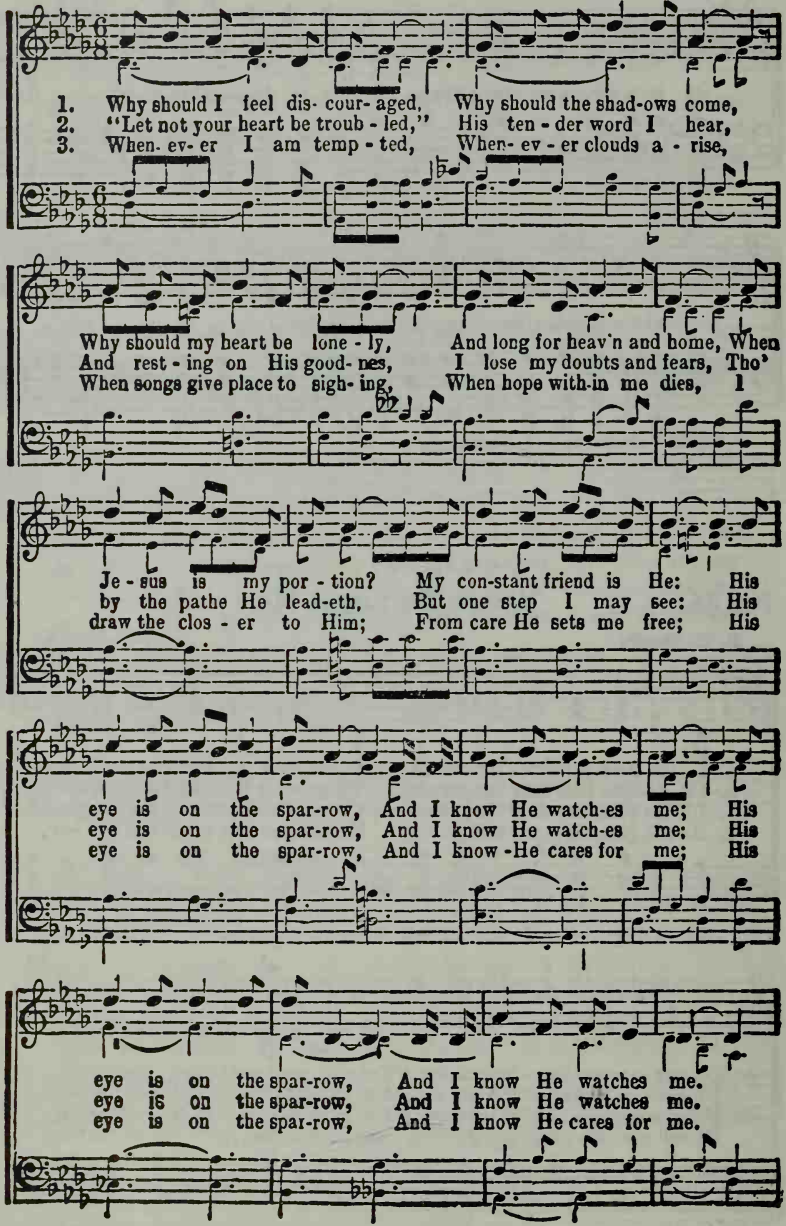
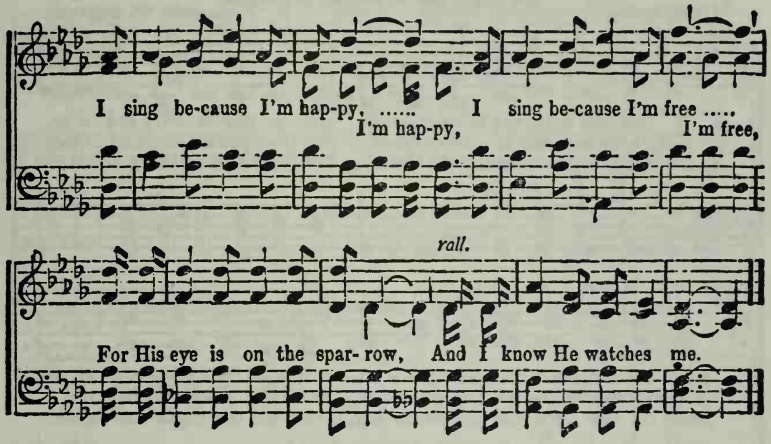
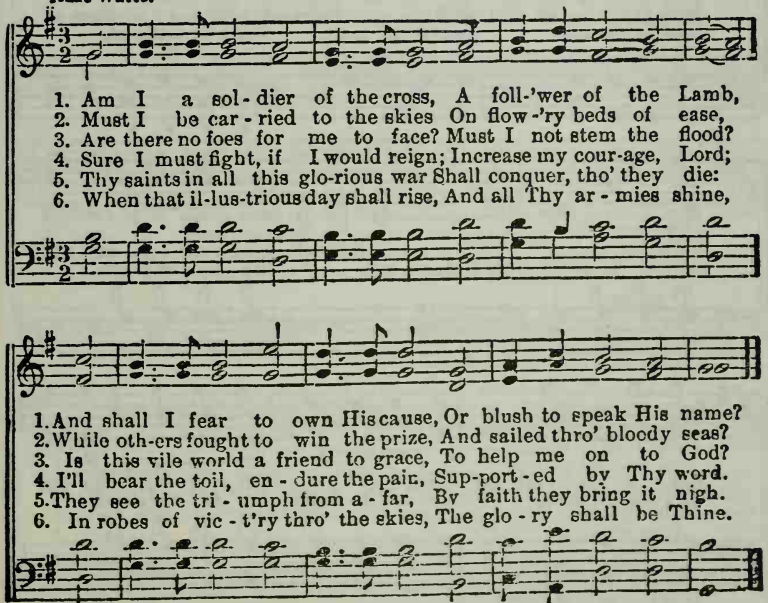
Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I feel dis- cour- aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
2. "Let not your heart be troub - led," His ten - der word I hear,
3. When- ev- er I am temp - ted, When- ev - er clouds a - rise,
Why should my heart be lone - ly, And long for heav'n and home, When
And rest - ing on His good- nes, I lose my doubts and fears, Tho'
When songs give place to sigh- ing, When hope with-in me dies, I
Je - sus is my por - tion? My con-stant friend is He: His
by the pathe He lead-eth, But one step I may see: His
draw the clos - er to Him; From care He sets me free; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know -He cares for me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye is On the Sparrow.

No. 48. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

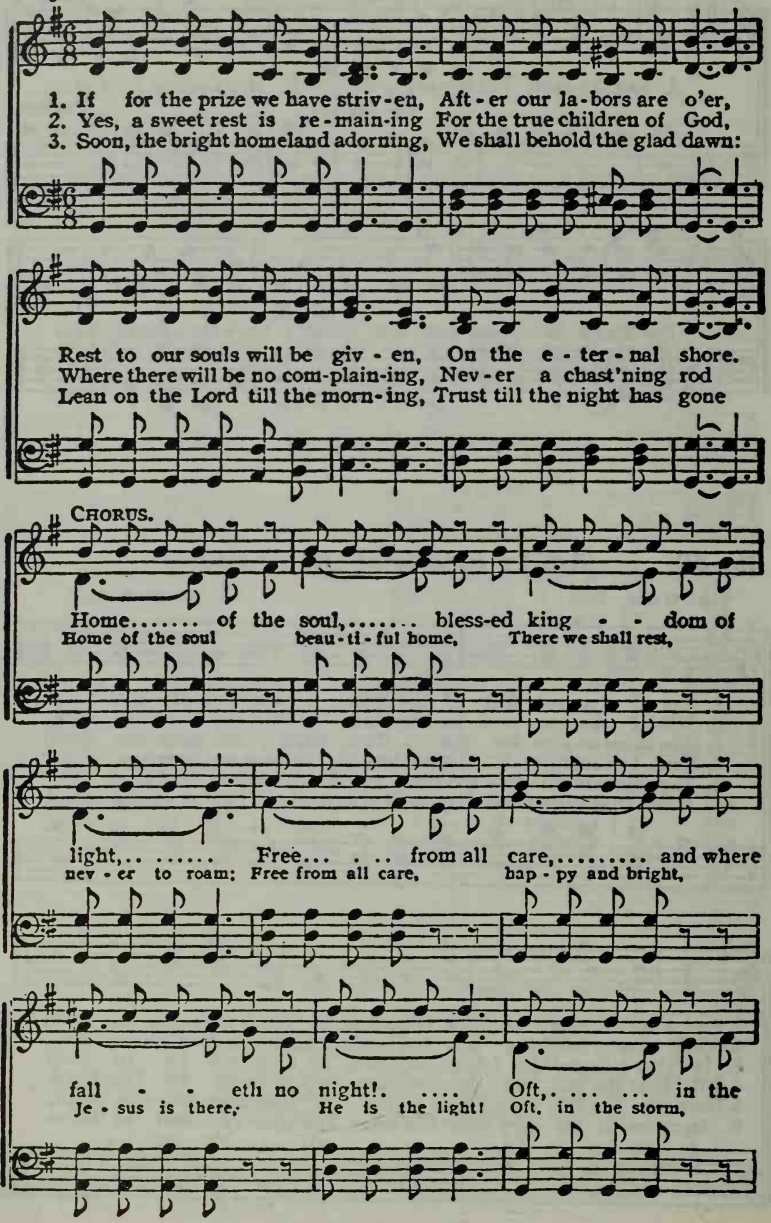
Isaac Watts. Thomas A. Arne.

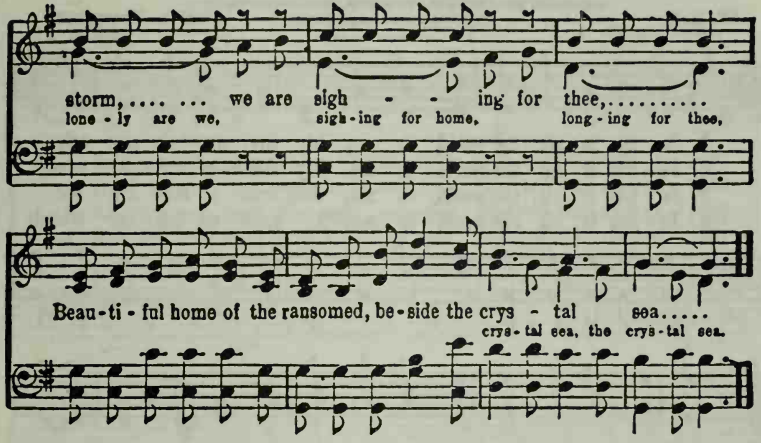

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall conquer, tho' they die:
6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine,
1. And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
3. Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4. I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.
5. They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
6. In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

No. 49. Home of the Soul.

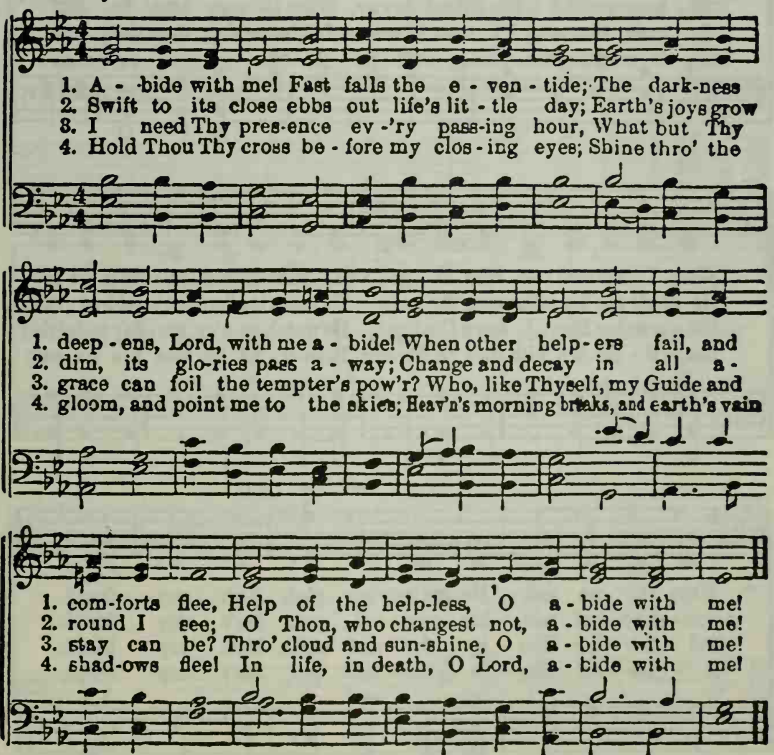
Copyright, 1912, by Beazley & Vaughan.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.


1. If for the prize we have striv-en, Aft-er our la-bors are o'er,
2. Yes, a sweet rest is re-main-ing For the true children of God,
3. Soon, the bright homeland adorning, We shall behold the glad dawn:
Rest to our souls will be giv-en, On the e-ter-nal shore.
Where there will be no com-plain-ing, Nev-er a chast'ning rod
Lean on the Lord till the morn-ing, Trust till the night has gone
CHORUS.
Home..... of the soul,..... bless-ed king - - dom of
Home of the soul beau-ti-ful home, There we shall rest,
light,.. ..... Free... .. from all care,..... and where
nev-er to roam; Free from all care, hap-py and bright,
fall - - eth no night!. .... Oft,. ... ... in the
Je-sus is there, He is the light! Oft, in the storm,

Home of the Soul.

storm, ... we are sigh - - ing for thee, ...
lone - ly are we, sigh - ing for home, long - ing for thee,
Beau - ti - ful home of the ransomed, be - side the crys - tal sea.....
crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.

No. 50. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
1. deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide! When other help - ers fail, and
2. dim, its glo-ries pass a - way; Change and decay in all a -
3. grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my Guide and
4. gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
1. com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
2. round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
4. shad-ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 51. Jesus Is All the World to Me.

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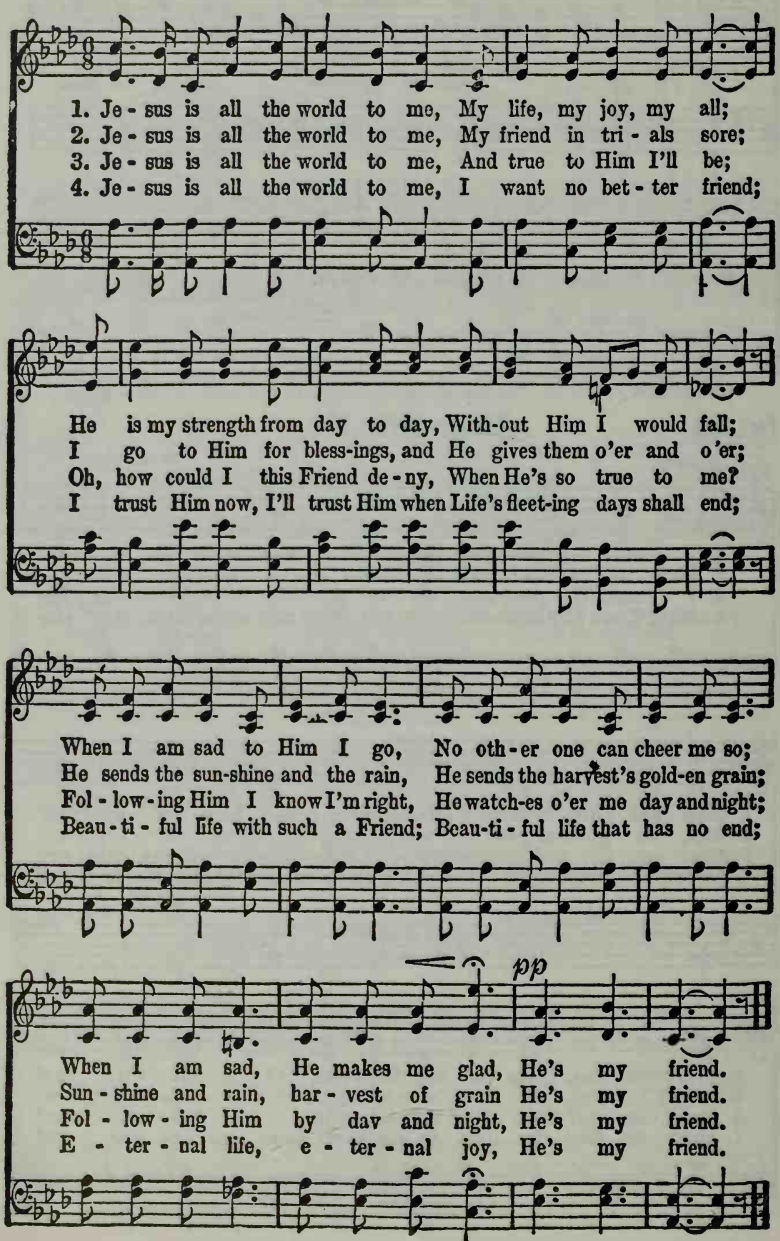
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall;
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end;
When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
pp
When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 52. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife. Mrs. John A. Davis.

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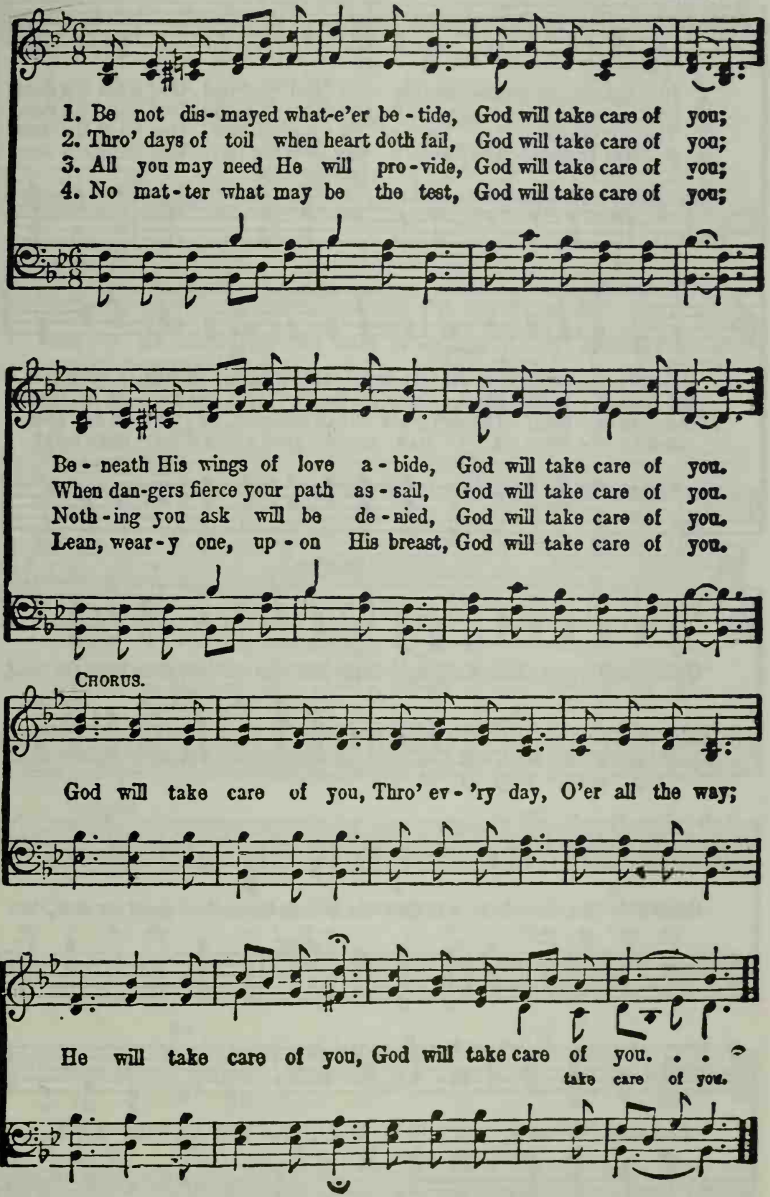
C. D. Martin — W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.

No. 53. God Leads Us Along.

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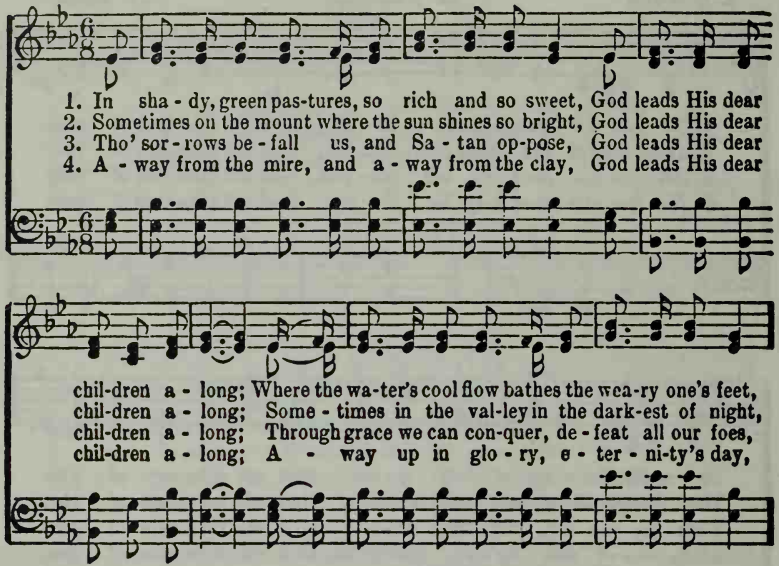
G. A. Y. G. A. Young.


1. In sha - dy, green pas-tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear
2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear
3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op-pose, God leads His dear
4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear
chil-dren a - long; Where the wa-ter's cool flow bathes the wea-ry one's feet,
chil-dren a - long; Some - times in the val-ley in the dark-est of night,
chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de - feat all our foes,
chil-dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e - ter - ni-ty's day,
CHORUS.
God leads His dear children a-long. Some thro' the wa-ters, some thro' the flood,
Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the Blood; Some thro' great sor-row, but
rit.
God gives a song, In the night sea-son and all the day long.

No. 54. Count On Me.

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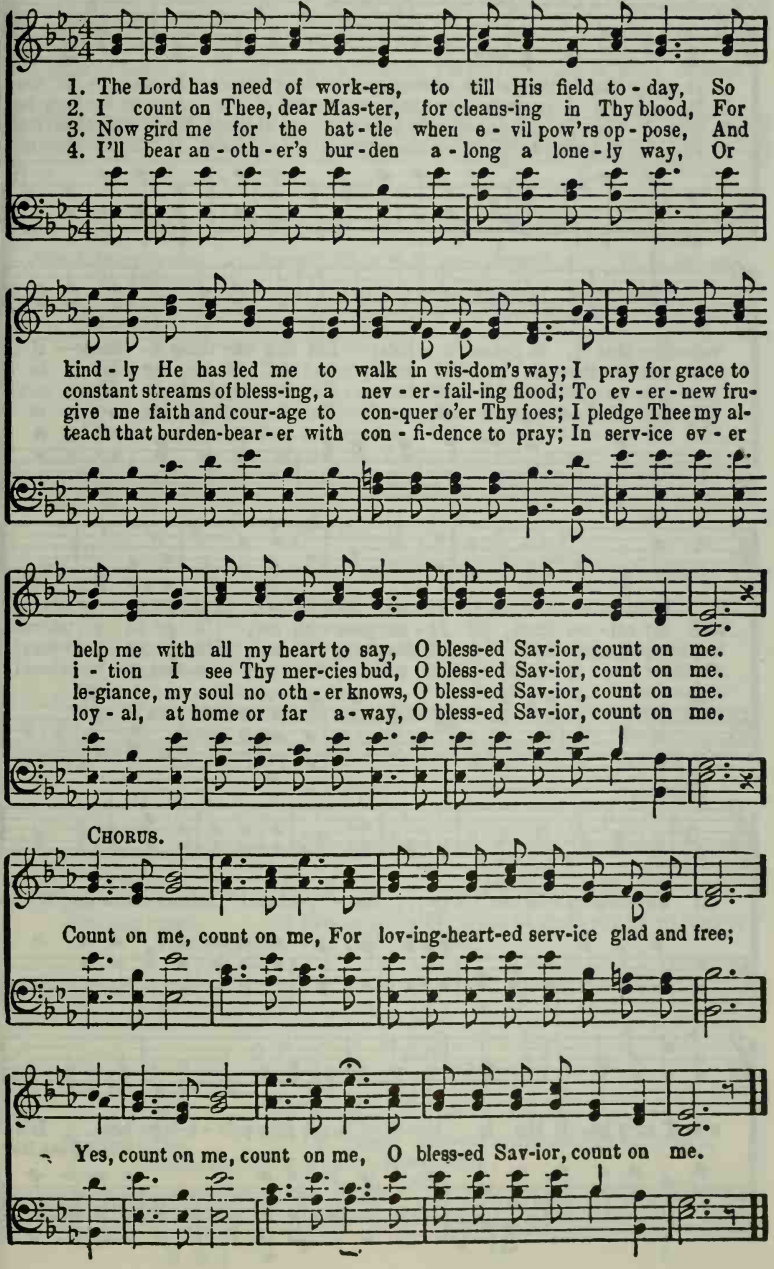
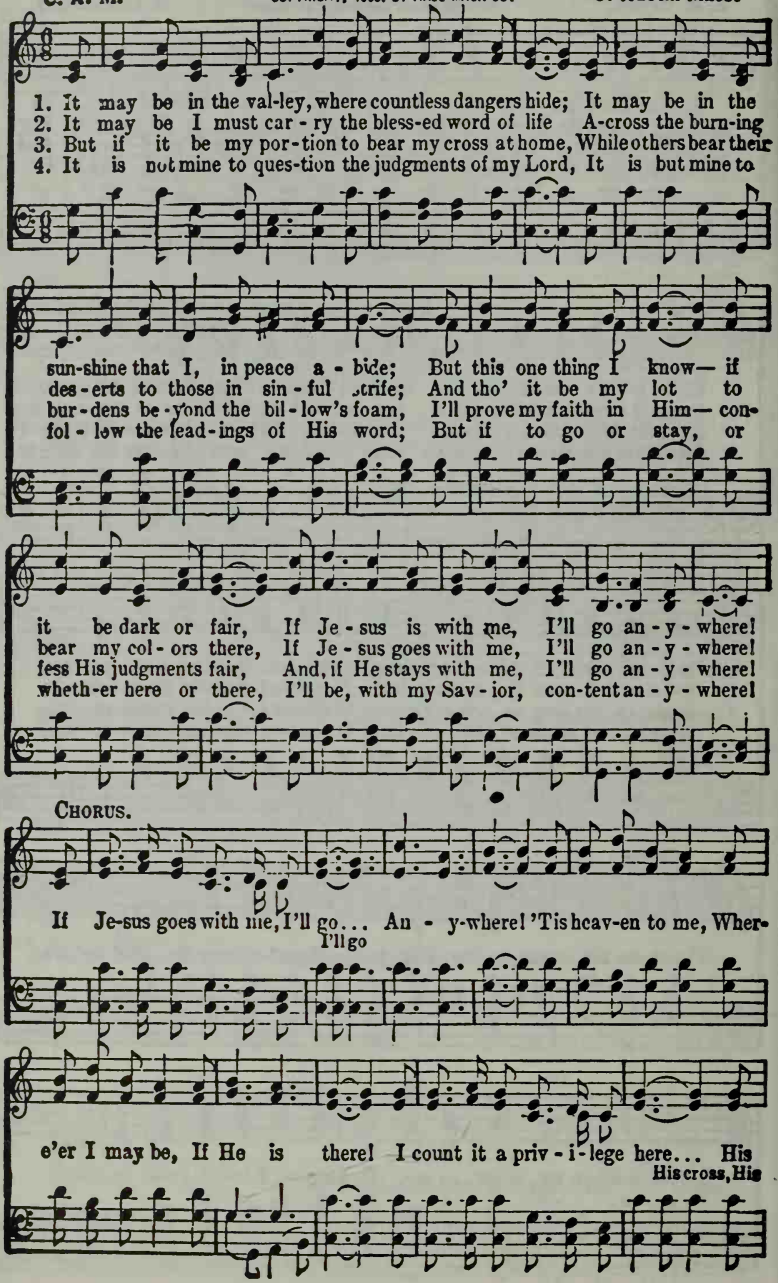
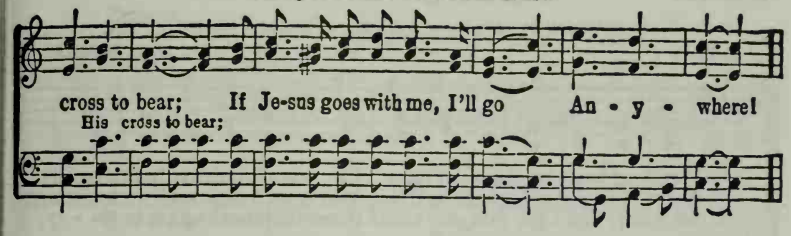
E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. The Lord has need of work-ers, to till His field to-day, So
2. I count on Thee, dear Mas-ter, for cleans-ing in Thy blood, For
3. Now gird me for the bat-tle when e-vil pow'rs op-pose, And
4. I'll bear an-oth-er's bur-den a-long a lone-ly way, Or
kind-ly He has led me to walk in wis-dom's way; I pray for grace to
constant streams of bless-ing, a nev-er-fail-ing flood; To ev-er-new fru-
give me faith and cour-age to con-quer o'er Thy foes; I pledge Thee my al-
teach that burden-bear-er with con-fi-dence to pray; In serv-ice ev-er
help me with all my heart to say, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
i-tion I see Thy mer-cies bud, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
le-giance, my soul no oth-er knows, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
loy-al, at home or far a-way, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
CHORUS.
Count on me, count on me, For lov-ing-heart-ed serv-ice glad and free;
Yes, count on me, count on me, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.

No. 55. If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun-shine that I, in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con-tent an - y - where!
CHORUS.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go... An - y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Wher-
I'll go
e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here... His
His cross, His

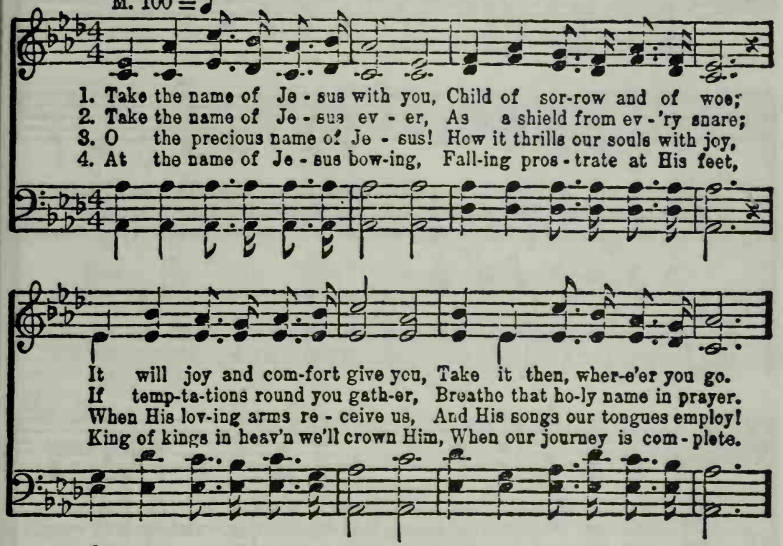
If Jesus Goes With Me.



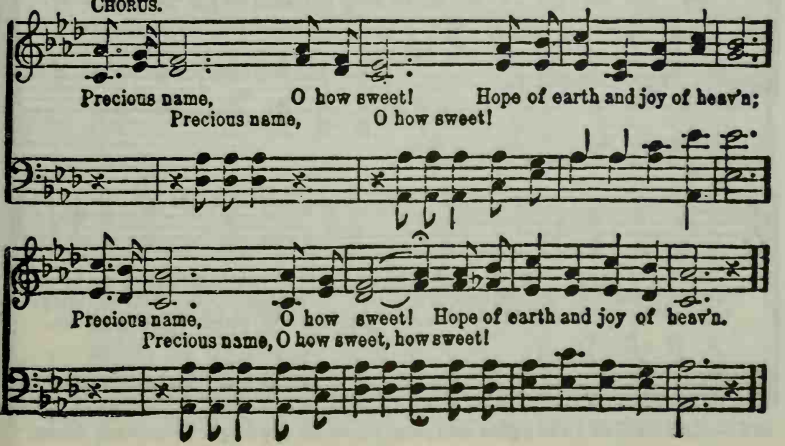
56. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lillian Baxter. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. W. H. Doane.

M. 100 = ♩

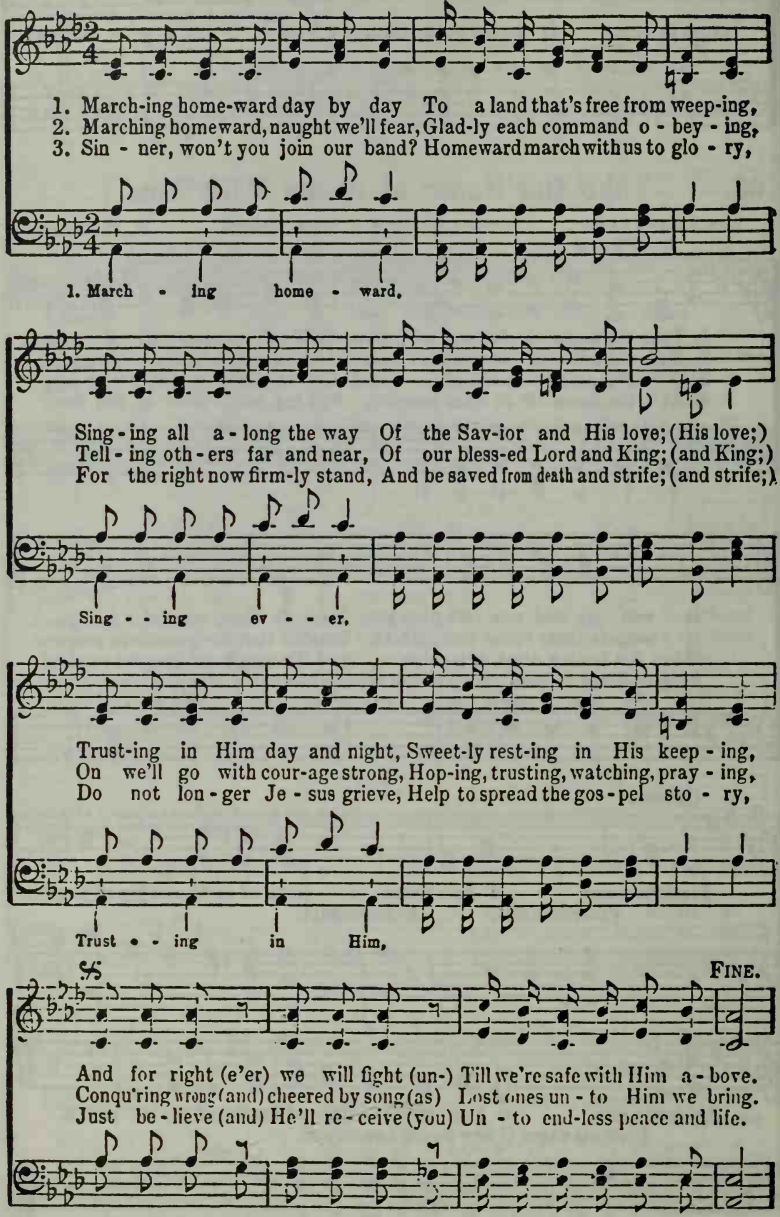

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros - trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com - plete.

CHORUS.


Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

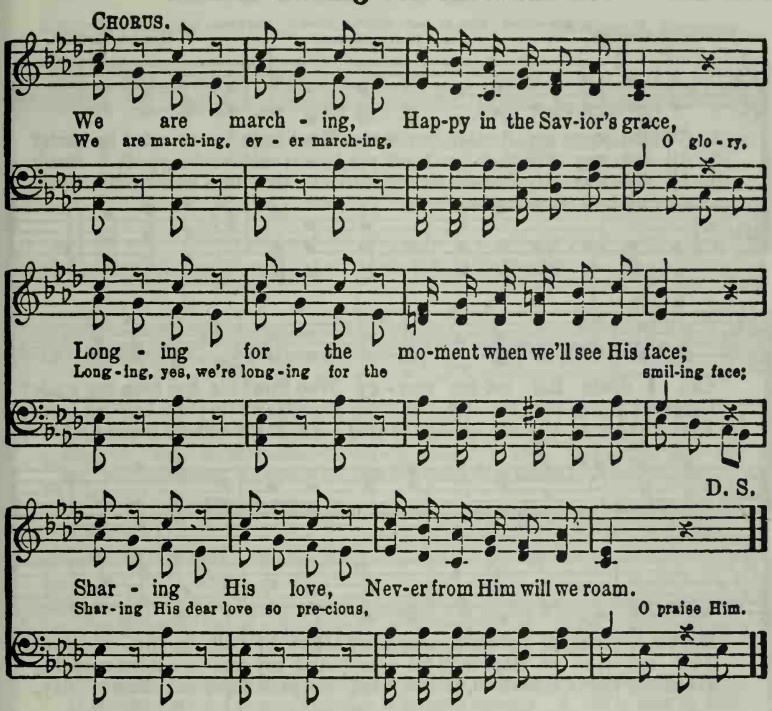
No. 57. Marching Homeward.

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE TRIO MUSIC CO., IN "CAROLS OF PEACE."

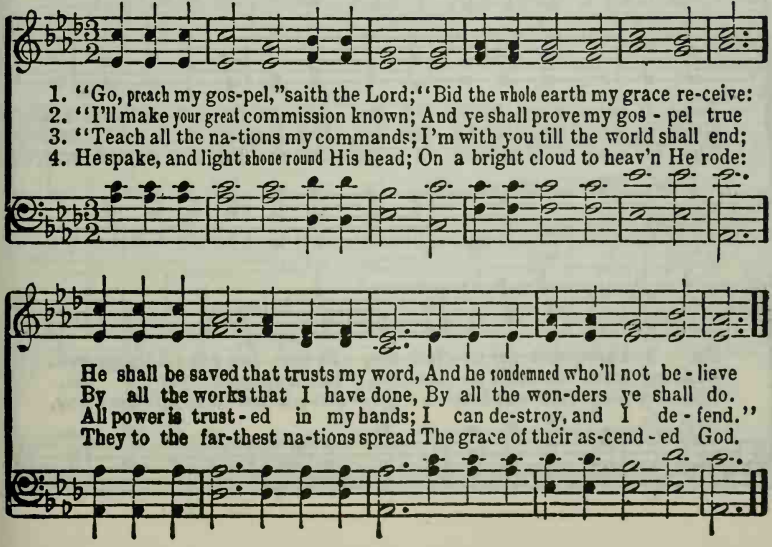
O. L. F. O. L. Francis.

1. March-ing home-ward day by day To a land that's free from weep-ing,
2. Marching homeward, naught we'll fear, Glad-ly each command o - bey - ing,
3. Sin - ner, won't you join our band? Homeward march with us to glo - ry,
1. March - ing home - ward,
Sing - ing all a - long the way Of the Sav-ior and His love; (His love;)
Tell - ing oth - ers far and near, Of our bless-ed Lord and King; (and King;)
For the right now firm-ly stand, And be saved from death and strife; (and strife;)
Sing - - ing ev - - er,
Trust-ing in Him day and night, Sweet-ly rest-ing in His keep - ing,
On we'll go with cour-age strong, Hop-ing, trusting, watching, pray - ing,
Do not lon - ger Je - sus grieve, Help to spread the gos - pel sto - ry,
Trust - - ing in Him,
FINE.
And for right (e'er) we will fight (un-) Till we're safe with Him a - bove.
Conqu'ring wrong (and) cheered by song (as) Lost ones un - to Him we bring.
Just be - lieve (and) He'll re - ceive (you) Un - to end-less peace and life.

D.S.—*And we'll be (e'er) glad and free (there) In the bright e - ter - nal home.*

Marching Homeward.


CHORUS.
We are march - ing, Hap-py in the Sav-ior's grace,
We are march-ing, ev - er march-ing, O glo - ry.
Long - ing for the mo-ment when we'll see His face;
Long-ing, yes, we're long-ing for the smil-ing face;
D. S.
Shar - ing His love, Nev-er from Him will we roam.
Shar-ing His dear love so pre-cious, O praise Him.

No. 58. Go, Preach the Gospel.

Isaac Watts. H. C. Zeuner.

1. "Go, preach my gos-pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth my grace re-ceive:
2. "I'll make your great commission known; And ye shall prove my gos - pel true
3. "Teach all the na-tions my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;
4. He spake, and light shone round His head; On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode:
He shall be saved that trusts my word, And he condemned who'll not be - lieve
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All power is trust - ed in my hands; I can de-stroy, and I de - fend."
They to the far-thest na-tions spread The grace of their as-cend - ed God.

No. 59. All the Way My Savior Leads.

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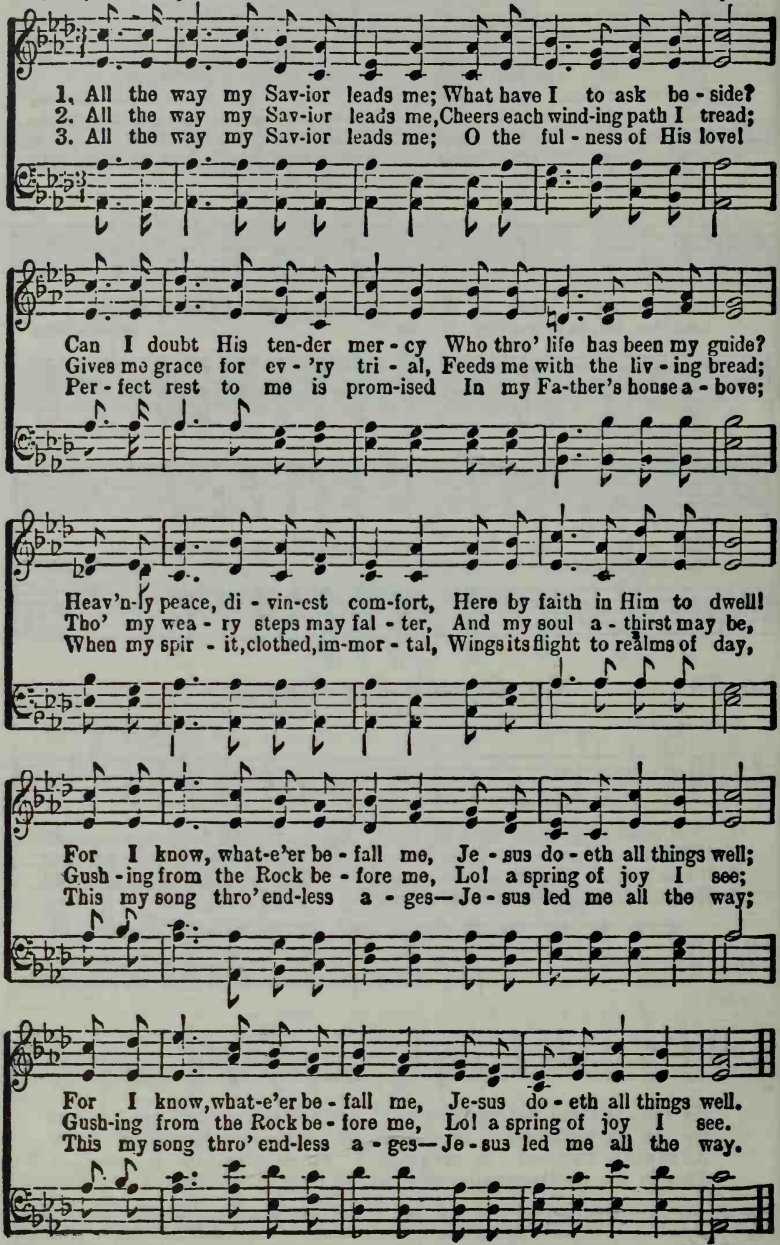
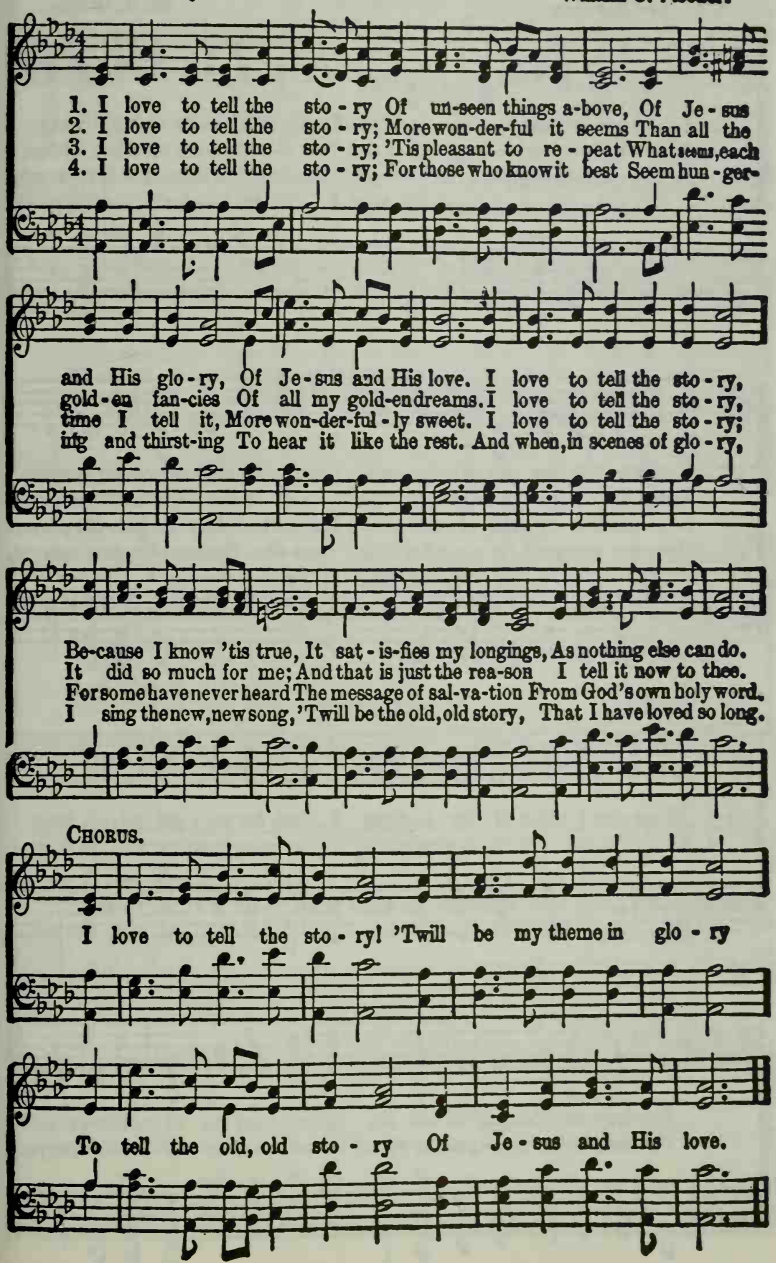
Fanny J. Crosby. Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

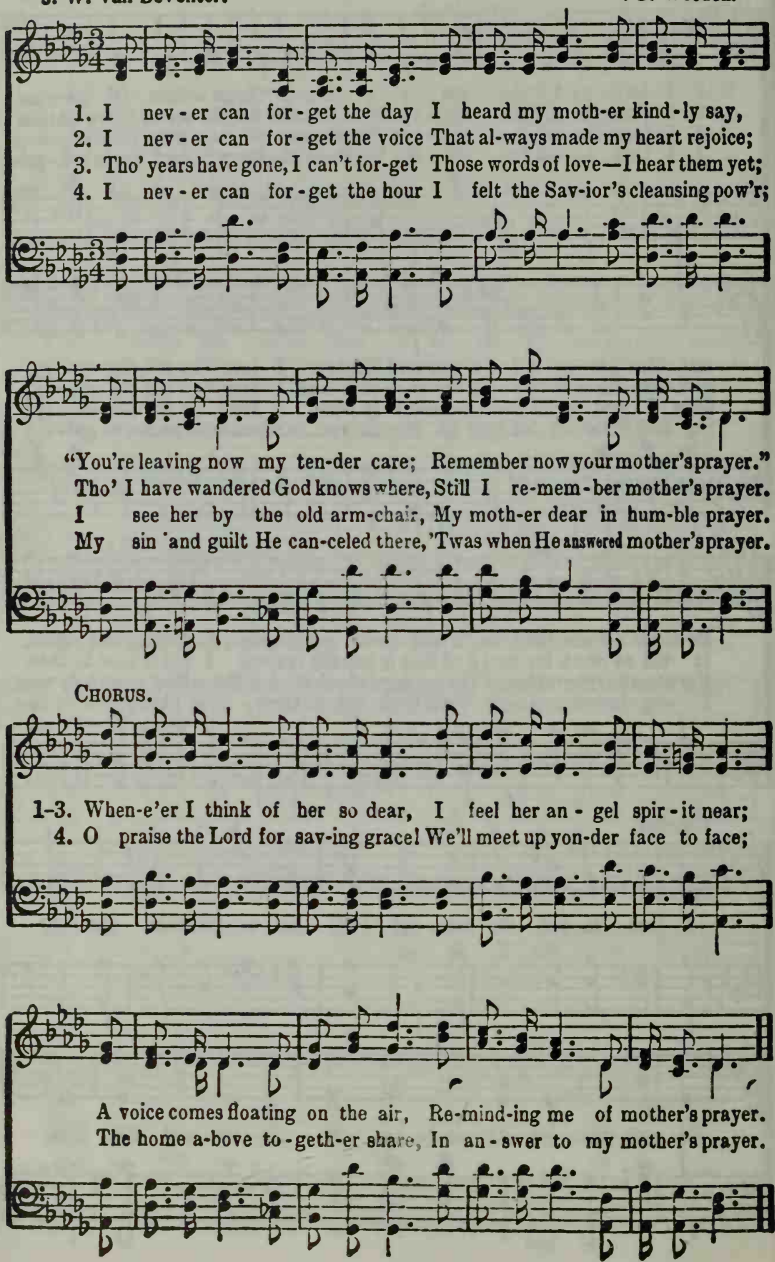
No. 60. I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. William C. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies Of all my gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger- ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,
Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 61. My Mother's Prayer.

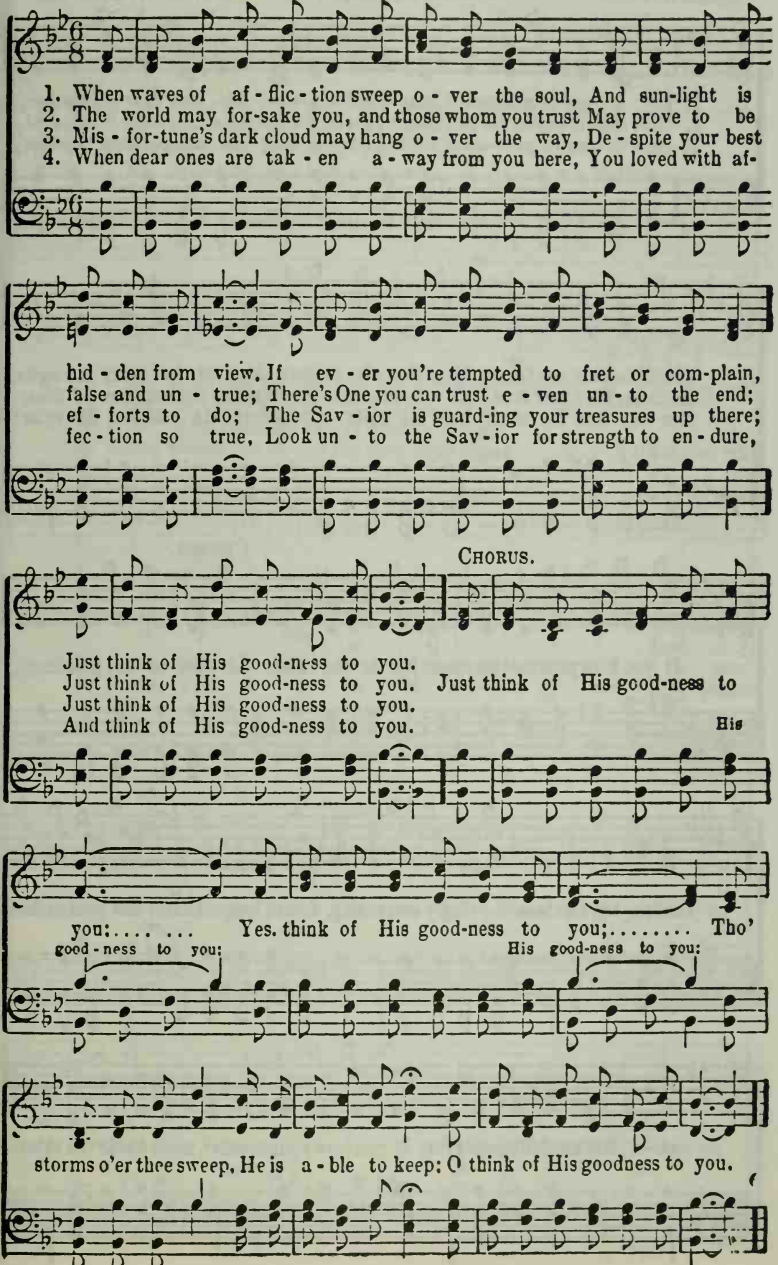
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER. USED BY PERMISSION.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.


1. I nev-er can for-get the day I heard my moth-er kind-ly say,
2. I nev-er can for-get the voice That al-ways made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for-get Those words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev-er can for-get the hour I felt the Sav-ior's cleansing pow'r;
"You're leaving now my ten-der care; Remember now your mother's prayer."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's prayer.
I see her by the old arm-chair, My moth-er dear in hum-ble prayer.
My sin and guilt He can-celed there, 'Twas when He answered mother's prayer.
Chorus.
1-3. When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an-gel spir-it near;
4. O praise the Lord for sav-ing grace! We'll meet up yon-der face to face;
A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's prayer.
The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's prayer.

No. 62. Think of His Goodness to You.

R. C. W. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY HALL-MACK CO. R. C. Ward.


1. When waves of af - flic - tion sweep o - ver the soul, And sun-light is
2. The world may for-sake you, and those whom you trust May prove to be
3. Mis - for-tune's dark cloud may hang o - ver the way, De - spite your best
4. When dear ones are tak - en a - way from you here, You loved with af-
hid - den from view, If ev - er you're tempted to fret or com-plain,
false and un - true; There's One you can trust e - ven un - to the end;
ef - forts to do; The Sav - ior is guard-ing your treasures up there;
fec - tion so true, Look un - to the Sav - ior for strength to en - dure,
CHORUS.
Just think of His good-ness to you.
Just think of His good-ness to you. Just think of His good-ness to
Just think of His good-ness to you.
And think of His good-ness to you.
His
you;..... ... Yes. think of His good-ness to you;..... Tho'
good - ness to you;
His good-ness to you;
storms o'er thee sweep, He is a - ble to keep; O think of His goodness to you.

No. 63. Meet Mother in the Skies.

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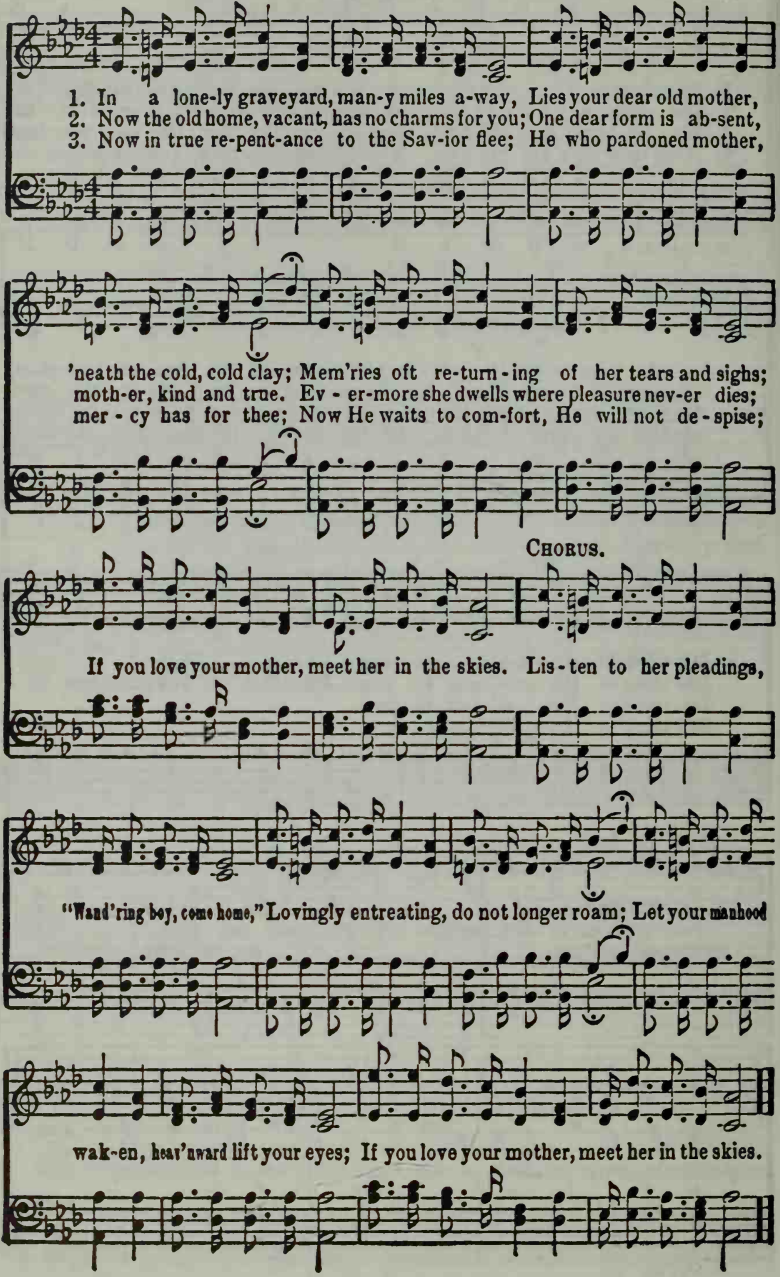
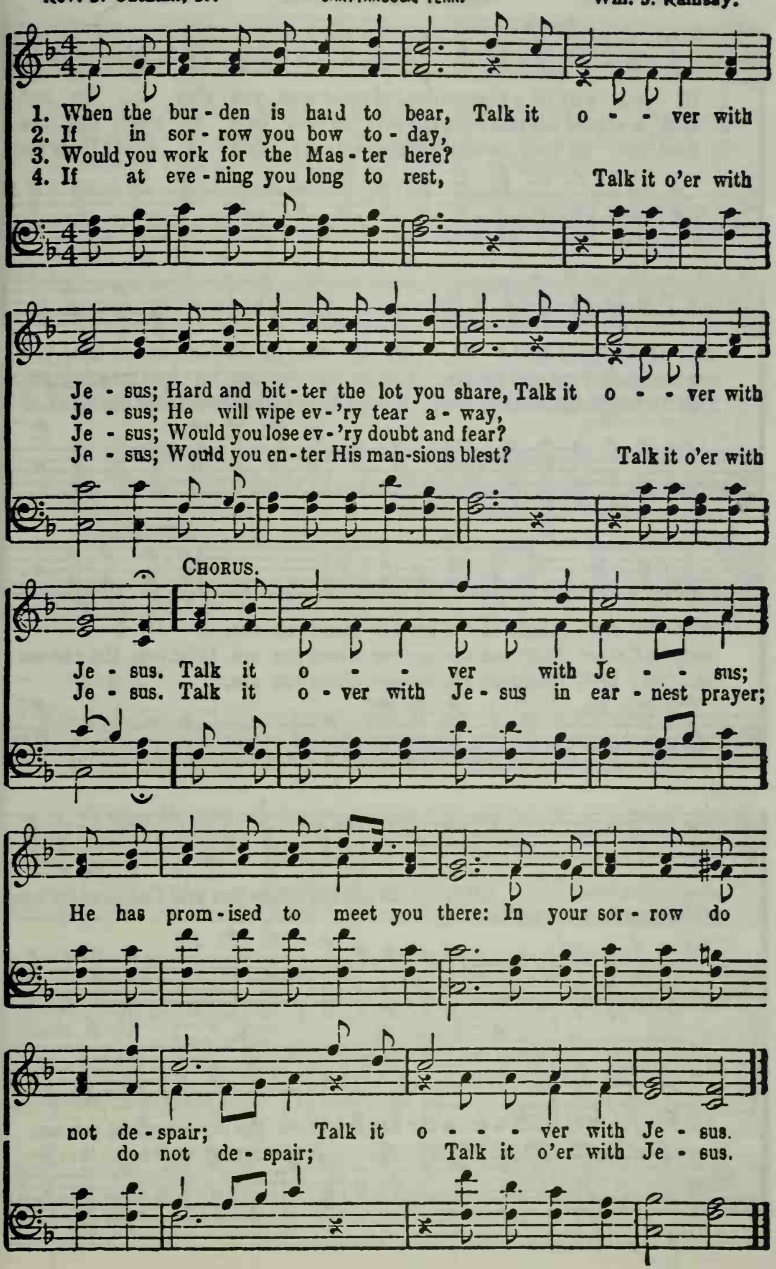
Arr. by W. S. Nickle.


1. In a lone-ly graveyard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your dear old mother,
2. Now the old home, vacant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab-sent,
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee; He who pardoned mother,
'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem'ries oft re-turn-ing of her tears and sighs;
moth-er, kind and true. Ev-er-more she dwells where pleasure nev-er dies;
mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort, He will not de-spise;
CHORUS.
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies. Lis-ten to her pleadings,
"Wand'ring boy, come home," Lovingly entreating, do not longer roam; Let your manhood
wak-en, hear'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

No. 64. Talk It Over With Jesus.

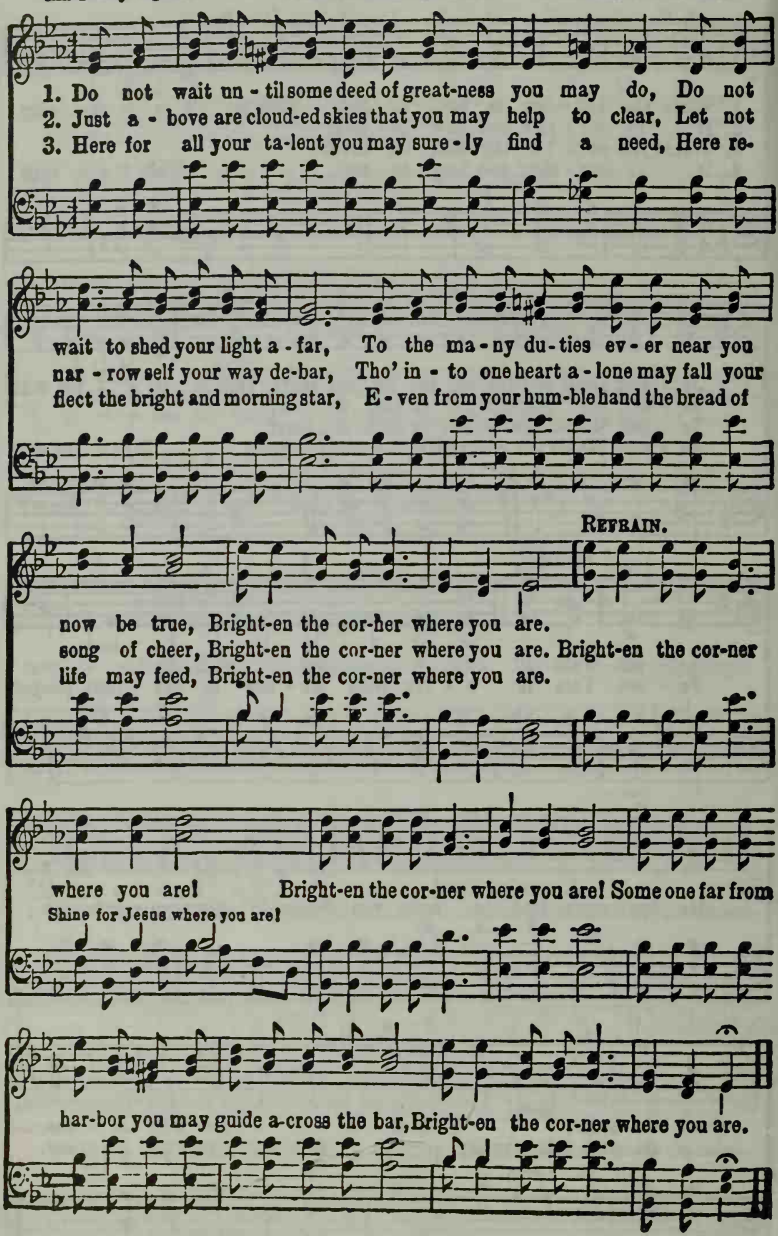
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY WM. J. RAMSAY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Ramsay.

1. When the bur - den is hard to bear, Talk it o - - ver with
2. If in sor - row you bow to - day,
3. Would you work for the Mas - ter here?
4. If at eve - ning you long to rest, Talk it o'er with
Je - sus; Hard and bit - ter the lot you share, Talk it o - - ver with
Je - sus; He will wipe ev - 'ry tear a - way,
Je - sus; Would you lose ev - 'ry doubt and fear?
Je - sus; Would you en - ter His man-sions blest? Talk it o'er with
CHORUS.
Je - sus. Talk it o - - ver with Je - - sus;
Je - sus. Talk it o - ver with Je - sus in ear - nest prayer;
He has prom - ised to meet you there: In your sor - row do
not de - spair; Talk it o - - - ver with Je - sus.
do not de - spair; Talk it o'er with Je - sus.

No. 65. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

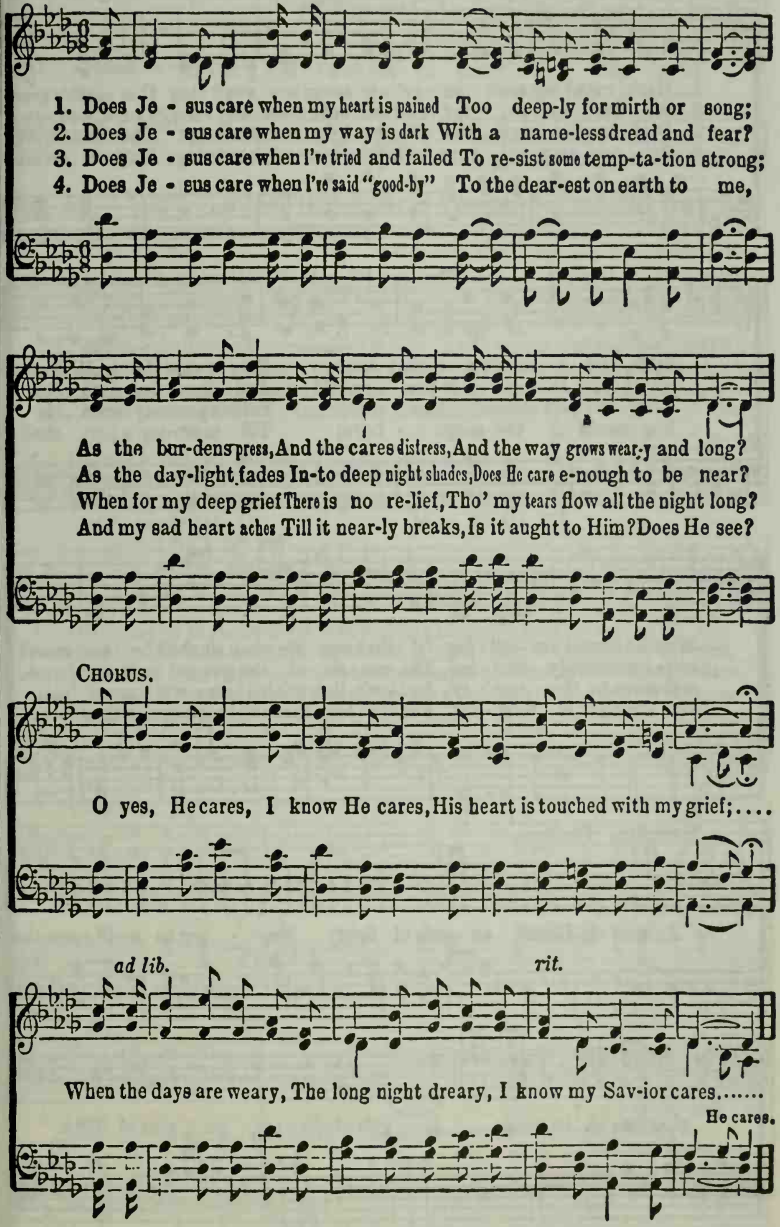
Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-
wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of
REFRAIN.
now be true, Bright-en the cor-her where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!
har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

No. 66. Does Jesus Care?

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY HALL-MACK CO.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta-tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-by" To the dear-est on earth to me,
As the bur-dens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day-light fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care e-nough to be near?
When for my deep grief There is no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near-ly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see?
Chorus.
O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; ....
ad lib.
rit.
When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Sav-ior cares.....
He cares.

No. 67. Hark! Hark! My Soul.

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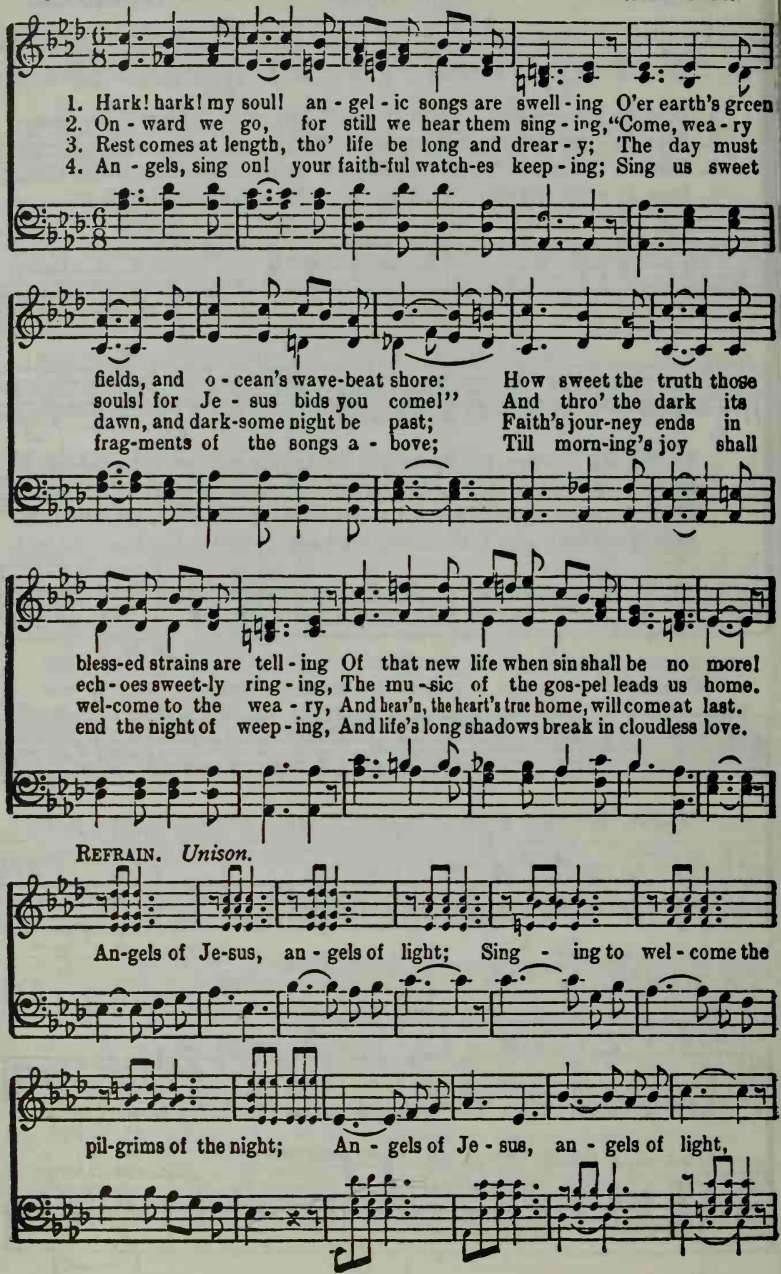
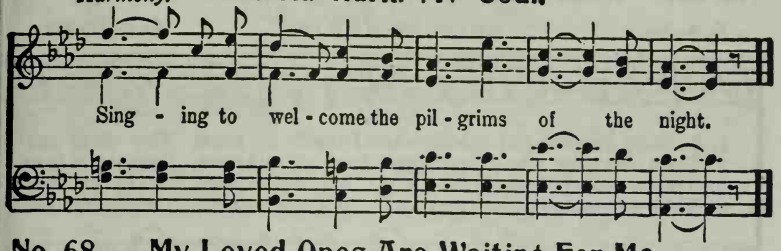
Frederick William Faber. Adam Geibel.


1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
3. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y; The day must
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet
fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
souls! for Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its
dawn, and dark-some night be past; Faith's jour-ney ends in
frag-ments of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall
bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
wel-come to the wea - ry, And hear'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
REFRAIN. Unison.
An-gels of Je-sus, an - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the
pil-grims of the night; An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Harmony.

Hark! Hark! My Soul.

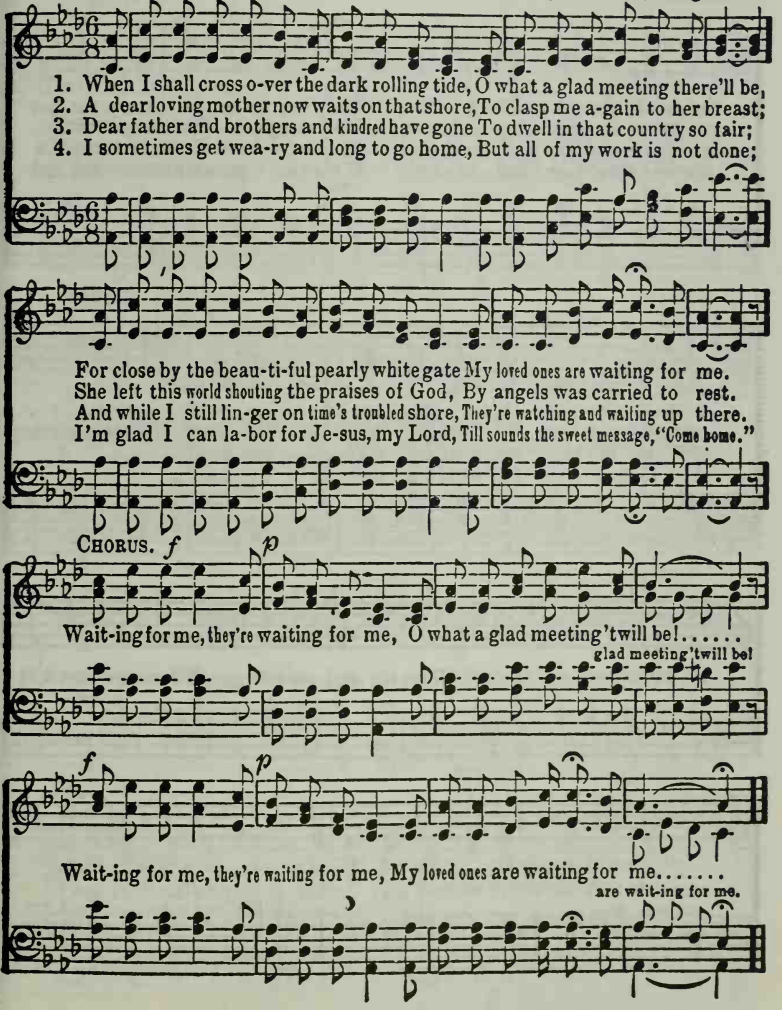


No. 68. My Loved Ones Are Waiting For Me.

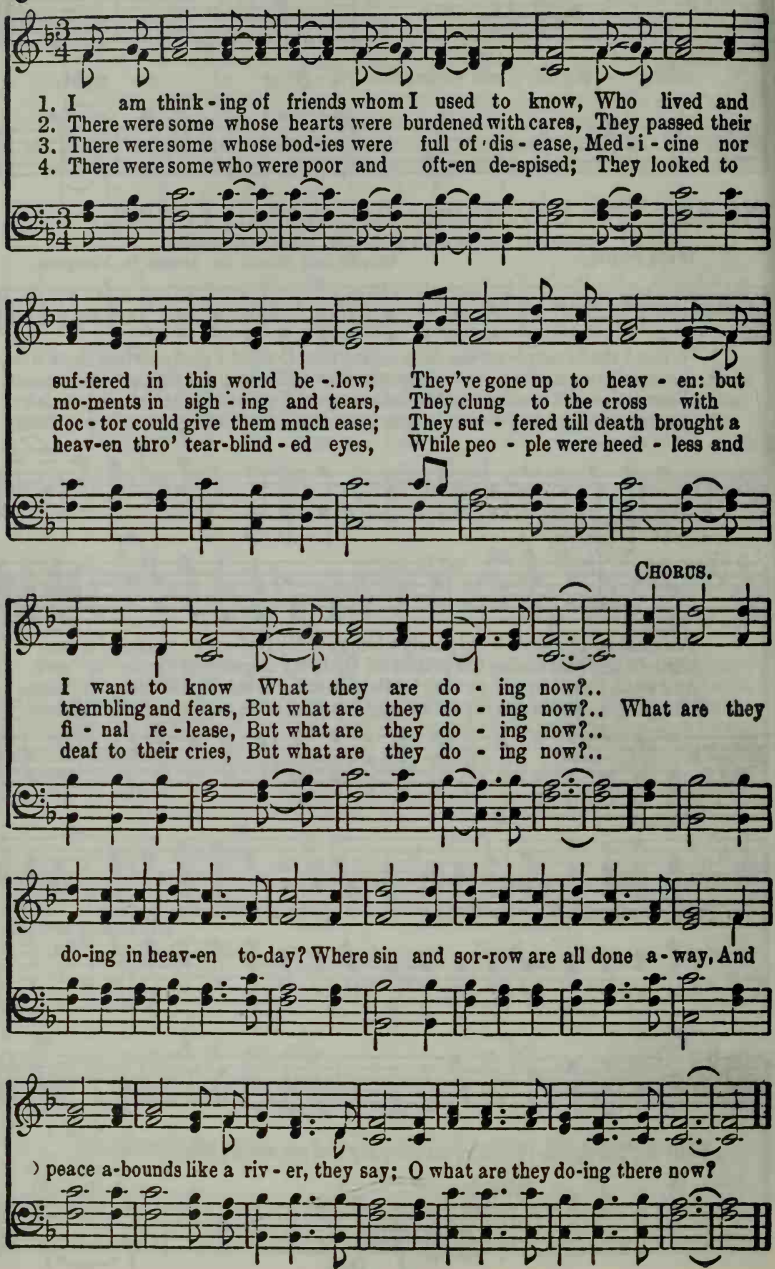
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN. USED BY PERMISSION.

With feeling.

Words and Music by James D. Vaughan.


1. When I shall cross o-ver the dark rolling tide, O what a glad meeting there'll be,
2. A dear loving mother now waits on that shore, To clasp me a-gain to her breast;
3. Dear father and brothers and kindred have gone To dwell in that country so fair;
4. I sometimes get wea-ry and long to go home, But all of my work is not done;
For close by the beau-ti-ful pearly white gate My loved ones are waiting for me.
She left this world shouting the praises of God, By angels was carried to rest.
And while I still lin-ger on time's troubled shore, They're watching and waiting up there.
I'm glad I can la-bor for Je-sus, my Lord, Till sounds the sweet message, "Come home."
CHORUS.
f
p
Wait-ing for me, they're waiting for me, O what a glad meeting 'twill be!.....
glad meeting 'twill be!
f
p
Wait-ing for me, they're waiting for me, My loved ones are waiting for me.....
are wait-ing for me.

No. 69. What Are They Doing In Heaven?

C. A. T. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. A. TINDLEY. C. A. Tindley.

1. I am think - ing of friends whom I used to know, Who lived and suf-fered in this world be - low; They've gone up to heav - en: but
2. There were some whose hearts were burdened with cares, They passed their mo-ments in sigh - ing and tears, They clung to the cross with
3. There were some whose bod-ies were full of dis - ease, Med - i - cine nor doc - tor could give them much ease; They suf - fered till death brought a
4. There were some who were poor and oft-en de-spised; They looked to heav-en thro' tear-blind - ed eyes, While peo - ple were heed - less and
CHORUS.
I want to know What they are do - ing now?.. trembling and fears, But what are they do - ing now?.. What are they fi - nal re - lease, But what are they do - ing now?.. deaf to their cries, But what are they do - ing now?..
do-ing in heav-en to-day? Where sin and sor-row are all done a - way, And
) peace a-bounds like a riv - er, they say; O what are they do-ing there now?

No. 70 The Lord Raised Me.

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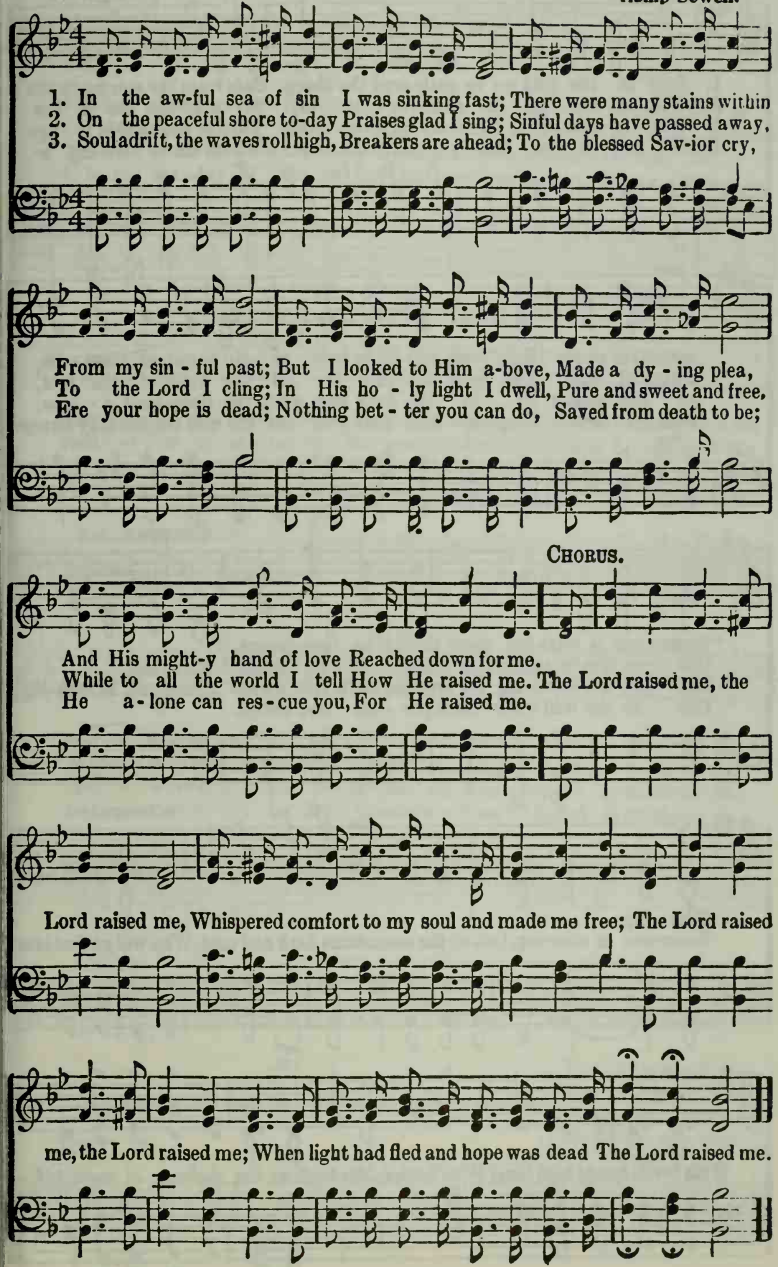
James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.

1. In the aw-ful sea of sin I was sinking fast; There were many stains within
2. On the peaceful shore to-day Praises glad I sing; Sinful days have passed away,
3. Soul adrift, the waves roll high, Breakers are ahead; To the blessed Sav-ior cry,
From my sin - ful past; But I looked to Him a-bove, Made a dy - ing plea,
To the Lord I cling; In His ho - ly light I dwell, Pure and sweet and free.
Ere your hope is dead; Nothing bet - ter you can do, Saved from death to be;
CHORUS.
And His might-y hand of love Reached down for me.
While to all the world I tell How He raised me. The Lord raised me, the
He a - lone can res - cue you, For He raised me.
Lord raised me, Whispered comfort to my soul and made me free; The Lord raised
me, the Lord raised me; When light had fled and hope was dead The Lord raised me.

One is Missing.

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C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Safe in the fold we've gath-ered the sheep, Safe from the storms on the
2. "Will no one go to gath-er it in, My help-less one in the
3. Wea-ry and worn, His heart knew no rest, Till He might hold it up-
4. O can it be that you are the one Whom He is seek-ing a-

mountain steep; "But," said the Shep-herd, as He count-ed them o'er,
throes of sin? Far from the shel-ter of the walls of the fold,
on His breast; So in the dark-ness went the Shep-herd a-lone,
lone, a-lone? Pray He may find you ere the wild storms may sweep

CHORUS.

"Some-one is miss-ing, there should be one more."
Out on the mountains so bleak and so cold?" Miss-ing,.....
But ere the morn-ing He brought back His own. Some-one is miss-ing,
Out in the wild ways where per-ish lost sheep.

rit. *a tempo.*

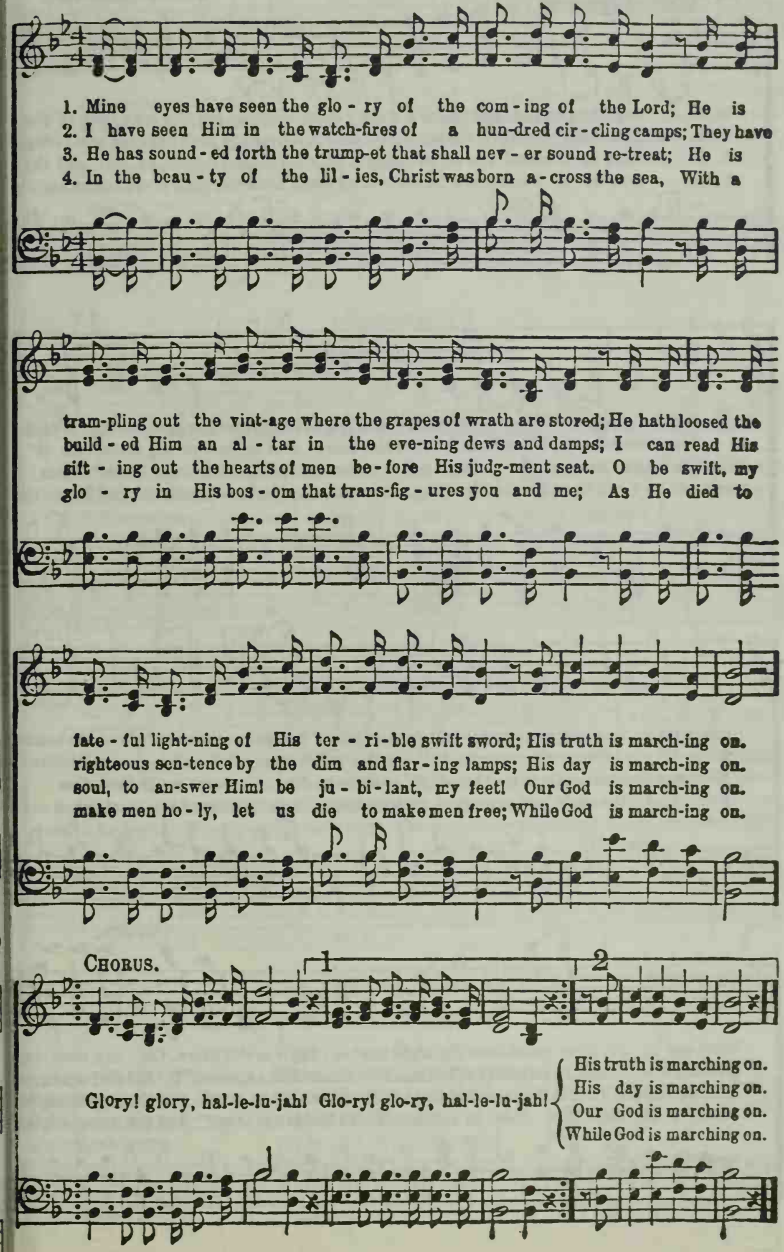
Miss-ing,.....
Some-one is miss-ing, Out on the mountains dark and cold, Who will go find him?

rit.

With love's bands bind him? Who'll bring him back to the shel-ter of the fold?

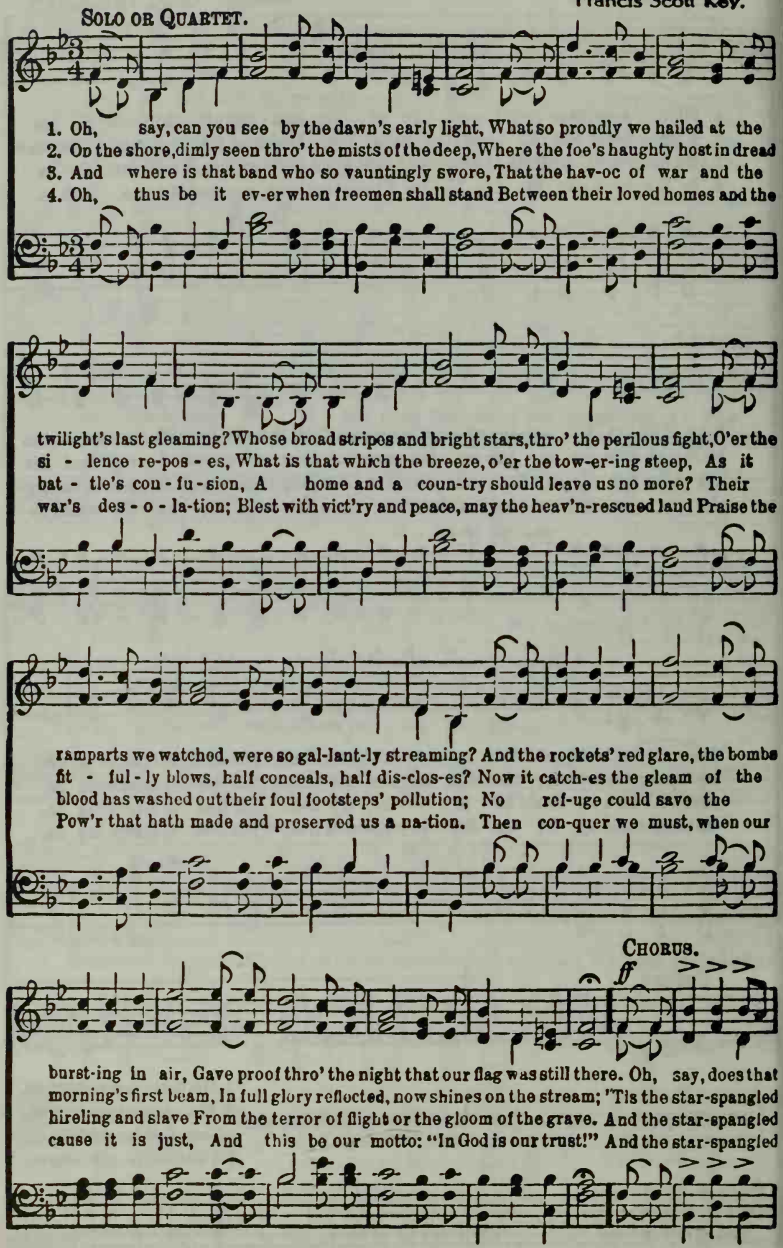
No. 72. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."

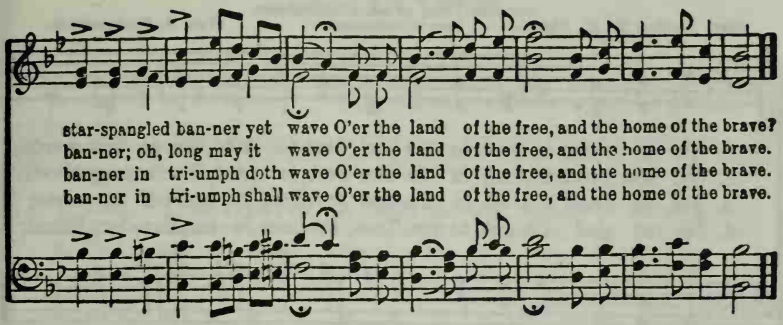

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
Chorus.
1
2
Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

No. 73. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

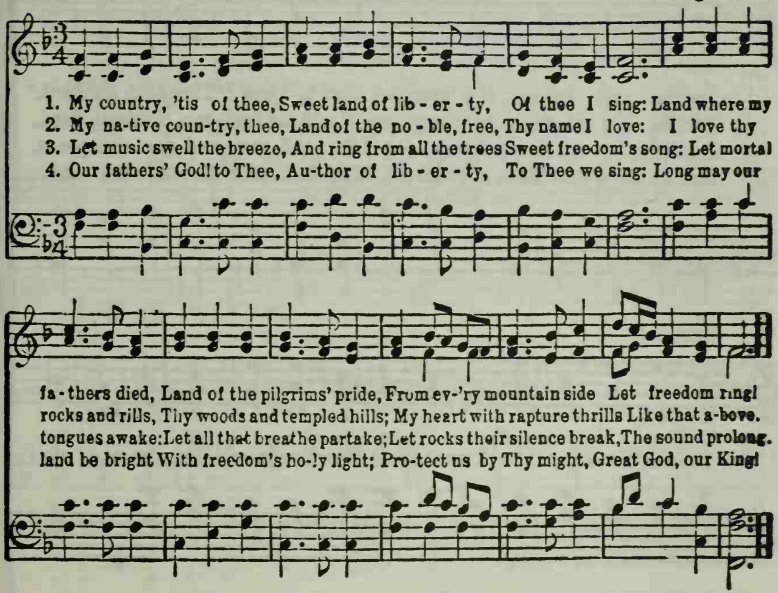

SOLO OR QUARTET.
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our
CHORUS.
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 74. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake: Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 75. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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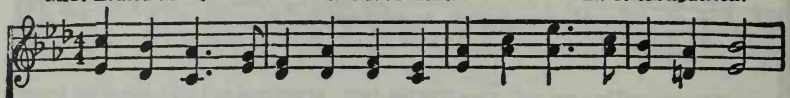
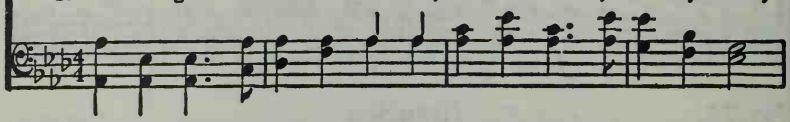
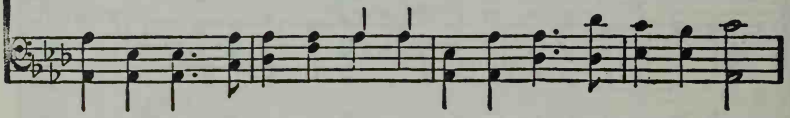
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



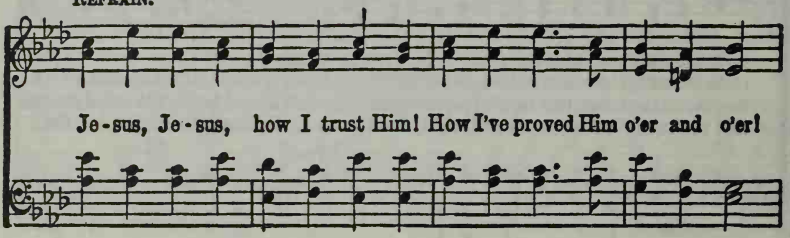
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;



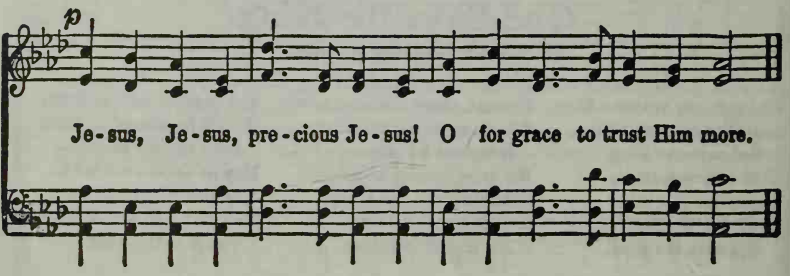
Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je-sus simp-ly tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



REFRAIN.



Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



p

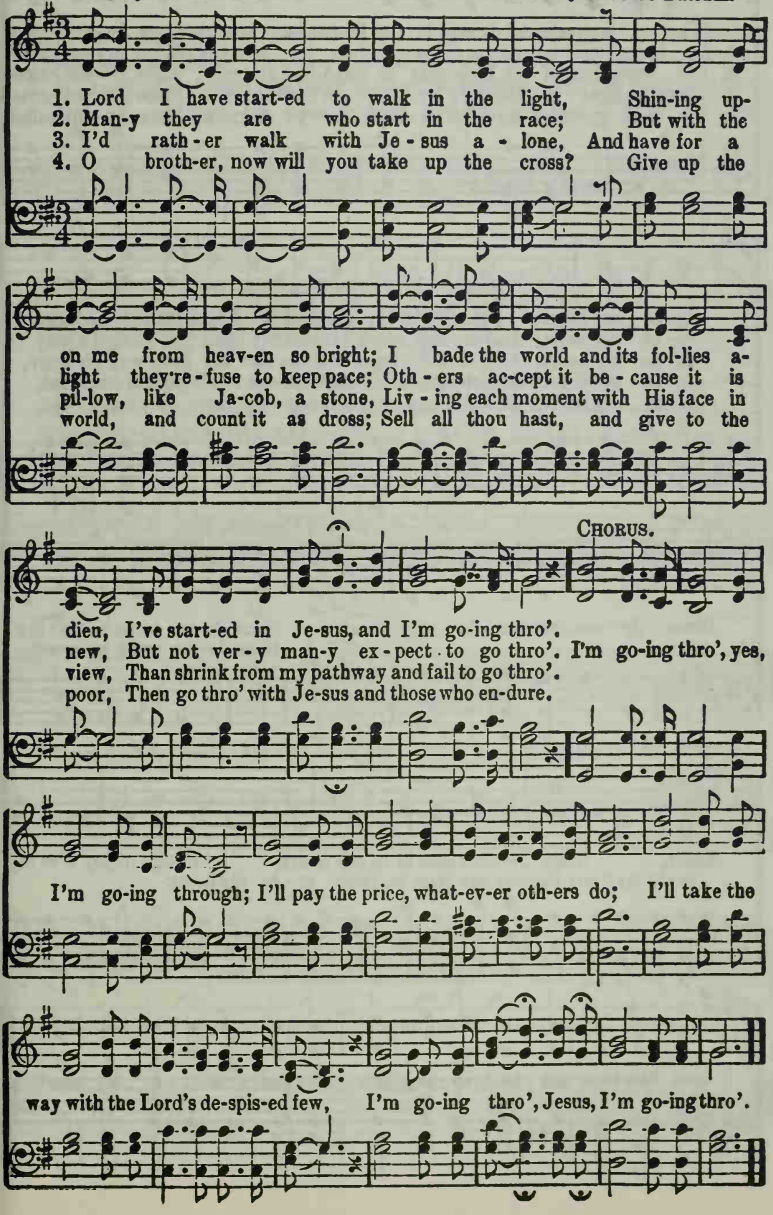
Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

Revival.

No. 76. I'm Going Through, Jesus.

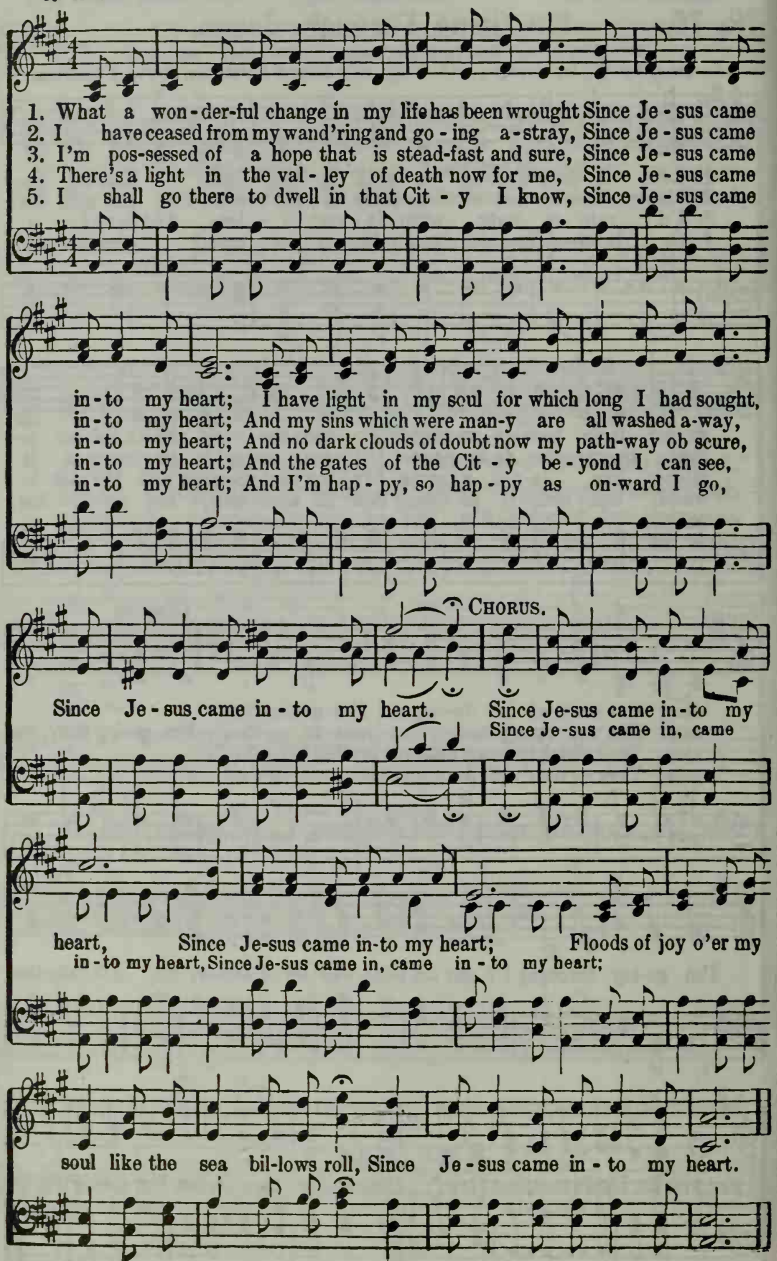
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JOHN T. BENSON, NASHVILLE TENN. FROM "THE JEWEL."

As sung by W. B. Yates. Words and Music by Herbert Buffum.


1. Lord I have start-ed to walk in the light, Shin-ing up-
2. Man-y they are who start in the race; But with the
3. I'd rath-er walk with Je-sus a-lone, And have for a
4. O broth-er, now will you take up the cross? Give up the
on me from heav-en so bright; I bade the world and its fol-lies a-
light they're-fuse to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be-cause it is
pil-low, like Ja-cob, a stone, Liv-ing each moment with His face in
world, and count it as dross; Sell all thou hast, and give to the
CHORUS.
dieu, I've start-ed in Je-sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.
new, But not ver-y man-y ex-pect to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', yes,
view, Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go thro'.
poor, Then go thro' with Je-sus and those who en-dure.
I'm go-ing through; I'll pay the price, what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the
way with the Lord's de-spis-ed few, I'm go-ing thro', Jesus, I'm go-ing thro'.

No. 77. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came
in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,
CHORUS.
Since Je-sus came in-to my heart. Since Je-sus came in-to my
Since Je-sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

No. 78.

He Lifted Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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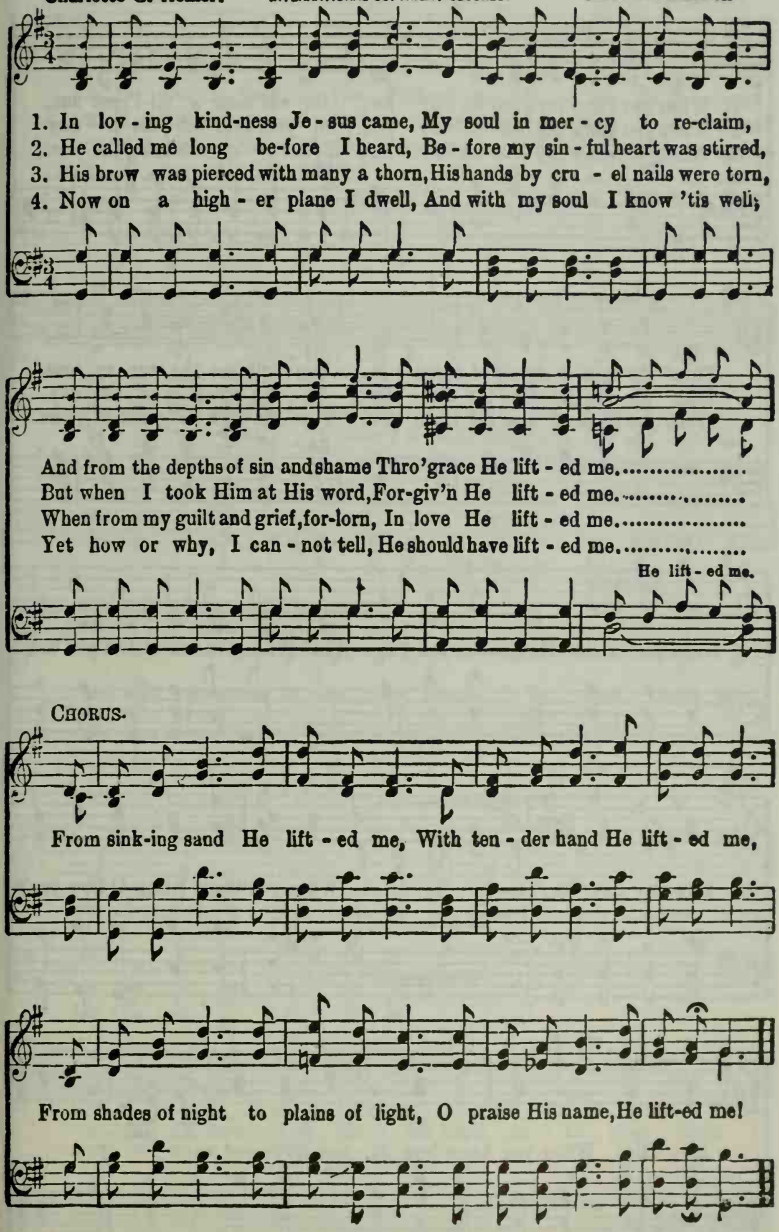
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. In lov - ing kind-ness Je - sus came, My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.
When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift - ed me.
Yet how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me.
He lift - ed me.
Chorus.
From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

No. 79. When You Know Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
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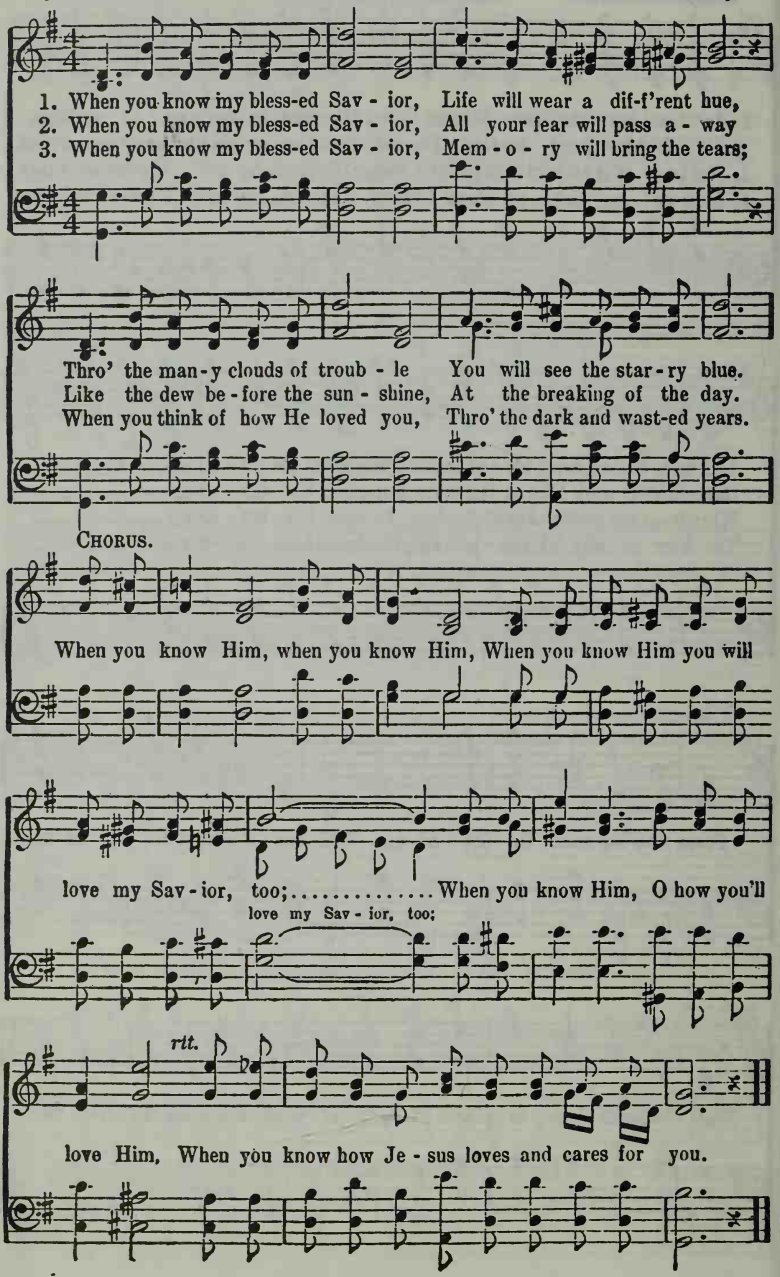
A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. When you know my bless-ed Sav - ior, Life will wear a dif-f'rent hue,
2. When you know my bless-ed Sav - ior, All your fear will pass a - way
3. When you know my bless-ed Sav - ior, Mem - o - ry will bring the tears;
Thro' the man-y clouds of troub - le You will see the star-ry blue.
Like the dew be-fore the sun - shine, At the breaking of the day.
When you think of how He loved you, Thro' the dark and wast-ed years.
CHORUS.
When you know Him, when you know Him, When you know Him you will
love my Sav-ior, too;..... When you know Him, O how you'll
love my Sav - ior, too;
rit.
love Him, When you know how Je - sus loves and cares for you.

No. 80. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
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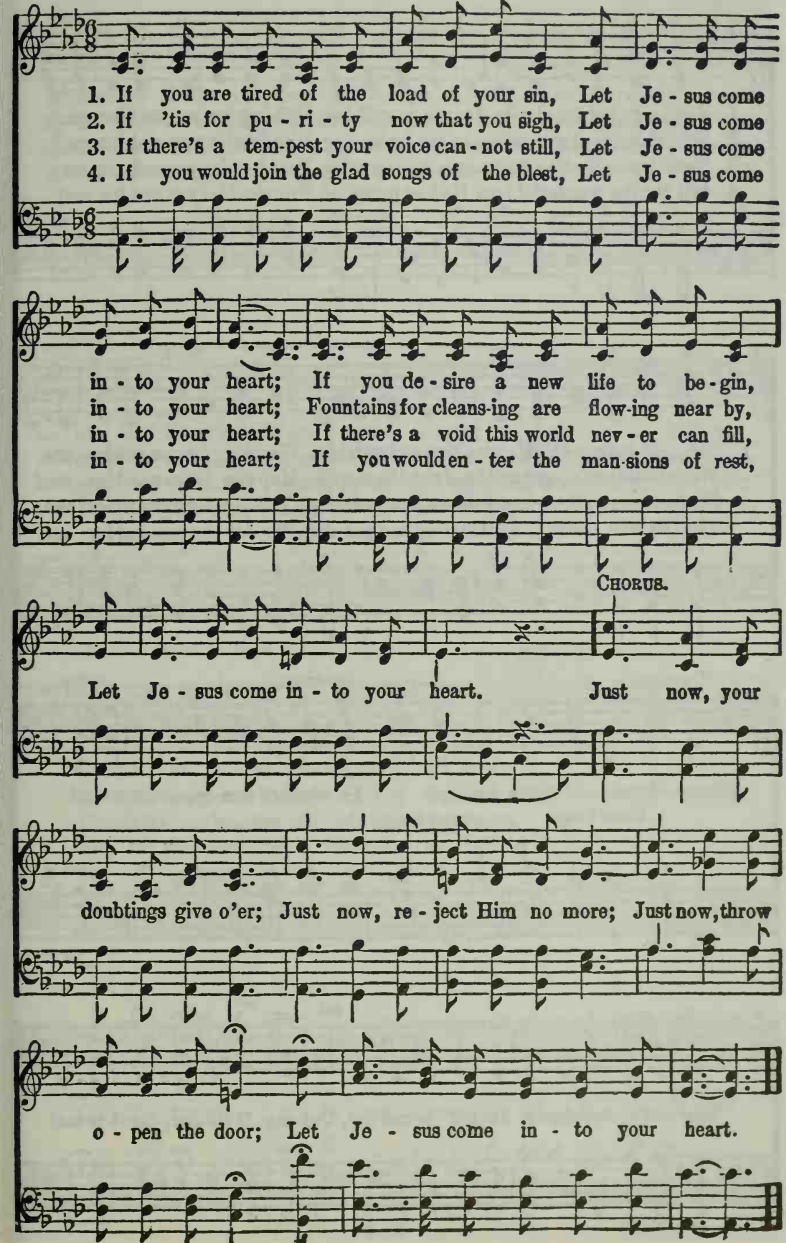
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

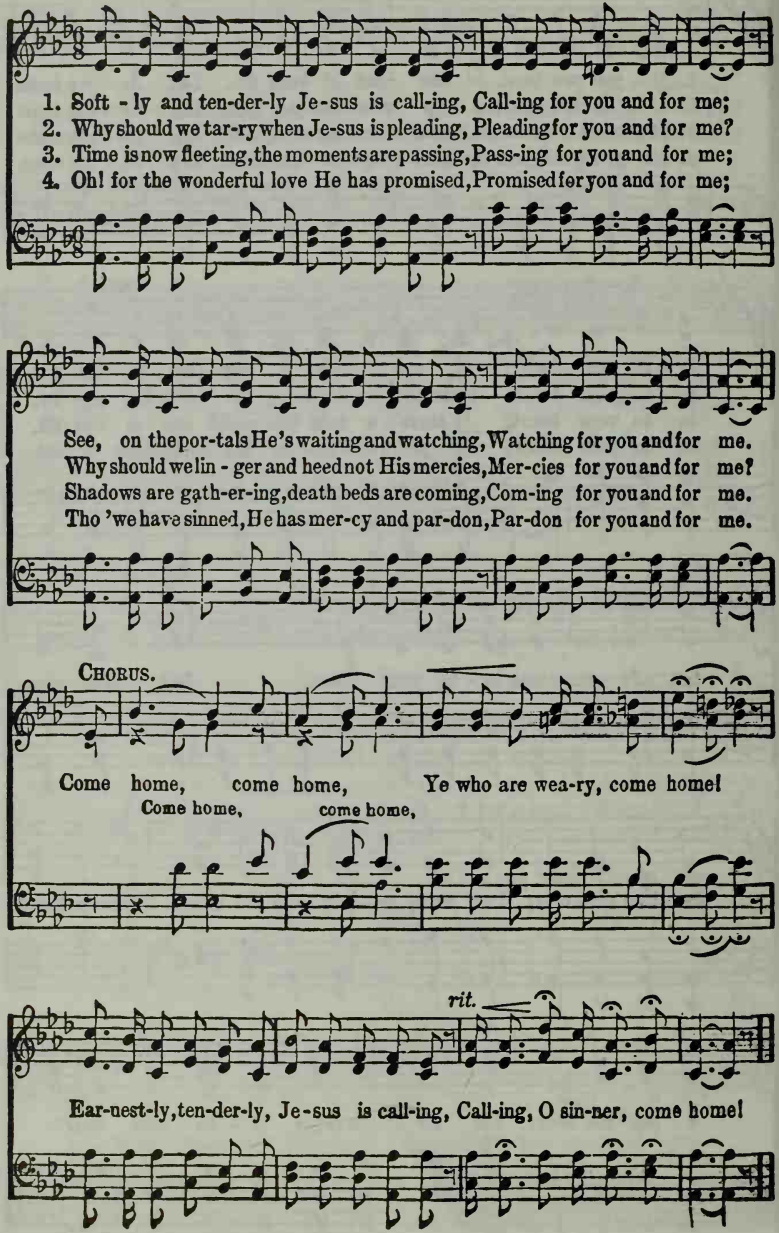

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 81. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

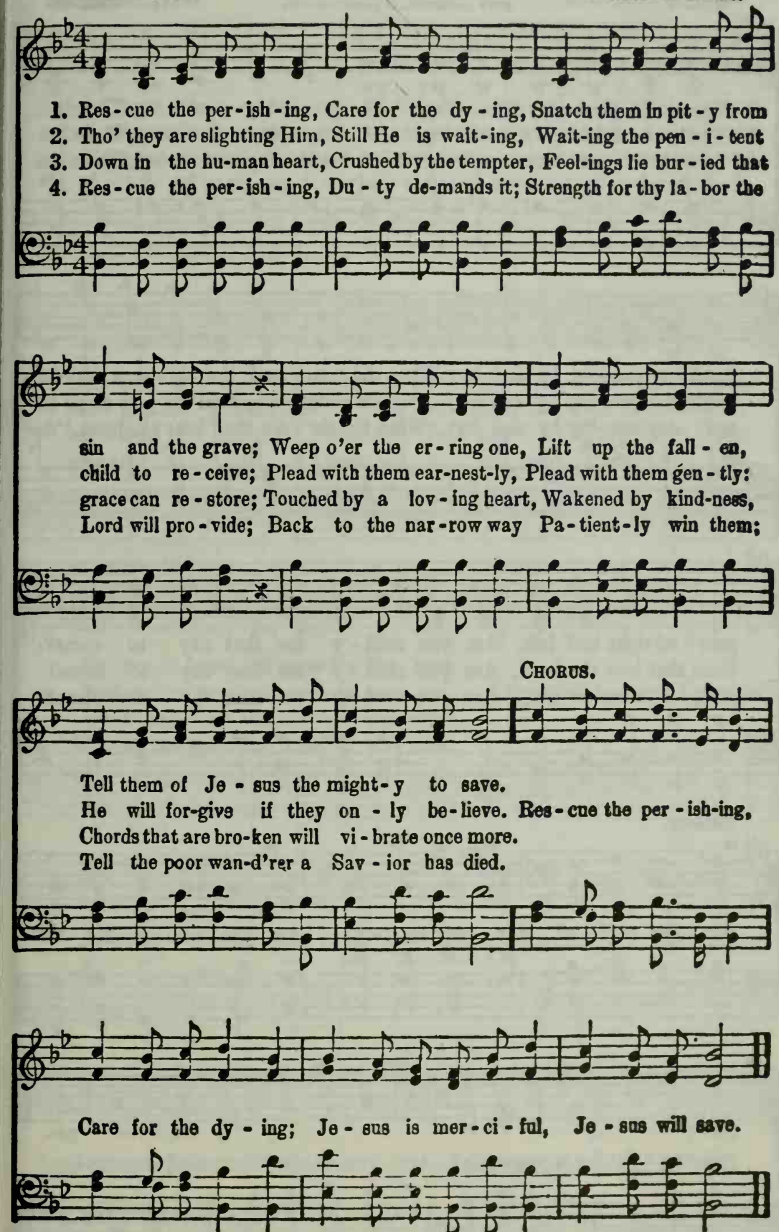
USED BY PERMISSION OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO.

Will L. Thompson.


1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho 'we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
Come home, come home,
rit.
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 82. Rescue the Perishing.

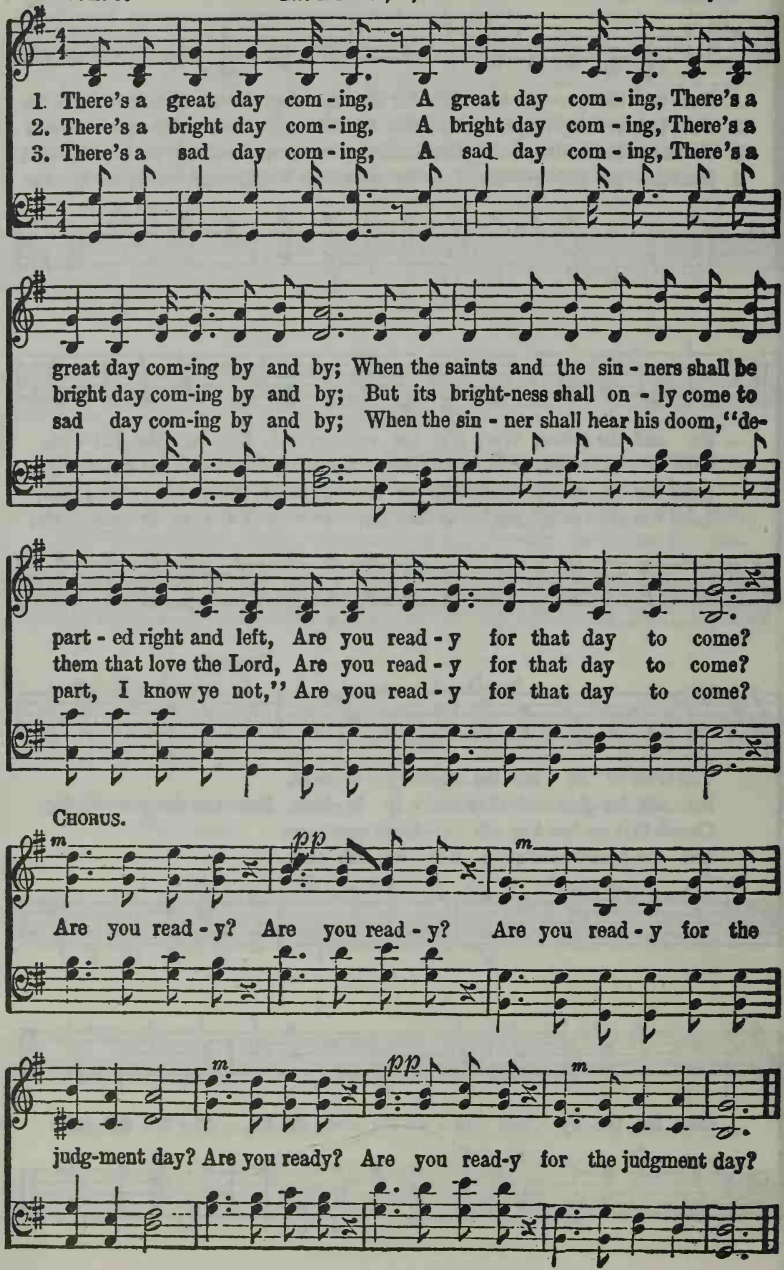
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF P. T. DOANE. William H. Doane.


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

No. 83. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

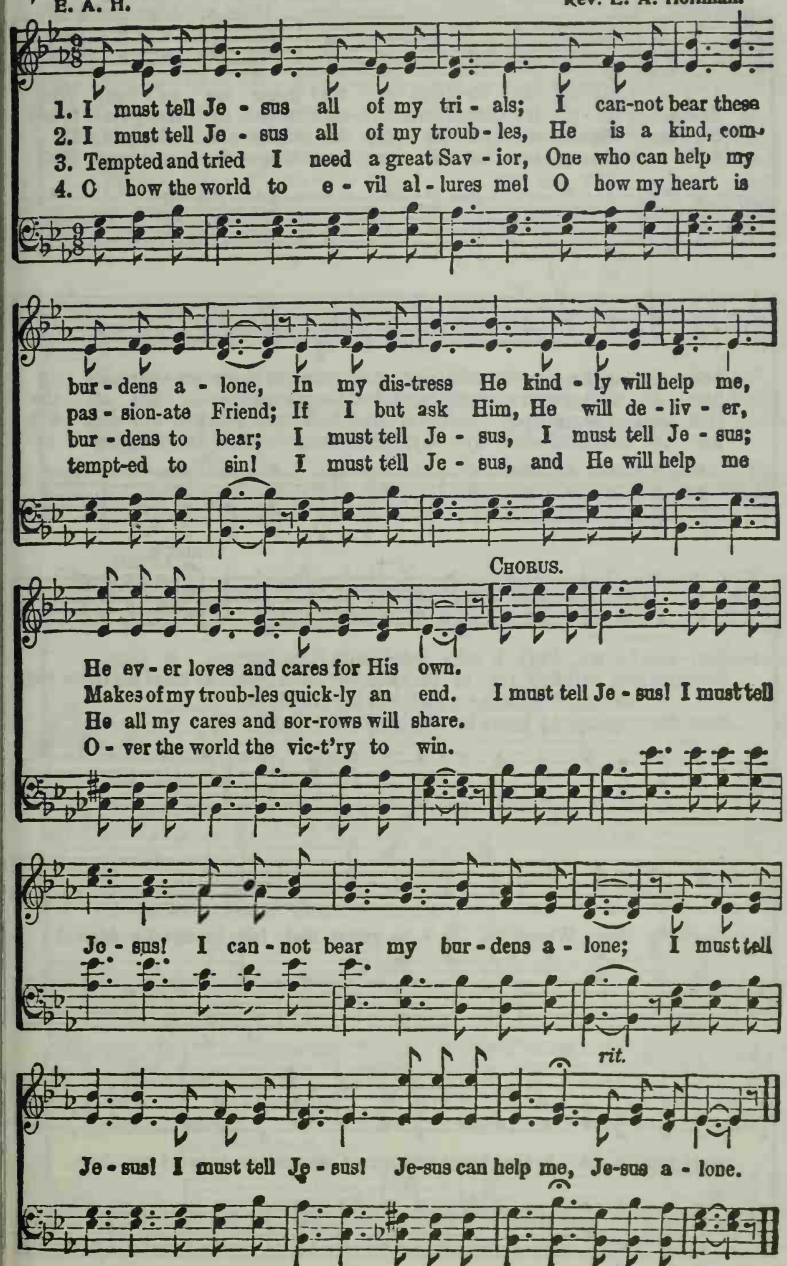
USED BY PER W. L. THOMPSON & CO.
EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO.

Will L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-
part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

No. 84. I Must Tell Jesus.

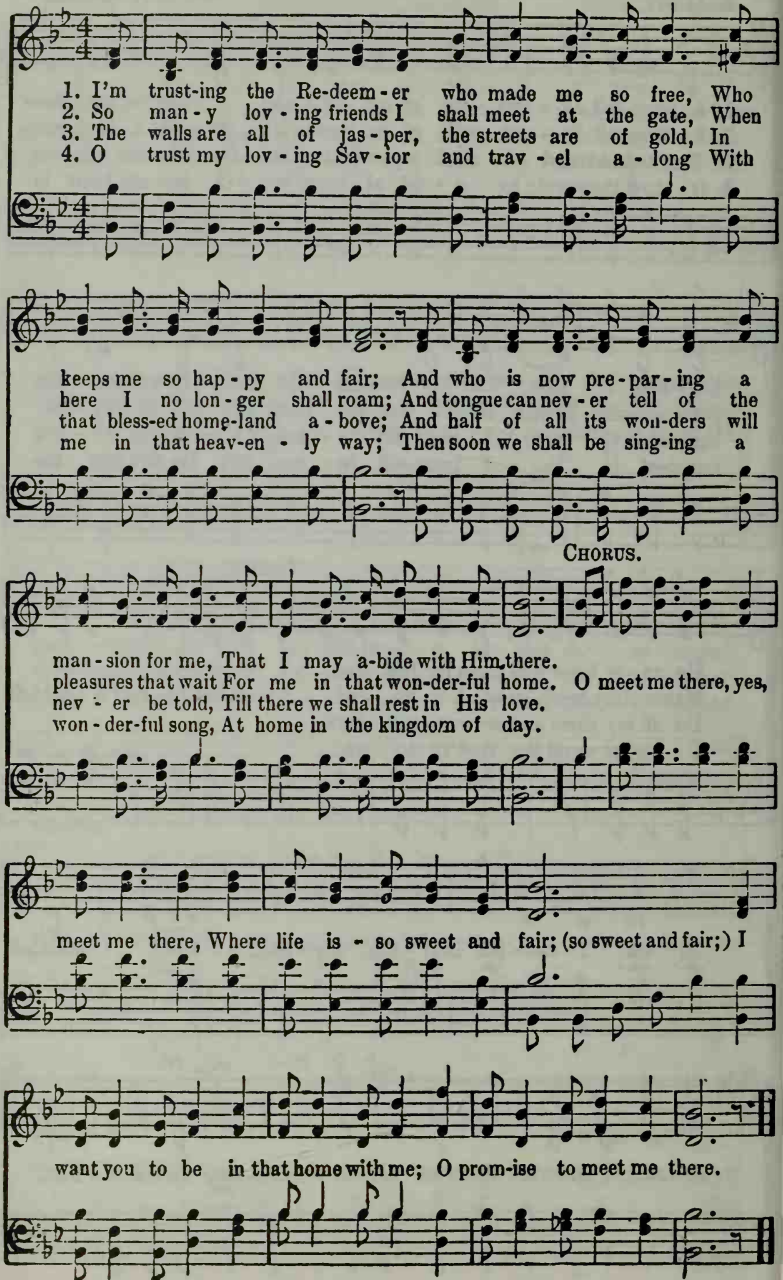
COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les, He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone, In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me,
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Makes of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.
Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell
rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

No. 85. Promise to Meet Me There.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THE TRIO MUSIC CO., IN "VICTORY." W. A. Stem.


1. I'm trust-ing the Re-deem-er who made me so free, Who
2. So man-y lov-ing friends I shall meet at the gate, When
3. The walls are all of jas-per, the streets are of gold, In
4. O trust my lov-ing Sav-ior and trav-el a-long With
keeps me so hap-py and fair; And who is now pre-par-ing a
here I no lon-ger shall roam; And tongue can nev-er tell of the
that bless-ed home-land a-bove; And half of all its won-ders will
me in that heav-en-ly way; Then soon we shall be sing-ing a
CHORUS.
man-sion for me, That I may a-bide with Him there.
pleasures that wait For me in that won-der-ful home. O meet me there, yes,
nev-er be told, Till there we shall rest in His love.
won-der-ful song, At home in the kingdom of day.
meet me there, Where life is so sweet and fair; (so sweet and fair;) I
want you to be in that home with me; O prom-ise to meet me there.

No. 86. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY MRS. ADDIE MCGRANAHAN. RENEWAL. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
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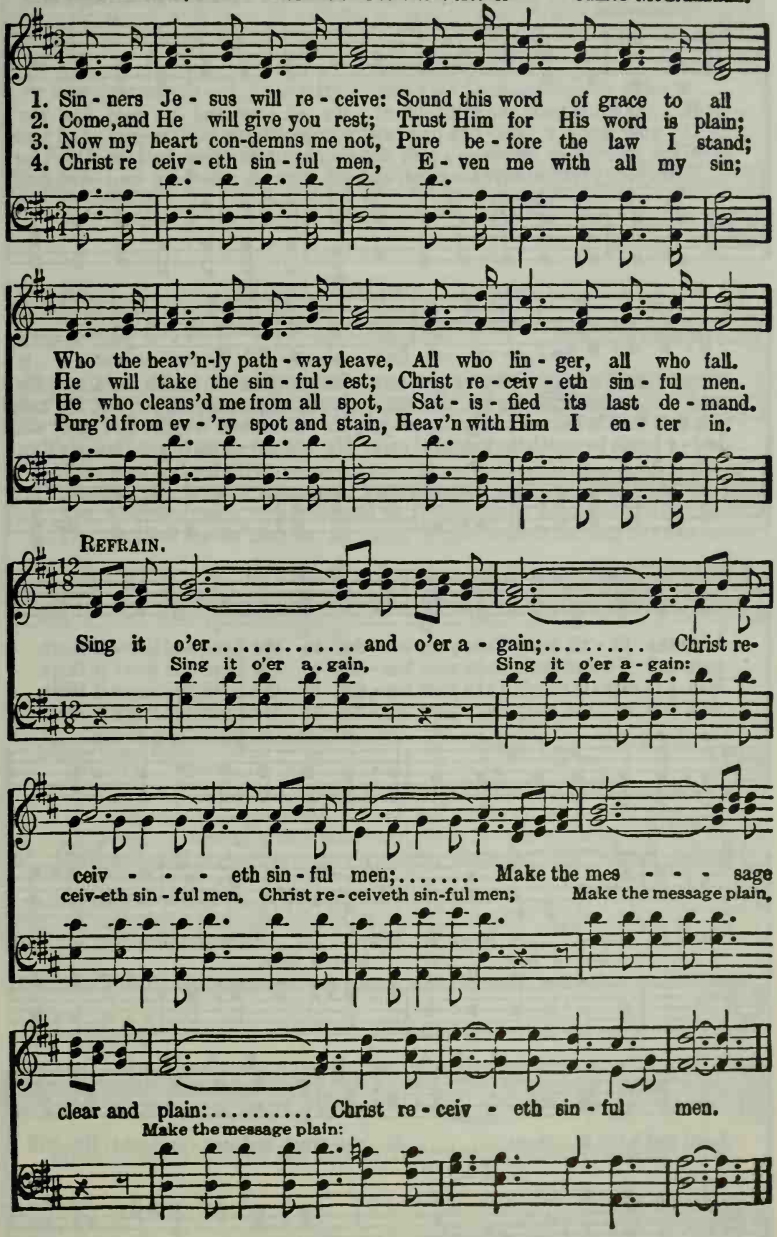
Arr. fr. Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

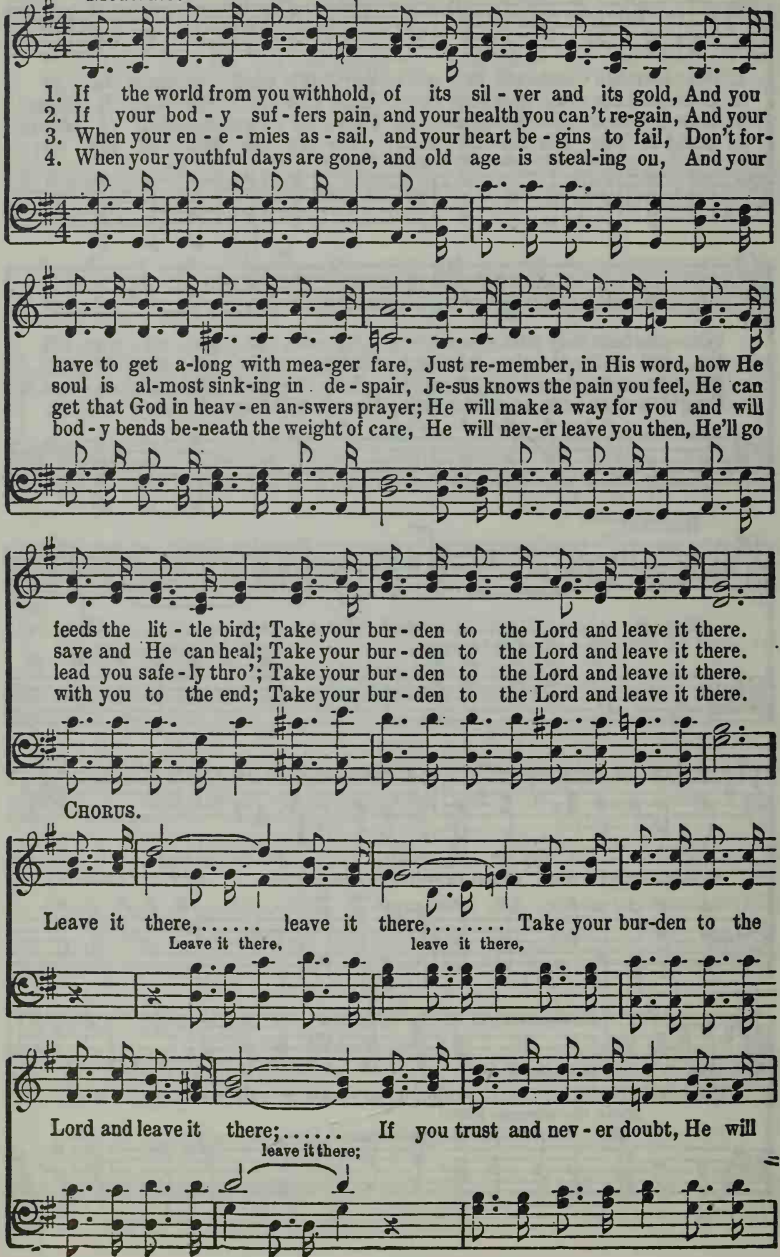

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:
ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

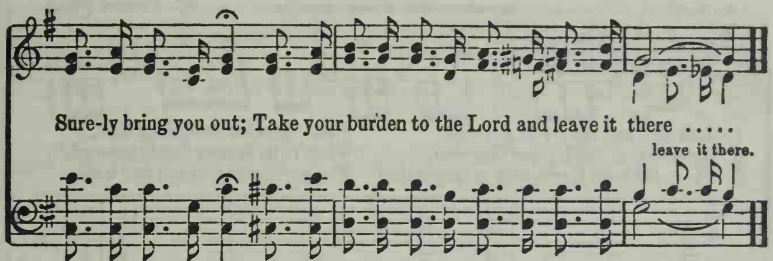
No. 87. Leave It There.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley. Arranged by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato.


1. If the world from you withhold, of its sil - ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en - e - mies as - sail, and your heart be - gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal-ing on, And your
have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-member, in His word, how He
soul is al-most sink-ing in de - spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can
get that God in heav - en an-swers prayer; He will make a way for you and will
bod - y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go
feeds the lit - tle bird; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safe - ly thro'; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
CHORUS.
Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... Take your bur-den to the
Leave it there,
leave it there,
Lord and leave it there;..... If you trust and nev - er doubt, He will
leave it there;

Leave It There.

No. 88. When Mother Prayed.

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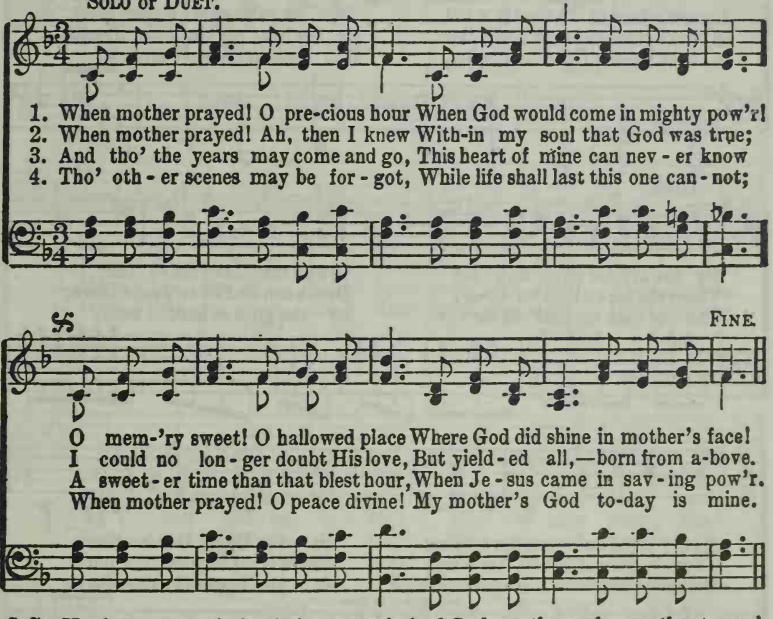
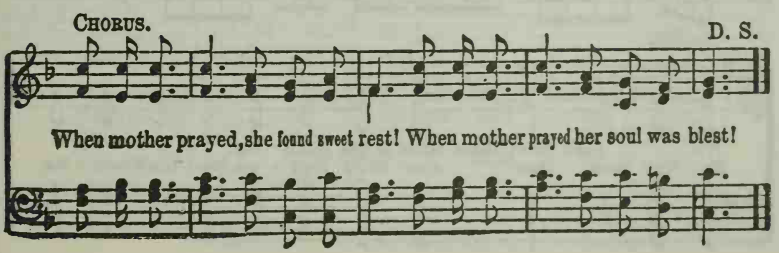
C. F. O. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

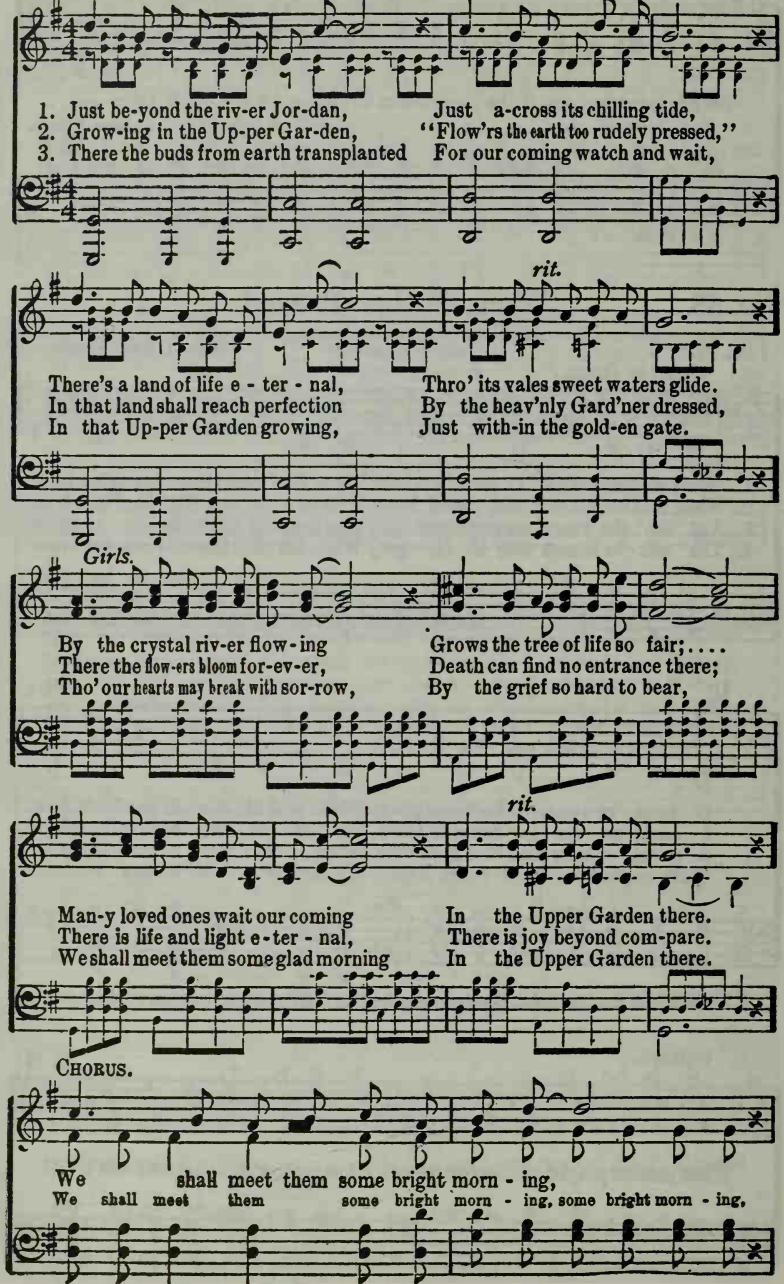
SOLO or DUET.

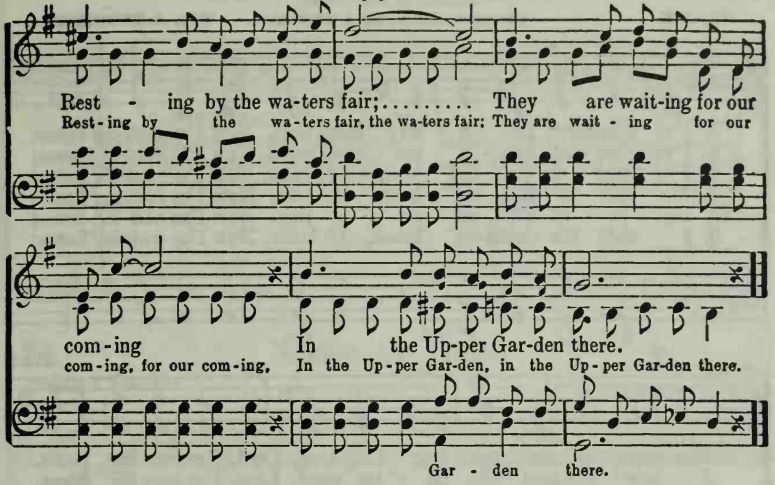

1. When mother prayed! O pre-cious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother prayed! Ah, then I knew With-in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can - not;
FINE.
O mem-'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face!
I could no lon - ger doubt His love, But yield - ed all,—born from a-bove.
A sweet - er time than that blest hour, When Je - sus came in sav - ing pow'r.
When mother prayed! O peace divine! My mother's God to-day is mine.

D.S.—*Her heart and mind on* Christ were stayed, *And God was there when mother prayed.*



No. 89. In the Upper Garden.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO. C Austin Miles.

1. Just be-yond the riv-er Jor-dan, Just a-cross its chilling tide,
2. Grow-ing in the Up-per Gar-den, "Flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed,"
3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our coming watch and wait,
rit.
There's a land of life e - ter - nal, Thro' its vales sweet waters glide.
In that land shall reach perfection By the heav'nly Gard'ner dressed,
In that Up-per Garden growing, Just with-in the gold-en gate.
Girls.
By the crystal riv-er flow-ing Grows the tree of life so fair;....
There the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, Death can find no entrance there;
Tho' our hearts may break with sor-row, By the grief so hard to bear,
rit.
Man-y loved ones wait our coming In the Upper Garden there.
There is life and light e-ter - nal, There is joy beyond com-pare.
We shall meet them some glad morning In the Upper Garden there.
CHORUS.
We shall meet them some bright morn - ing,
We shall meet them some bright morn - ing, some bright morn - ing,

In the Upper Garden.

Rest - ing by the wa-ters fair;..... They are wait-ing for our
Rest-ing by the wa-ters fair, the wa-ters fair; They are wait - ing for our
com-ing In the Up-per Gar-den there.
com-ing, for our com-ing, In the Up-per Gar-den, in the Up-per Gar-den there.
Gar - den there.

No. 90. Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P.

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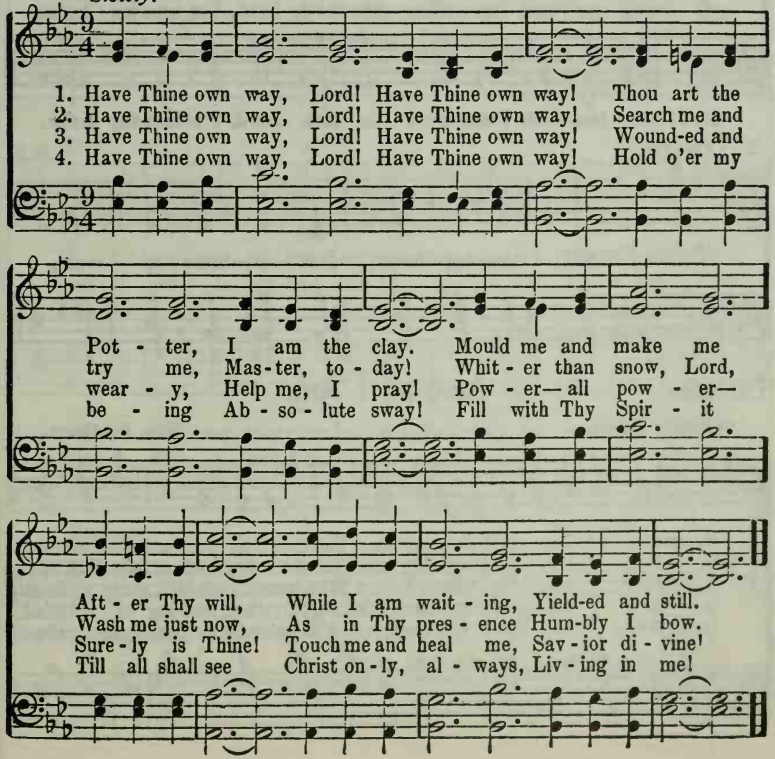
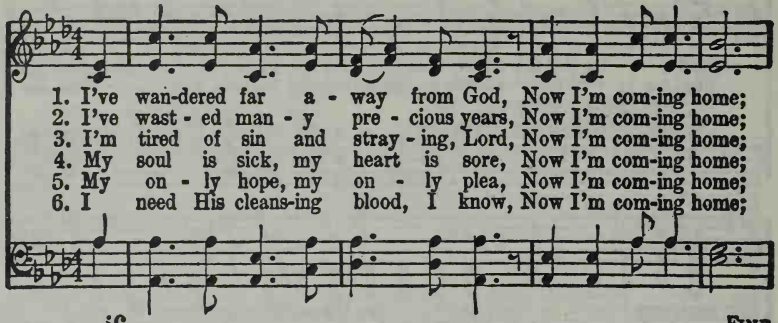
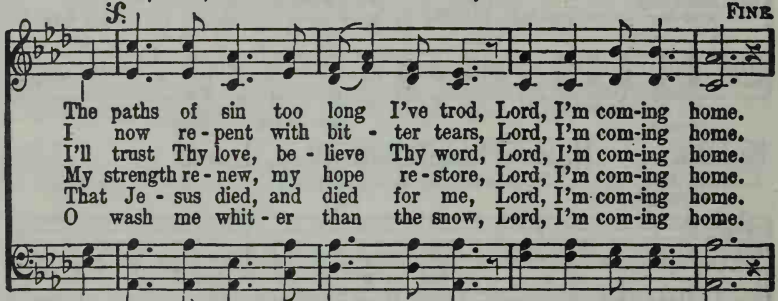
Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

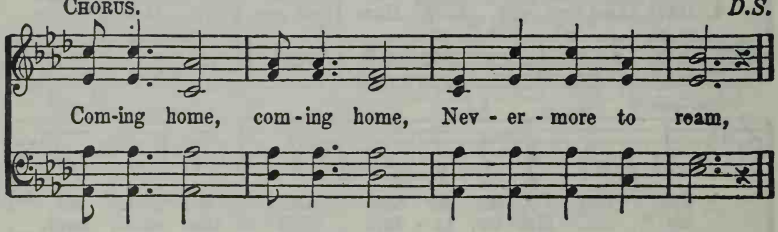
No. 91. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

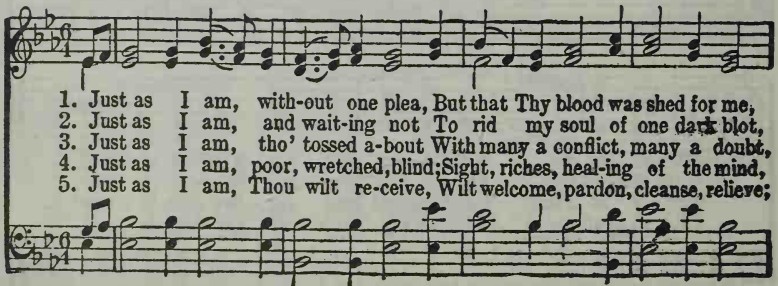

FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

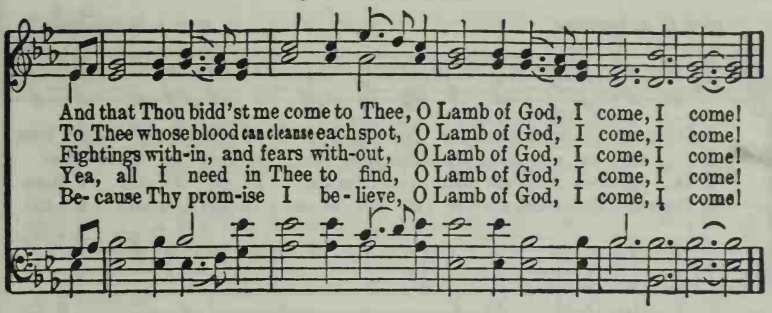


No. 92. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

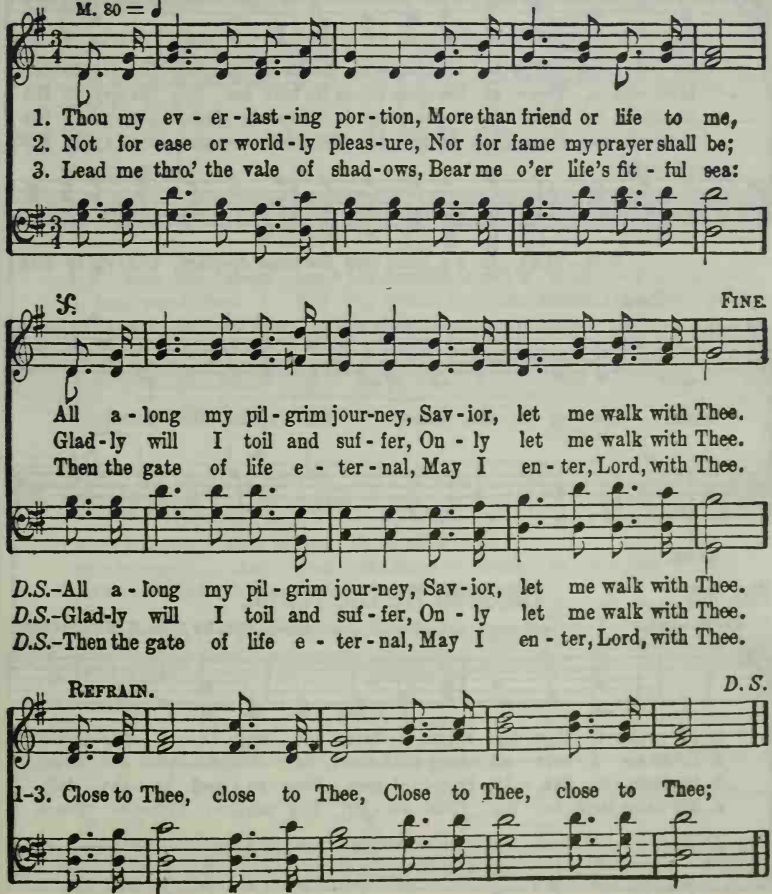

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Just as I Am.


And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

93. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.

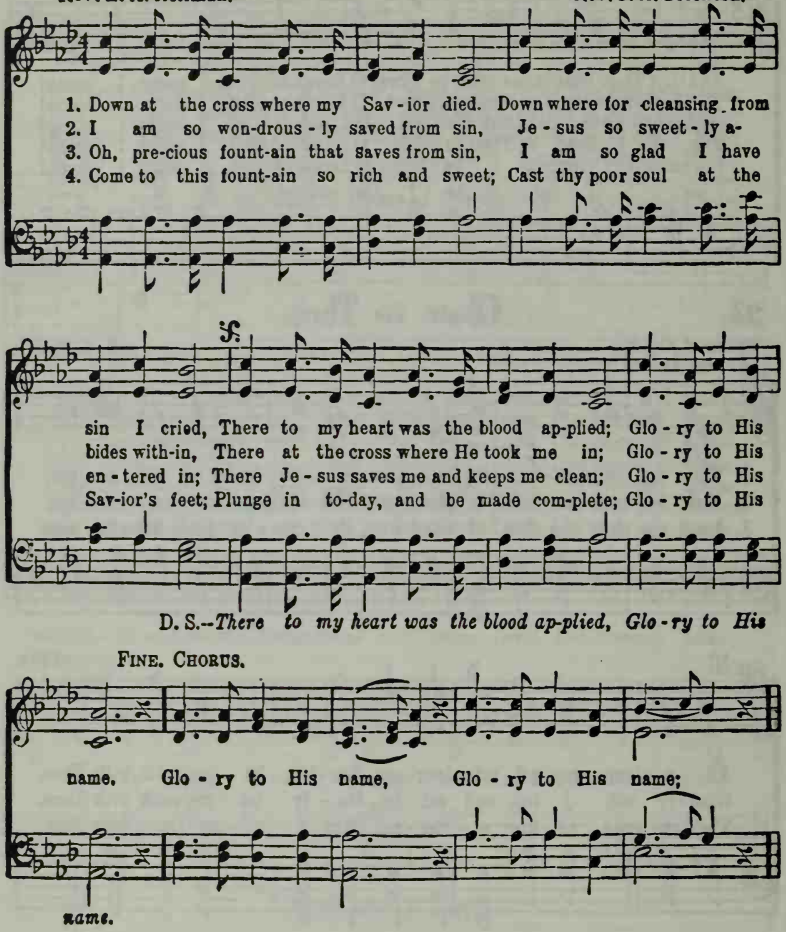
M. 80 =

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a - long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
D.S.-All a - long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.-Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.-Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
1-3. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

S. FINE.

REFRAIN. D. S.

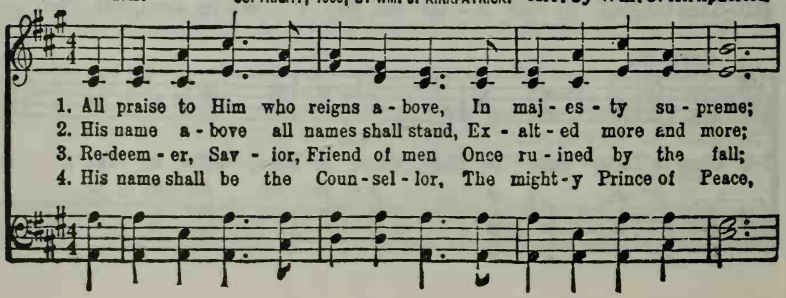
No. 94. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

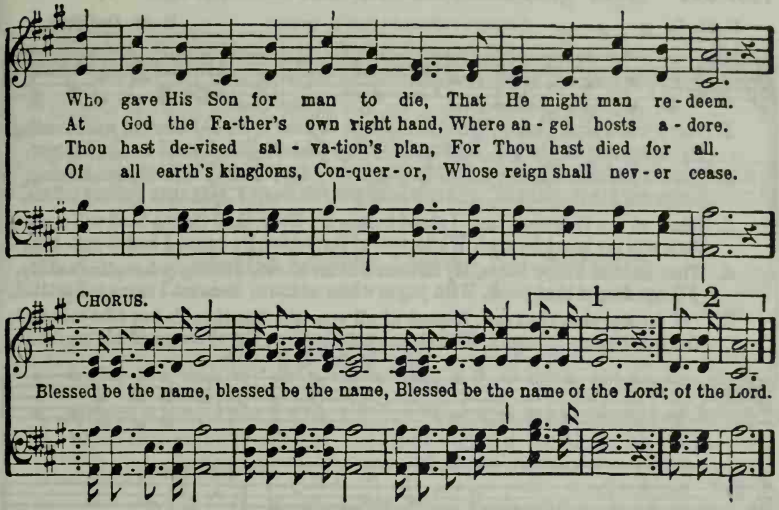

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died. Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His
D. S.--There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His
FINE. CHORUS.
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;
name.

No. 95. Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. Clark. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

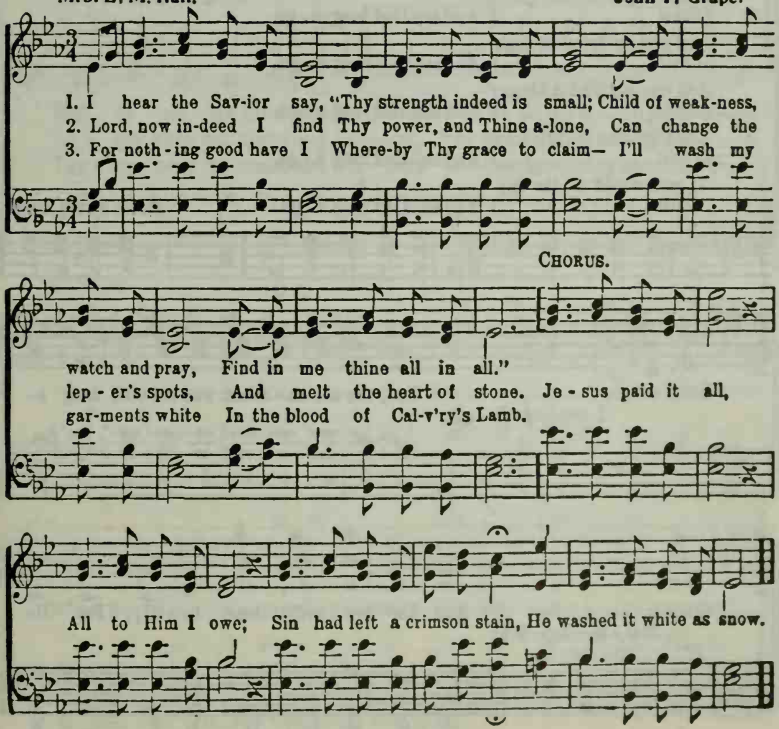

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more;
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of men Once ru - ined by the fall;
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,

Blessed Be the Name.

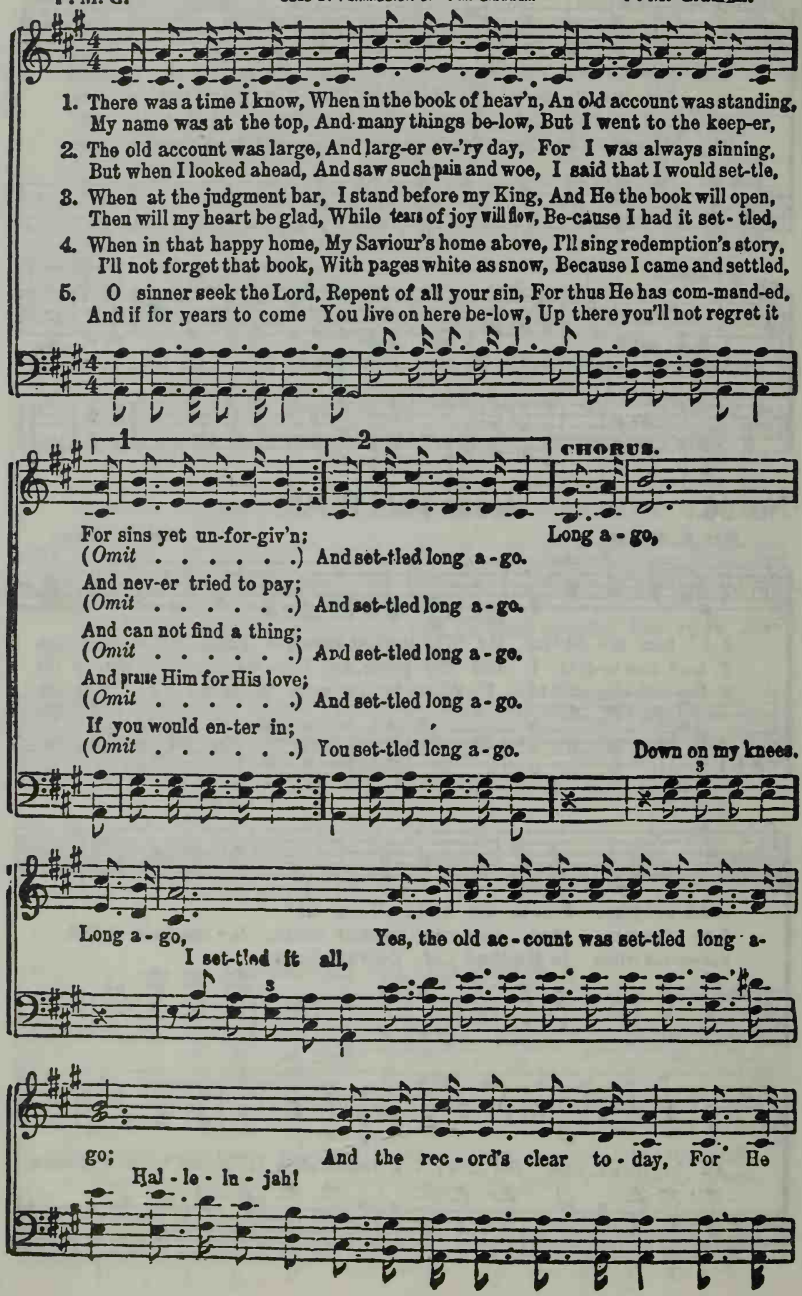

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms, Con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.
CHORUS.
1
2
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

No. 96. Jesus Paid It All.

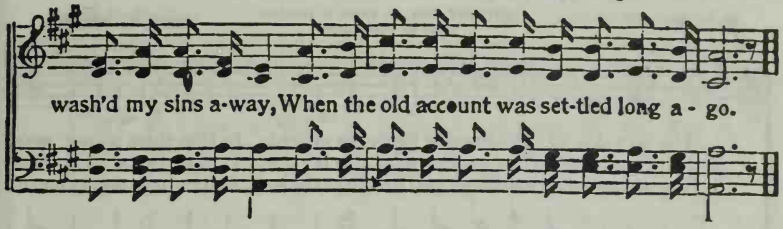
Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 97. The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

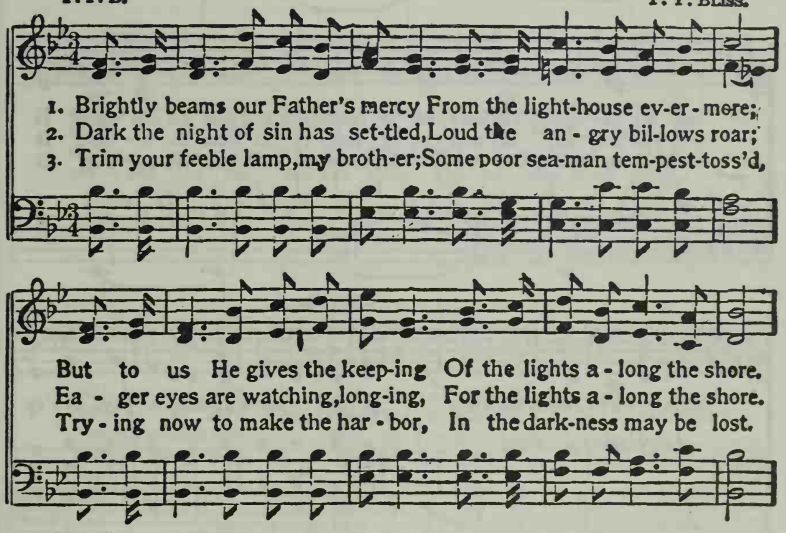
F. M. G. USED BY PERMISSION OF F. M. GRAHAM. F. M. Graham.

1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
And if for years to come You live on here be-low, Up there you'll not regret it
1
2
CHORUS.
For sins yet un-for-giv'n;
(Omit . . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.
And nev-er tried to pay;
(Omit . . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.
And can not find a thing;
(Omit . . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.
And praise Him for His love;
(Omit . . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.
If you would en-ter in;
(Omit . . . . . .) You set-tled long a-go.
Long a-go,
Down on my knees.
3
Long a-go,
Yes, the old ac-count was set-tled long a-
I set-tled it all,
3
go;
And the rec-ord's clear to-day, For He
Hal-le-lu-jah!

The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

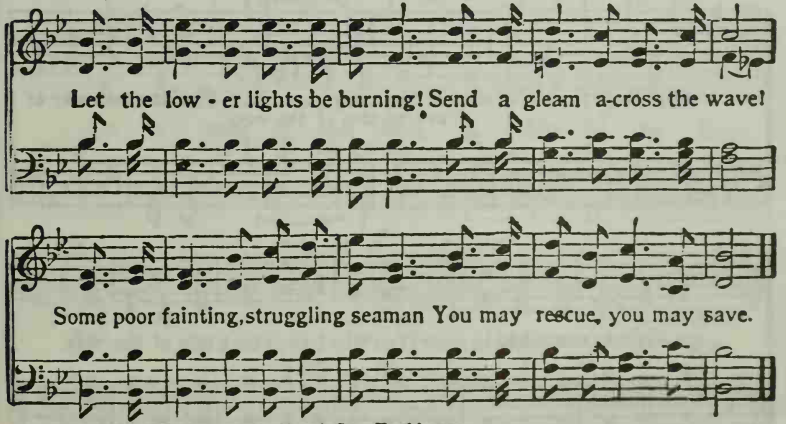


98. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From the light-house ev-er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-toss'd,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

Chorus:


Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

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No. 99. It Pays To Serve Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
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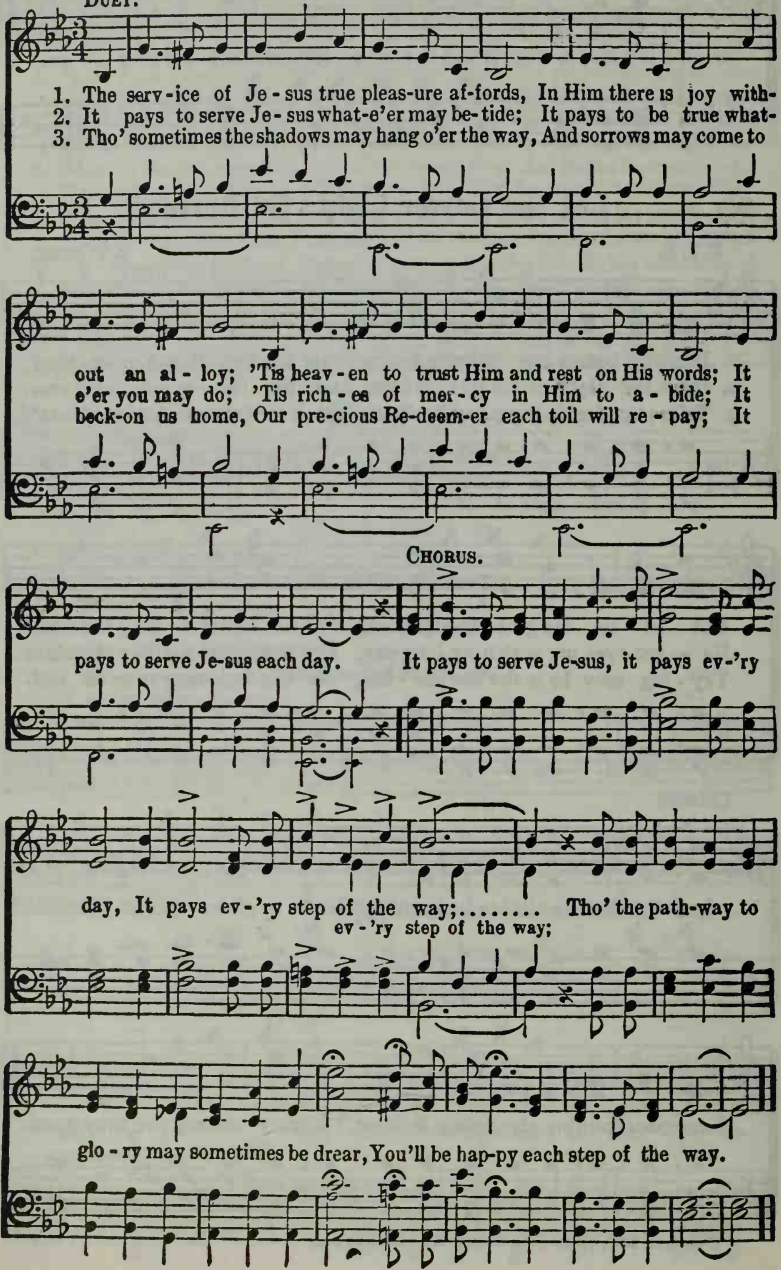
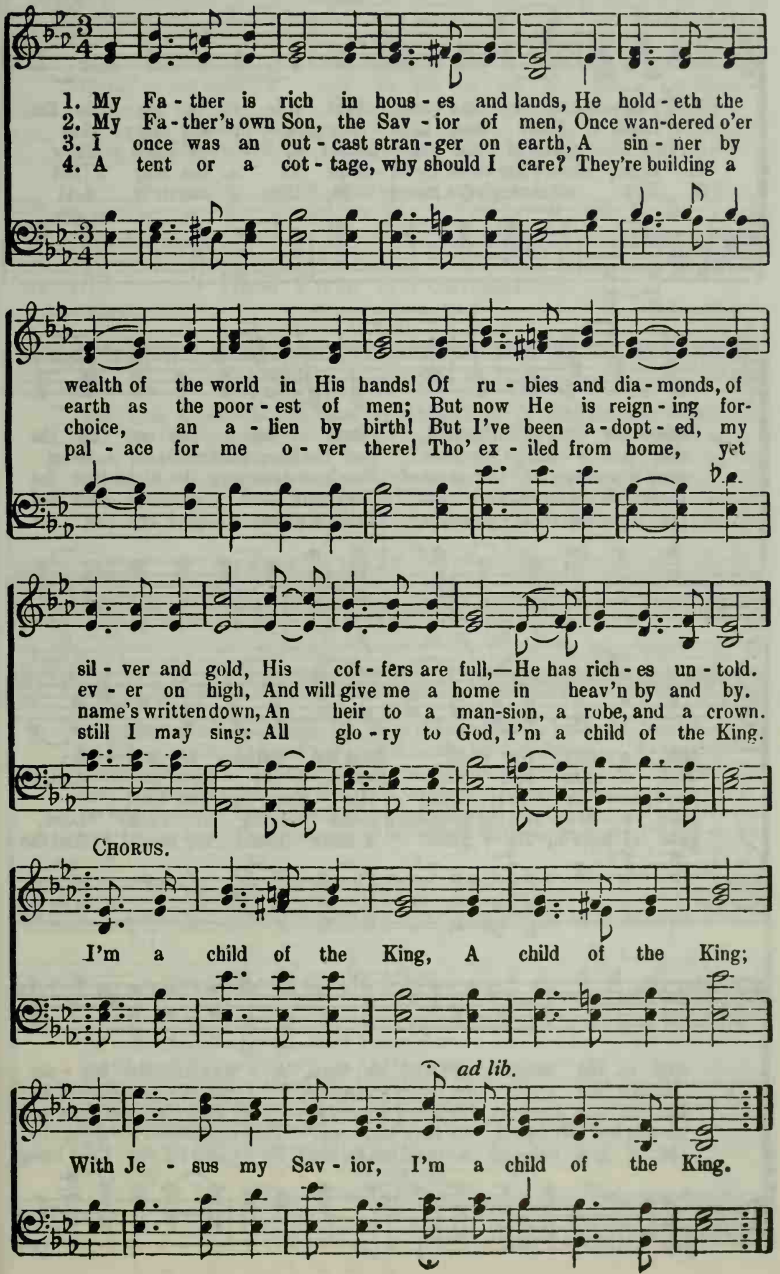
F. C. H. Frank C. Huston.

DUET.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide; It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to
out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It
CHORUS.
pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry
day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
ev-'ry step of the way;
glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

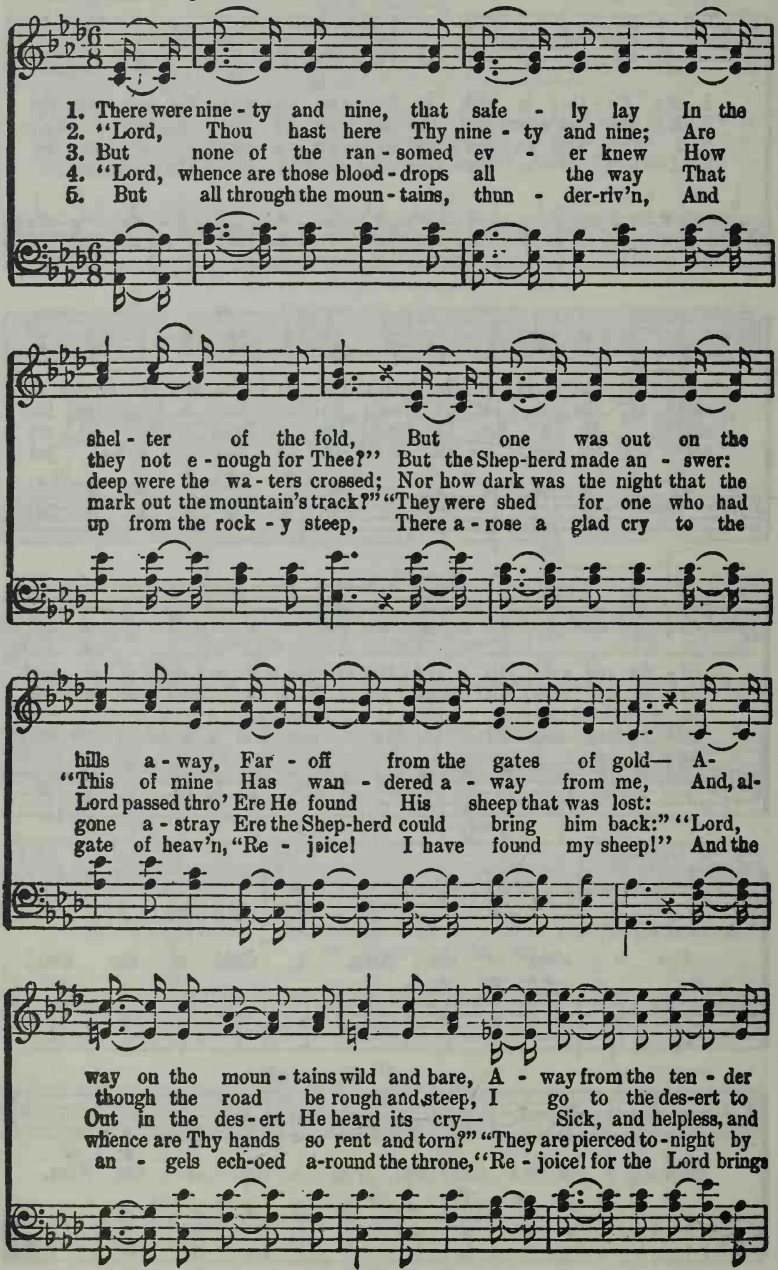
No. 100. A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell. Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.

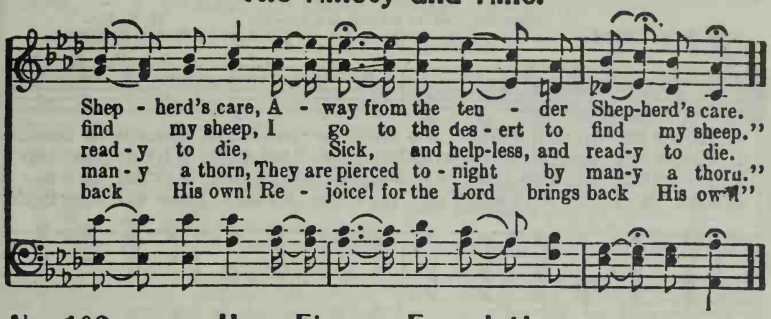

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un - told.
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered o'er earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign - ing for- ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King;
ad lib.
With Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm a child of the King.

No. 101. The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey.

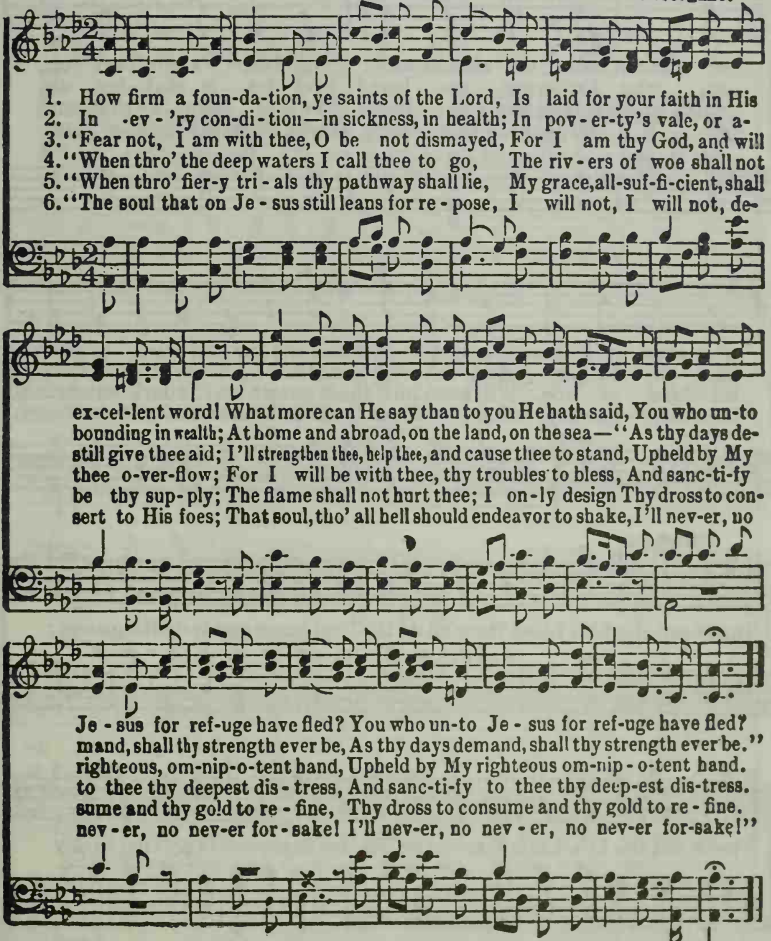

1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That
5. But all through the moun - tains, thun - der-riv'n, And
shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer:
deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the
mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the
hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold— A-
"This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al-
Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
gone a - stray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back:" "Lord,
gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the
way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to
Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick, and helpless, and
whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by
an - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings

The Ninety and Nine.


Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
read - y to die, Sick, and help-less, and read-y to die.
man - y a thorn, They are pierced to - night by man-y a thorn."
back His own! Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 102. How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. (FOUNDATION. 11s.) Portogallo.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. In -ev - 'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov-er-ty's vale, or a-
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will
4. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of woe shall not
5. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall
6. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I will not, de-
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to
bounding in wealth; At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—"As thy days de-
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly design Thy dross to con-
sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no
Je - sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?
mand, shall thy strength ever be, As thy days demand, shall thy strength ever be."
righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand, Upheld by My righteous om-nip - o-tent hand.
to thee thy deepest dis - tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume and thy gold to re - fine.
nev - er, no nev-er for - sake! I'll nev-er, no nev - er, no nev-er for-sake!"

No. 103. Throw Out the Life-Line.

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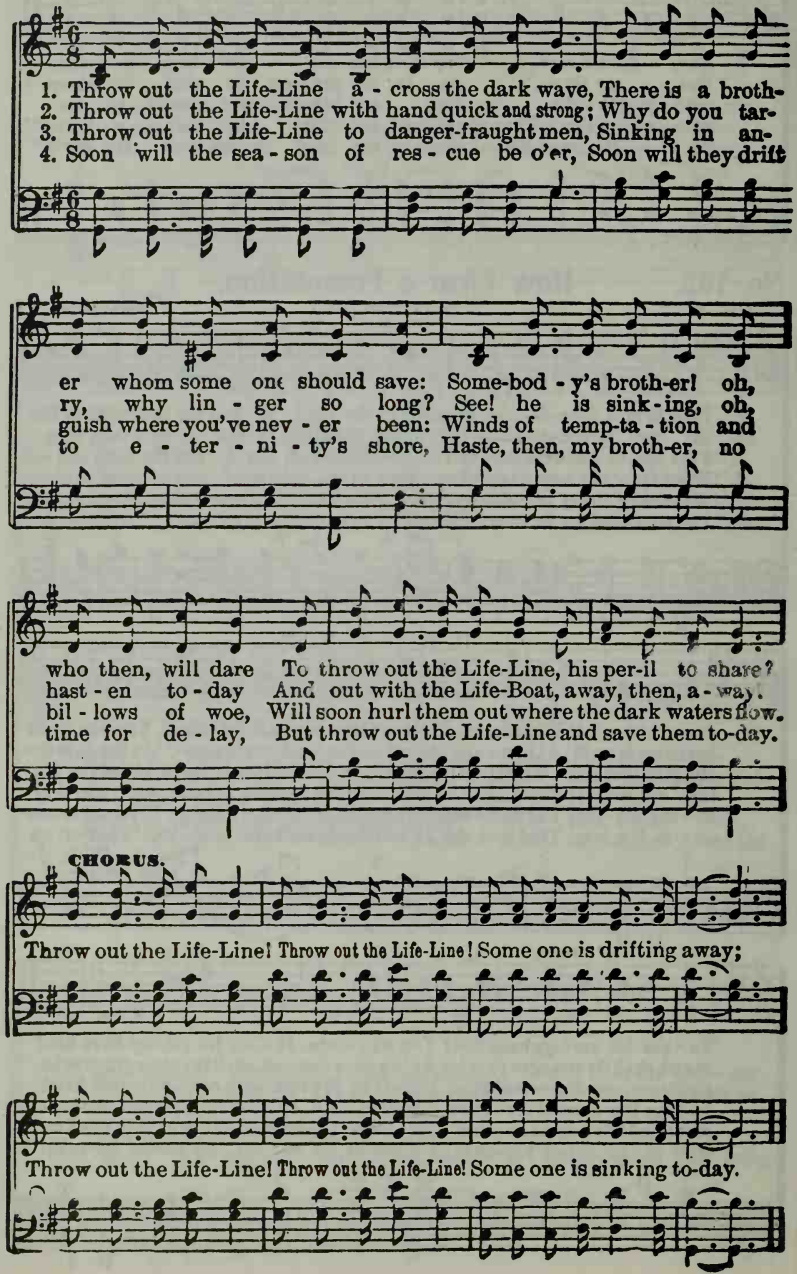
Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in an-
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift
er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,
ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and
to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no
who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way.
bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
CHORUS.
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away;
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

104. I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?

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Ada Blenkhorn. Kem G. Bottorf.

M. 48 = ♩.

1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious
2. When I'm wea - ry and faint He is al - ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morn-ing He
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose - to me, And His bless-ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau - ty by

Sav - ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
strength doth re - new; And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
guards me a - new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de-light:
soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
faith I can view; First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,

CHORUS.

I want to see Je-sus, don't you?... I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?

My Sav - ior so faith - ful and true;.. ..... When I reach the strand
so faith - ful and true;

rit.

of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je-sus, don't you? .....
don't you?

105. The Great Judgment Morning.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY L. L. PICKETT.
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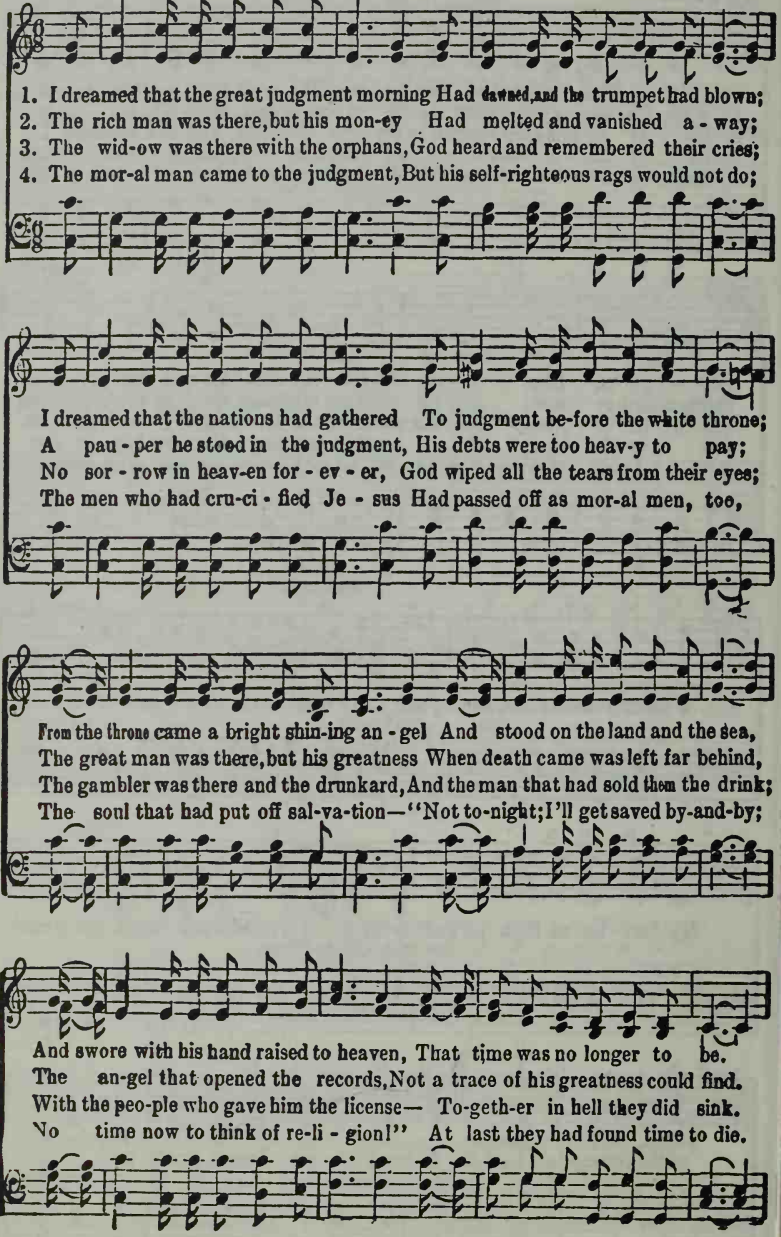
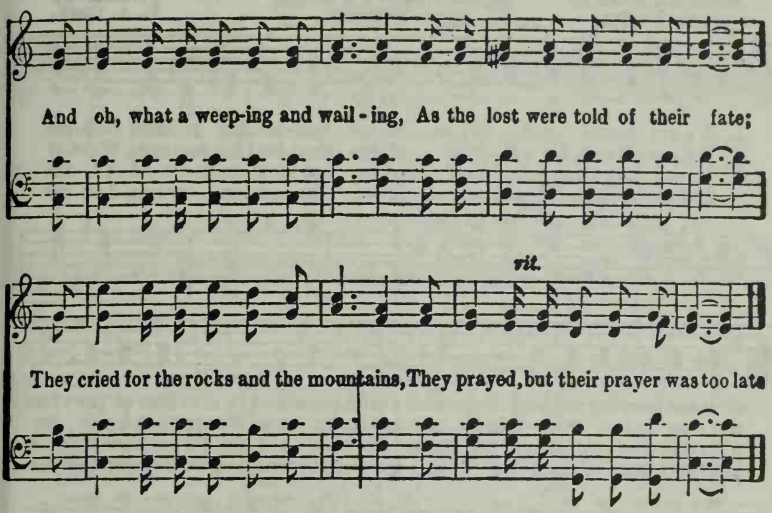
Rev. Bert Shadduck. L. L. Pickett.


1. I dreamed that the great judgment morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melted and vanished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there with the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered To judgment be-fore the white throne;
A pau - per he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay;
No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes;
The men who had cru-ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor-al men, too,
From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind,
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man that had sold them the drink;
The soul that had put off sal-va-tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and-by;
And swore with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no longer to be.
The an-gel that opened the records, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the license— To-geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-li - gion!" At last they had found time to die.

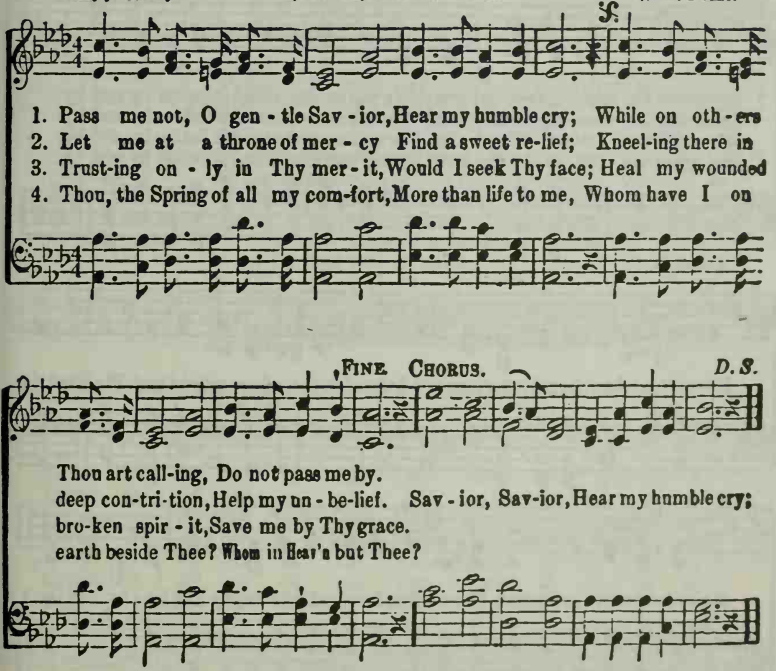
The Great Judgment Morning.

CHORUS.


And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
rit.
They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late

106. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. H. Doane.

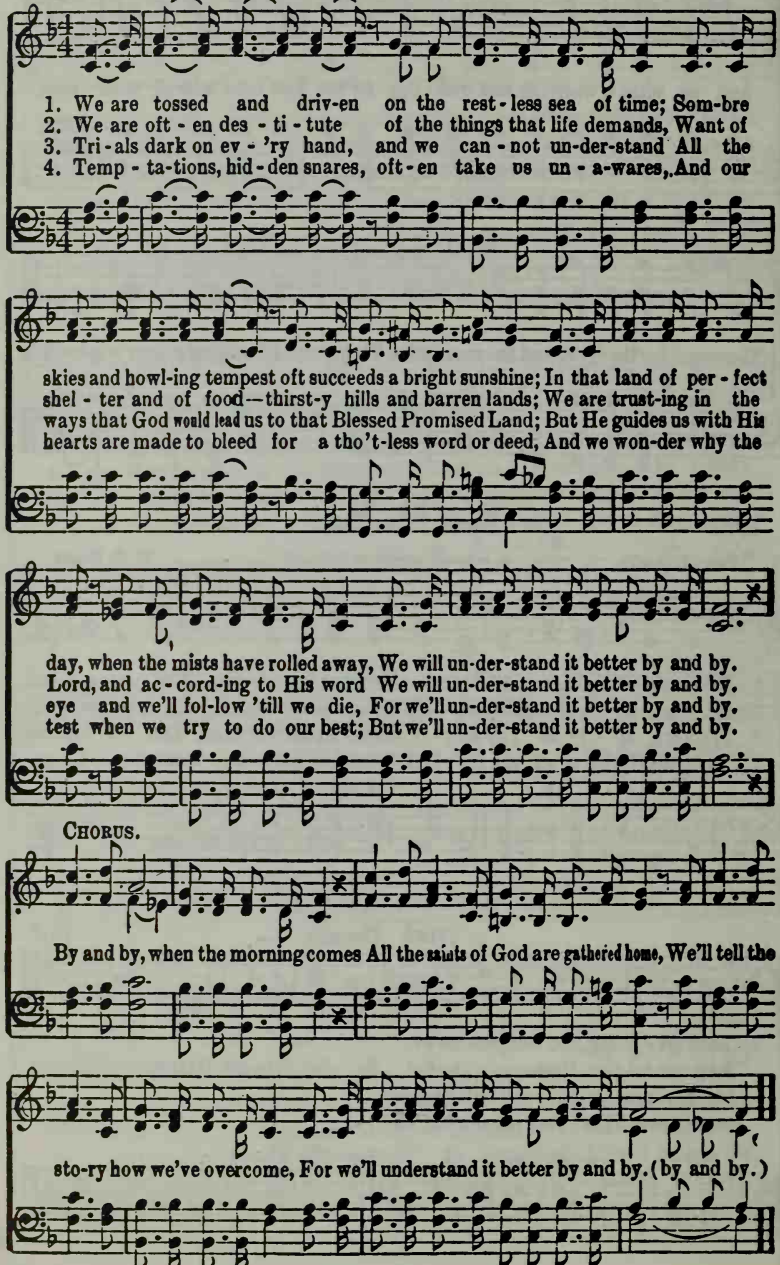

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

No. 107. We'll Understand it Better By and By.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY. USED BY PERMISSION.

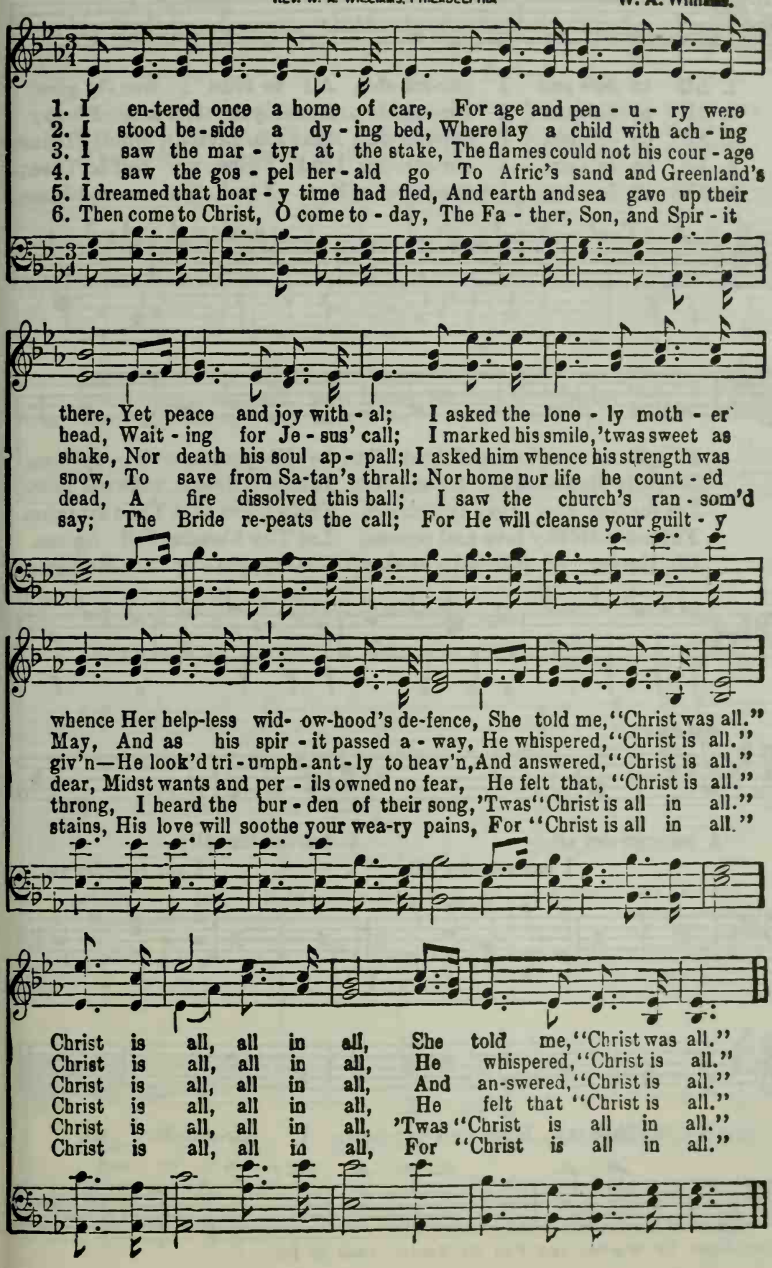
Arranged by F. A. Clark.


1. We are tossed and driv-en on the rest-less sea of time; Som-bre
2. We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of
3. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand All the
4. Temp-ta-tions, hid-den snares, oft-en take us un-a-wares, And our
skies and howl-ing tempest oft succeeds a bright sunshine; In that land of per-fect
shel-ter and of food—thirst-y hills and barren lands; We are trust-ing in the
ways that God would lead us to that Blessed Promised Land; But He guides us with His
hearts are made to bleed for a tho't-less word or deed, And we won-der why the
day, when the mists have rolled away, We will un-der-stand it better by and by.
Lord, and ac-cord-ing to His word We will un-der-stand it better by and by.
eye and we'll fol-low 'till we die, For we'll un-der-stand it better by and by.
test when we try to do our best; But we'll un-der-stand it better by and by.
CHORUS.
By and by, when the morning comes All the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the
sto-ry how we've overcome, For we'll understand it better by and by. (by and by.)

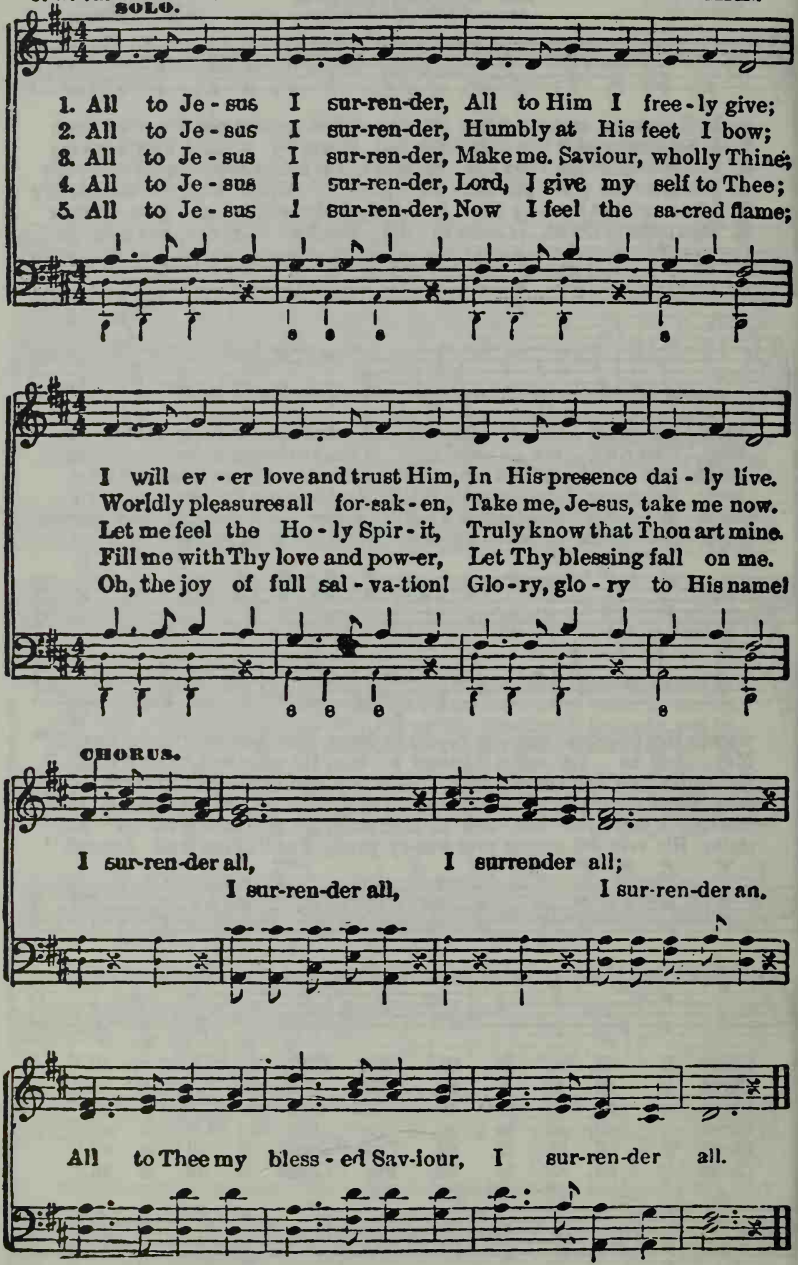
108. Christ Is All.

FROM "SILVER TONES" USED BY PER. REV. W. A. WILLIAMS, PHILADELPHIA

W. A. Williams.


1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her help-less wid- ow-hood's de-fence, She told me, "Christ was all."
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age shake, Nor death his soul ap- pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n—He look'd tri - umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Sa-tan's thrall: Nor home nor life he count - ed dear, Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that, "Christ is all."
5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran - som'd throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say; The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whispered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

No 109 I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. SOLO. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.
Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Truly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.
Oh, the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!
CHORUS.
I sur-ren-der all, I surrender all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der an.
All to Thee my bless - ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

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No. 110. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

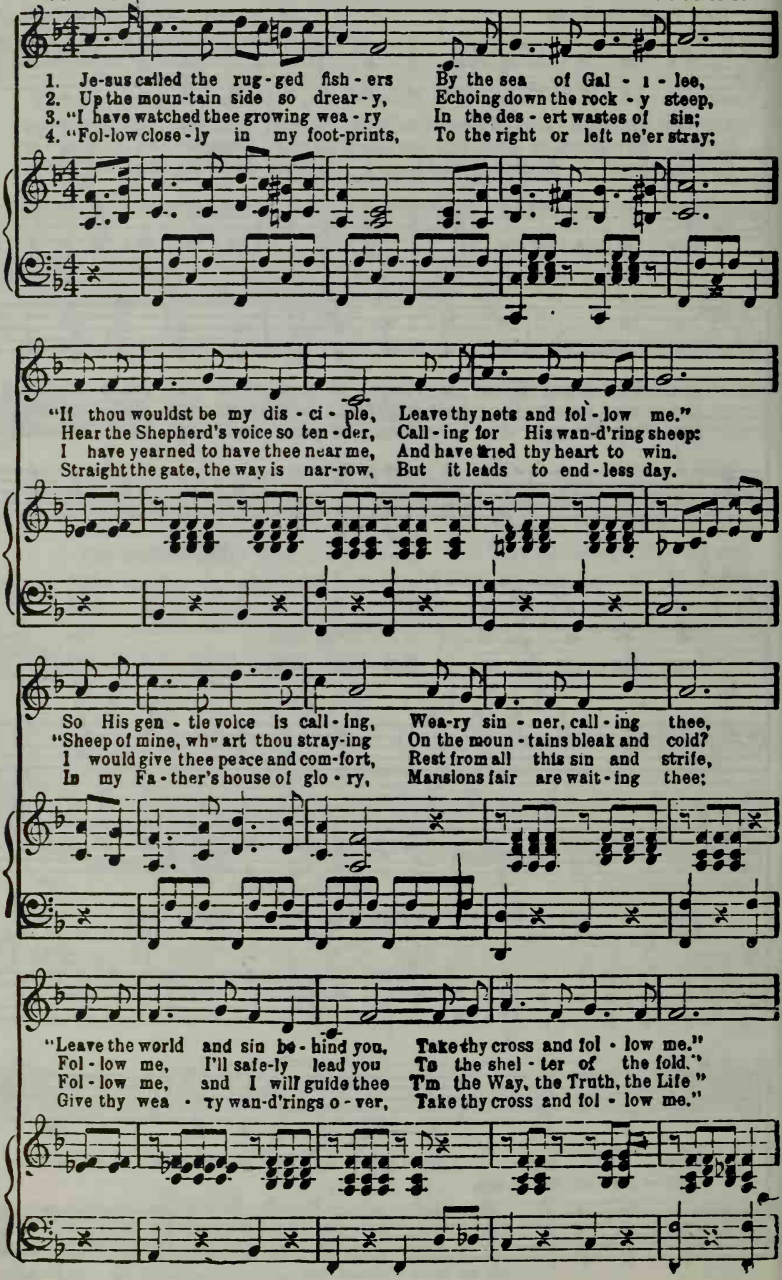
REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

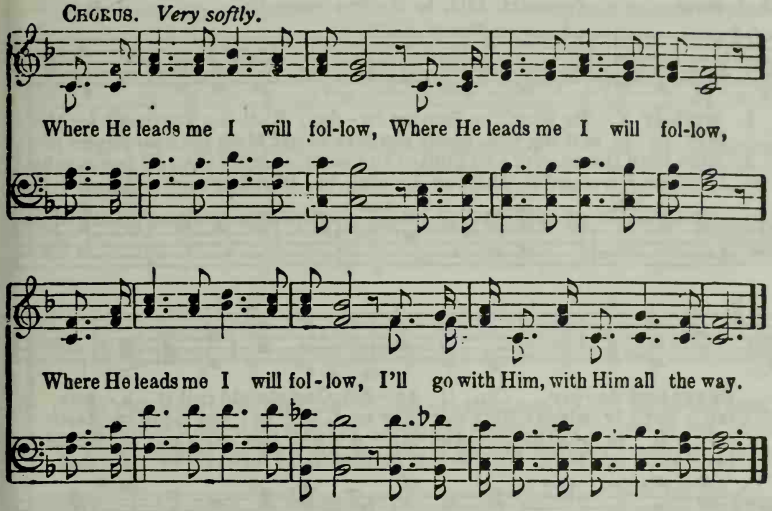
lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

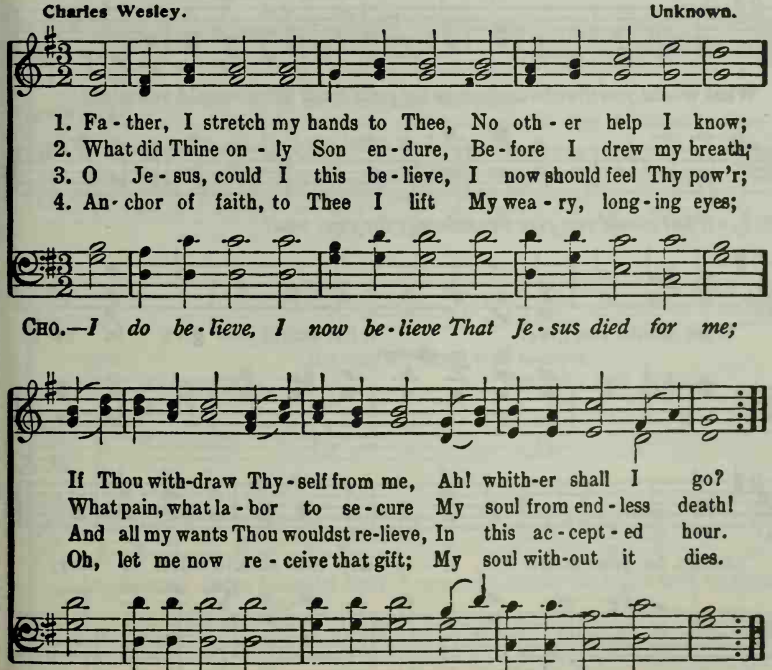
No. 111. Follow Me.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. L. GILMOUR. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je-sus called the rug-ged fish-ers By the sea of Gal-i-lee,
2. Up the moun-tain side so drear-y, Echoing down the rock-y steep,
3. "I have watched thee growing wea-ry In the des-ert wastes of sin;
4. "Fol-low close-ly in my foot-prints, To the right or left ne'er stray;
"If thou wouldst be my dis-ci-ple, Leave thy nets and fol-low me."
Hear the Shepherd's voice so ten-der, Call-ing for His wan-d'ring sheep:
I have yearned to have thee near me, And have tried thy heart to win.
Straight the gate, the way is nar-row, But it leads to end-less day.
So His gen-tle voice is call-ing, Wea-ry sin-ner, call-ing thee,
"Sheep of mine, why art thou stray-ing On the moun-tains bleak and cold?
I would give thee peace and com-fort, Rest from all this sin and strife,
In my Fa-ther's house of glo-ry, Mansions fair are wait-ing thee;
"Leave the world and sin be-hind you, Take thy cross and fol-low me."
Fol-low me, I'll safe-ly lead you To the shel-ter of the fold."
Fol-low me, and I will guide thee I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life"
Give thy wea-ry wan-d'rings o-ver, Take thy cross and fol-low me."

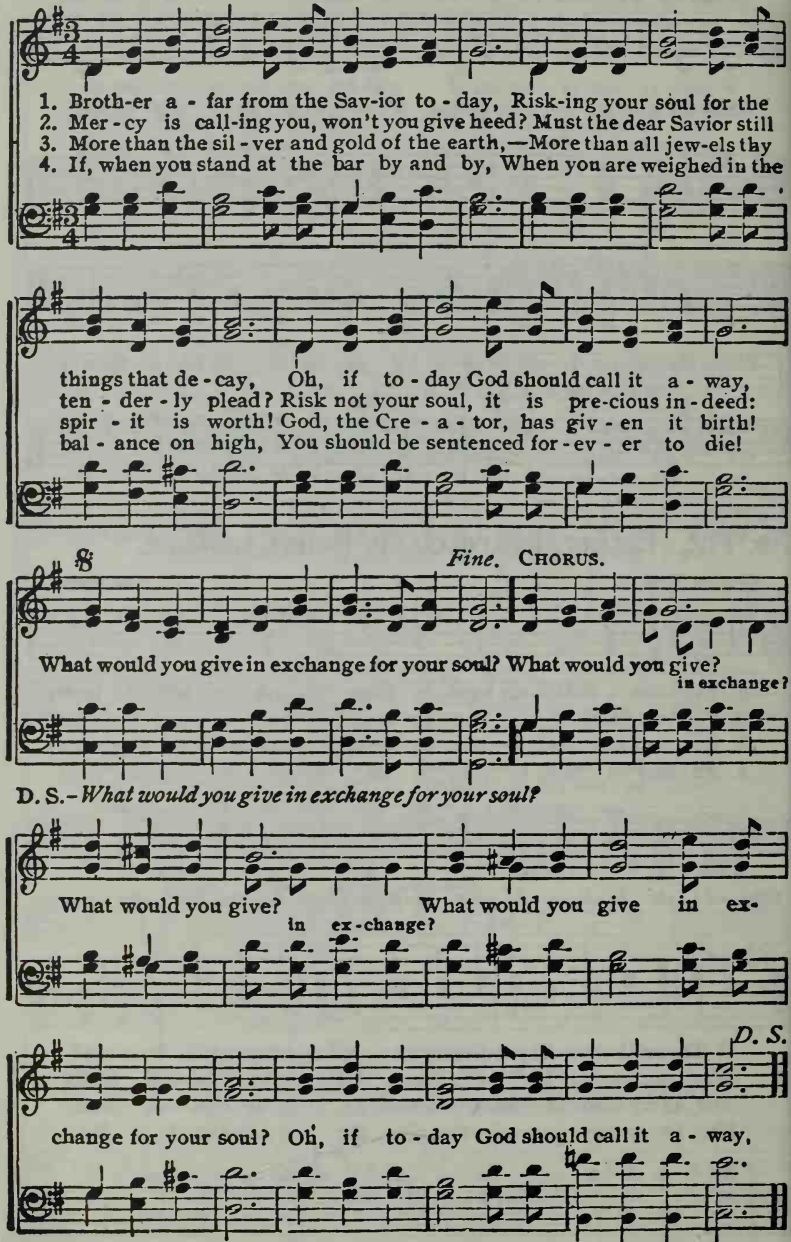
Follow Me.


CHORUS. *Very softly.*
Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 112. Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee.


Charles Wesley.
Unknown.
1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did Thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. An-chor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;
CHO.—*I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;*
If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst re-lieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

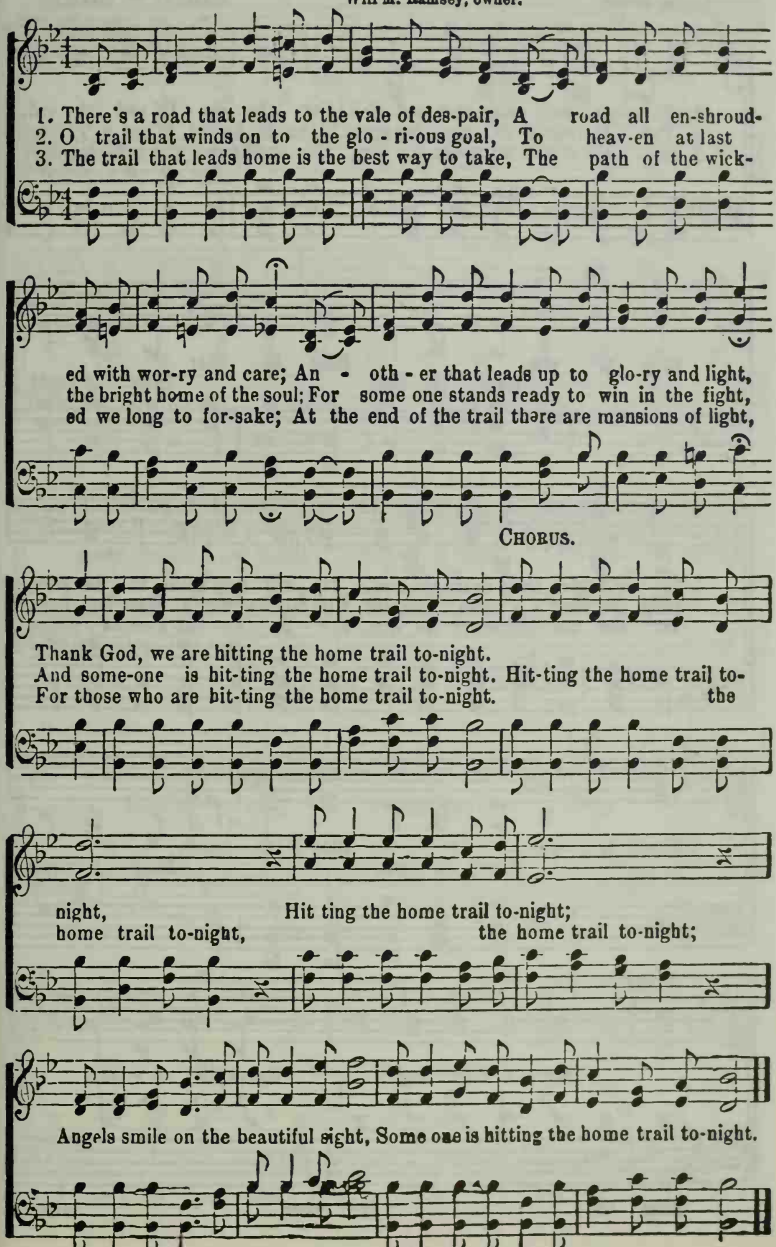
No. 113. What Would You Give in Exchange?

F. J. Berry. Copyright, 1912, by the Trio Music Co. J. H. Carr.

1. Broth-er a - far from the Sav-ior to - day, Risk-ing your soul for the
2. Mer - cy is call-ing you, won't you give heed? Must the dear Savior still
3. More than the sil - ver and gold of the earth,—More than all jew-els thy
4. If, when you stand at the bar by and by, When you are weighed in the
things that de - cay, Oh, if to - day God should call it a - way,
ten - der - ly plead? Risk not your soul, it is pre-cious in - deed:
spir - it is worth! God, the Cre - a - tor, has giv - en it birth!
bal - ance on high, You should be sentenced for - ev - er to die!
𝄋
Fine. CHORUS.
What would you give in exchange for your soul? What would you give?
in exchange?
D. S.–What would you give in exchange for your soul?
What would you give? What would you give in ex-
in ex-change?
D. S.
change for your soul? Oh, if to - day God should call it a - way,

No. 114. Some One Is Hitting the Home Trail Tonight.

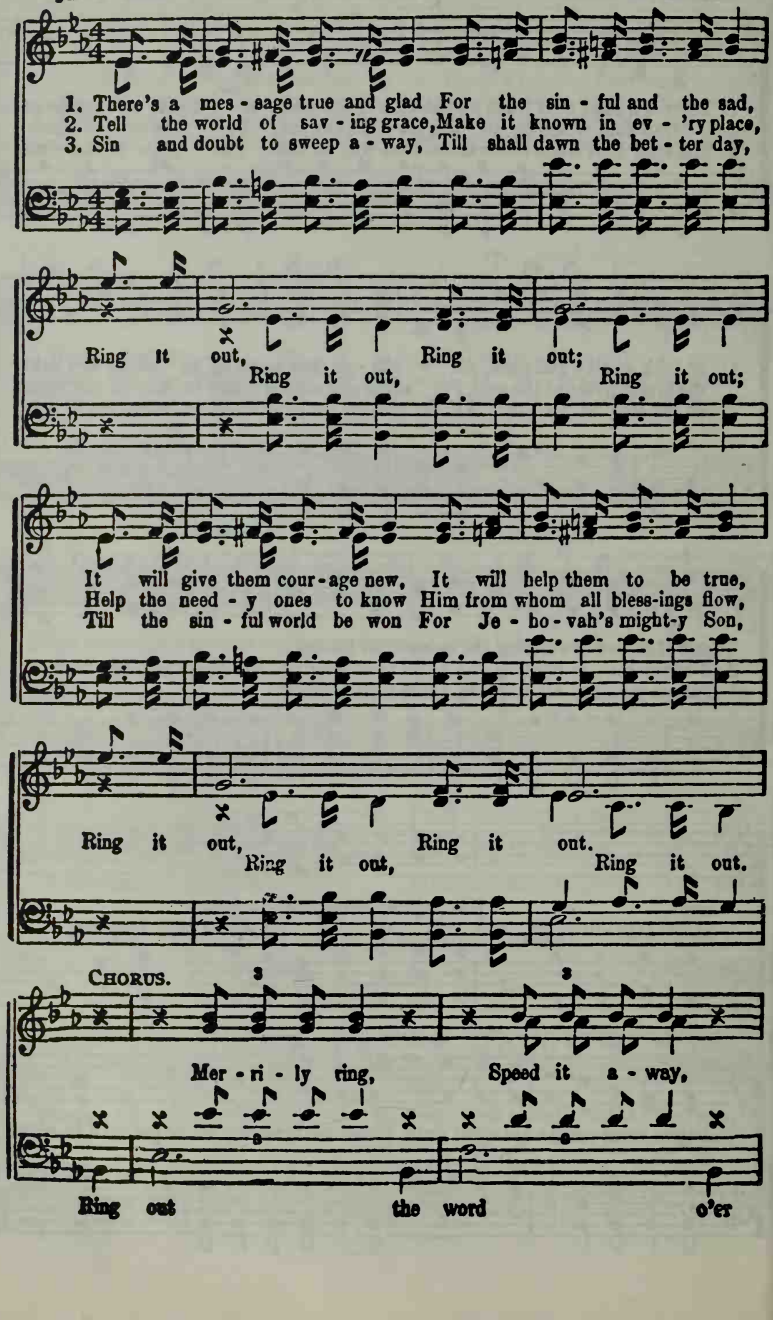
GRACE STODDARD DENNSTEDT. CARRIE BOOKER PERSON.

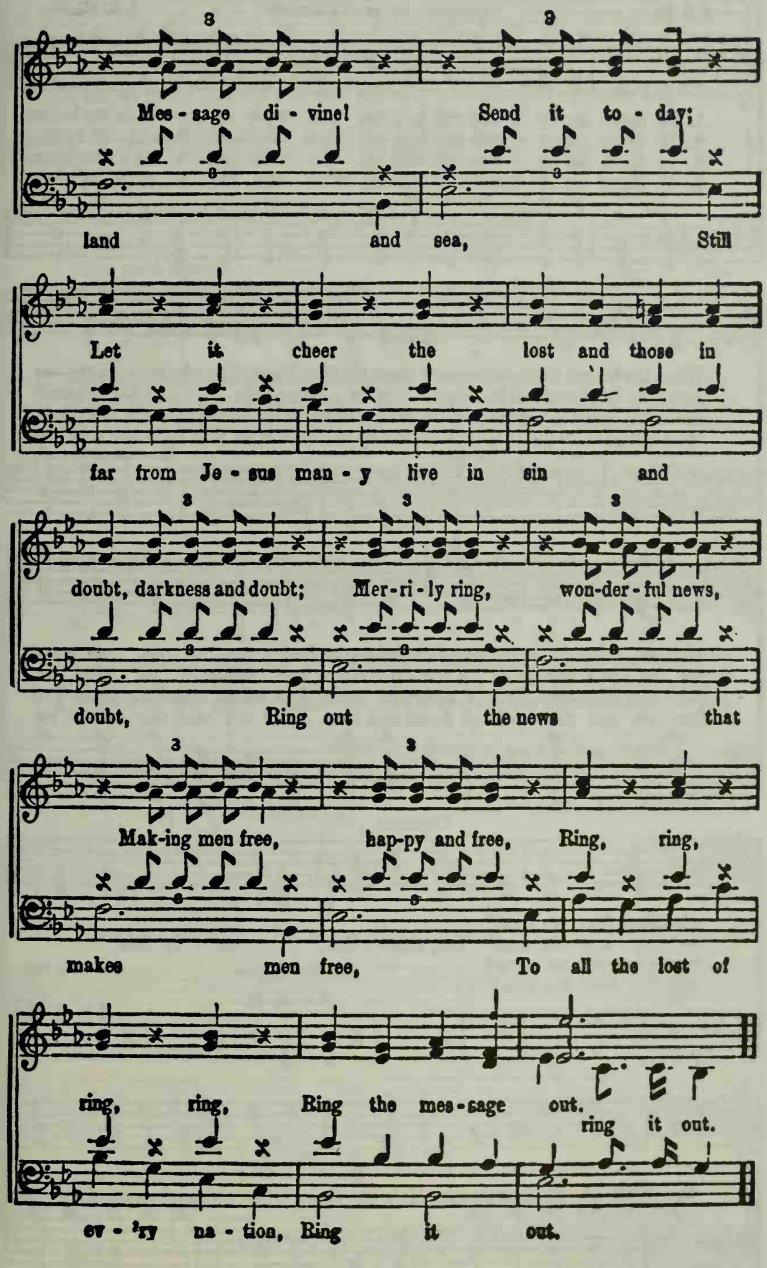
Will M. Ramsey, owner.


1. There's a road that leads to the vale of des-pair, A road all en-shroud-
2. O trail that winds on to the glo - ri-ous goal, To heav-en at last
3. The trail that leads home is the best way to take, The path of the wick-
ed with wor-ry and care; An - oth - er that leads up to glo-ry and light,
the bright home of the soul; For some one stands ready to win in the fight,
ed we long to for-sake; At the end of the trail there are mansions of light,
CHORUS.
Thank God, we are hitting the home trail to-night.
And some-one is hit-ting the home trail to-night. Hit-ting the home trail to-
For those who are hit-ting the home trail to-night. the
night, Hit ting the home trail to-night;
home trail to-night, the home trail to-night;
Angels smile on the beautiful sight, Some one is hitting the home trail to-night.

No. 115. Ring Out the Message.

Copyright, 1912, by Beazley and Vaughan.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. There's a mes - sage true and glad For the sin - ful and the sad,
2. Tell the world of sav - ing grace, Make it known in ev - 'ry place,
3. Sin and doubt to sweep a - way, Till shall dawn the bet - ter day,
Ring it out, Ring it out;
Ring it out, Ring it out;
It will give them cour - age new, It will help them to be true,
Help the need - y ones to know Him from whom all bless-ings flow,
Till the sin - ful world be won For Je - ho - vah's might-y Son,
Ring it out, Ring it out.
Ring it out, Ring it out.
CHORUS.
Mer - ri - ly ring, Speed it a - way,
Ring out the word o'er

Ring Out the Message—Concluded.

Mes - sage di - vine! Send it to - day;
land and sea, Still
Let it cheer the lost and those in
far from Je - sus man - y live in sin and
doubt, darkness and doubt; Mer - ri - ly ring, won-der - ful news,
doubt, Ring out the news that
Mak-ing men free, hap-py and free, Ring, ring,
makes men free, To all the lost of
ring, ring, Ring the mes-sage out.
ring it out.
ev - 'ry na - tion, Ring it out.

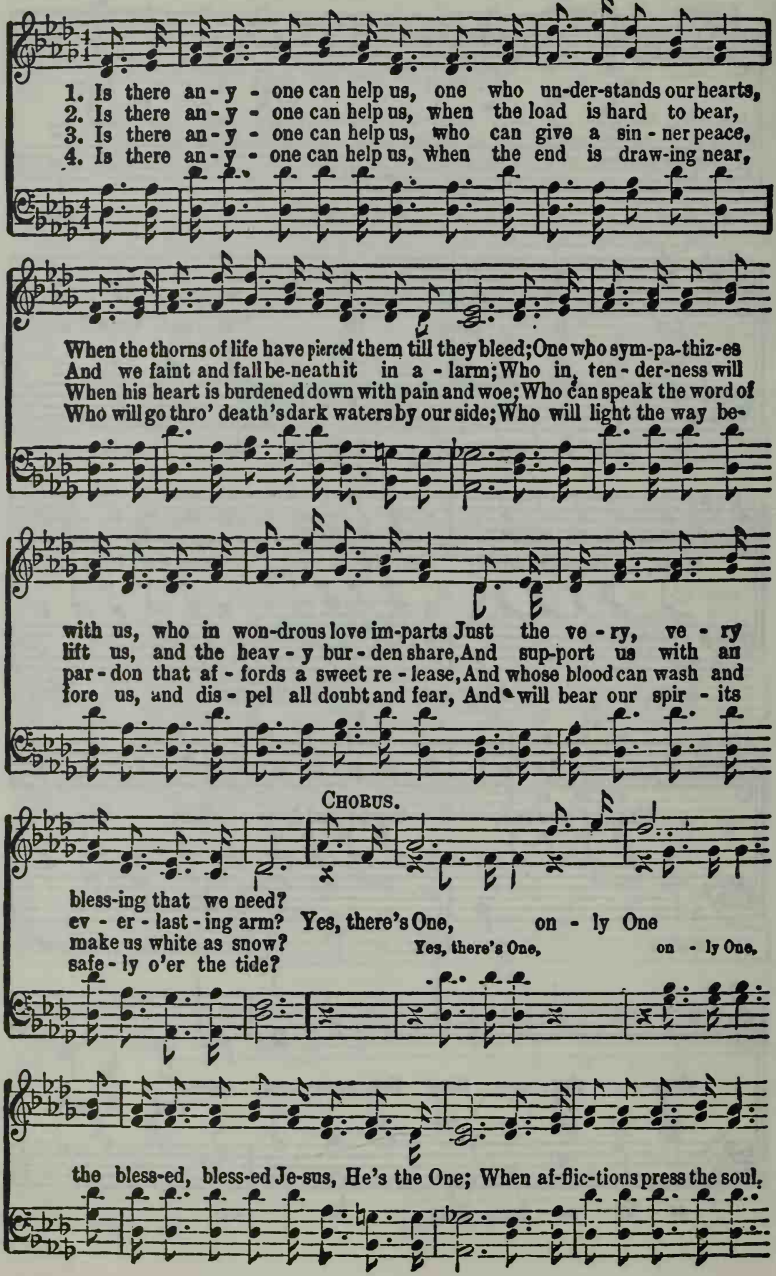
116.

He's the One.

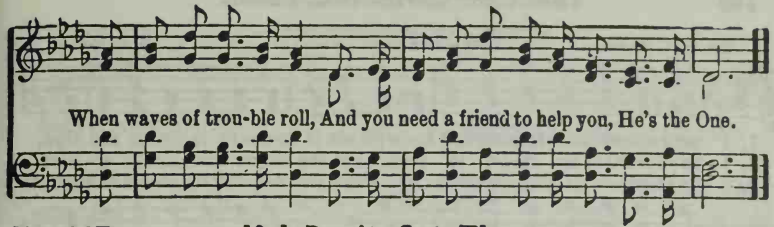
J. B. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1899 BY HALL-MACK CO.

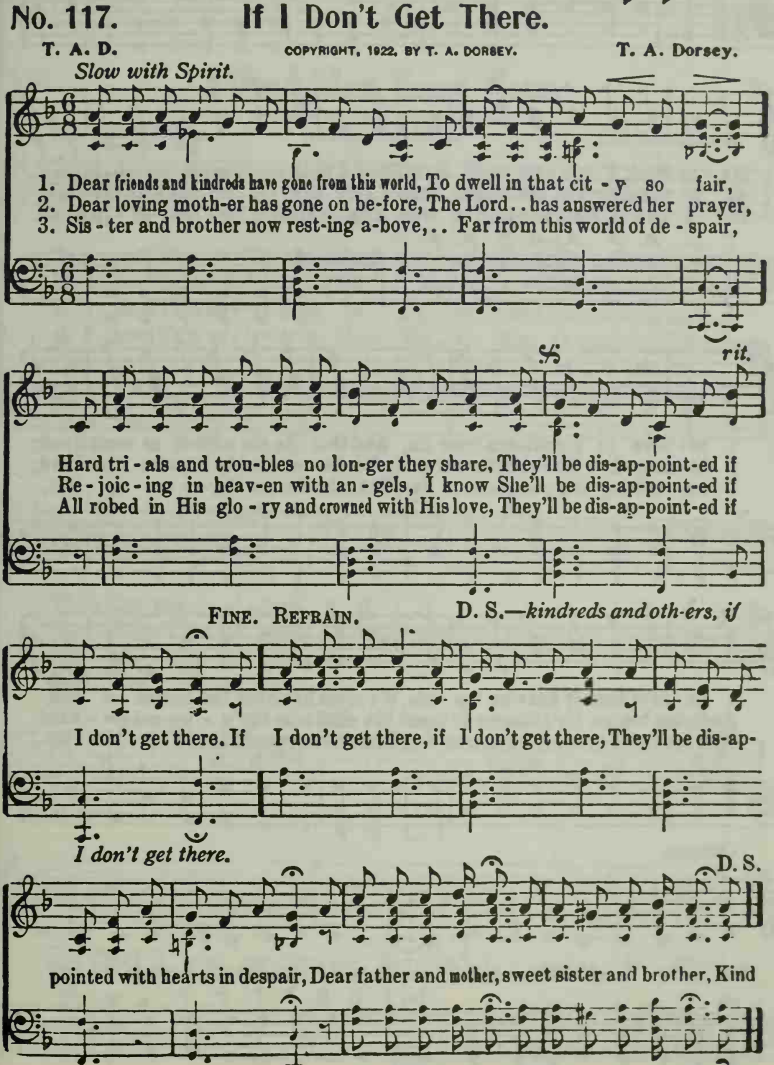
J. B. Mackay.


1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts,
2. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the load is hard to bear,
3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace,
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz-es
And we faint and fall be-neath it in a - larm; Who in ten - der-ness will
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of
Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-
with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the ve - ry, ve - ry
lift us, and the heav - y bur - den share, And sup-port us with an
par - don that af - fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and
fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its
CHORUS.
bless-ing that we need?
ev - er - last - ing arm? Yes, there's One, on - ly One
make us white as snow?
safe - ly o'er the tide?
Yes, there's One, on - ly One,
the bless-ed, bless-ed Je-sus, He's the One; When af-flic-tions press the soul,

He's the One.



No. 117. If I Don't Get There.

T. A. D. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY T. A. DORSEY. T. A. Dorsey.

Slow with Spirit.
1. Dear friends and kindreds have gone from this world, To dwell in that cit - y so fair,
2. Dear loving moth-er has gone on be-fore, The Lord.. has answered her prayer,
3. Sis - ter and brother now rest-ing a-bove,.. Far from this world of de - spair,
rit.
Hard tri - als and trou-bles no lon-ger they share, They'll be dis-ap-point-ed if
Re - joic - ing in heav-en with an - gels, I know She'll be dis-ap-point-ed if
All robed in His glo - ry and crowned with His love, They'll be dis-ap-point-ed if
FINE. REFRAIN.
D. S.—kindreds and oth-ers, if
I don't get there. If I don't get there, if I don't get there, They'll be dis-ap-
I don't get there.
D. S.
pointed with hearts in despair, Dear father and mother, sweet sister and brother, Kind

The Old Fashioned Faith.

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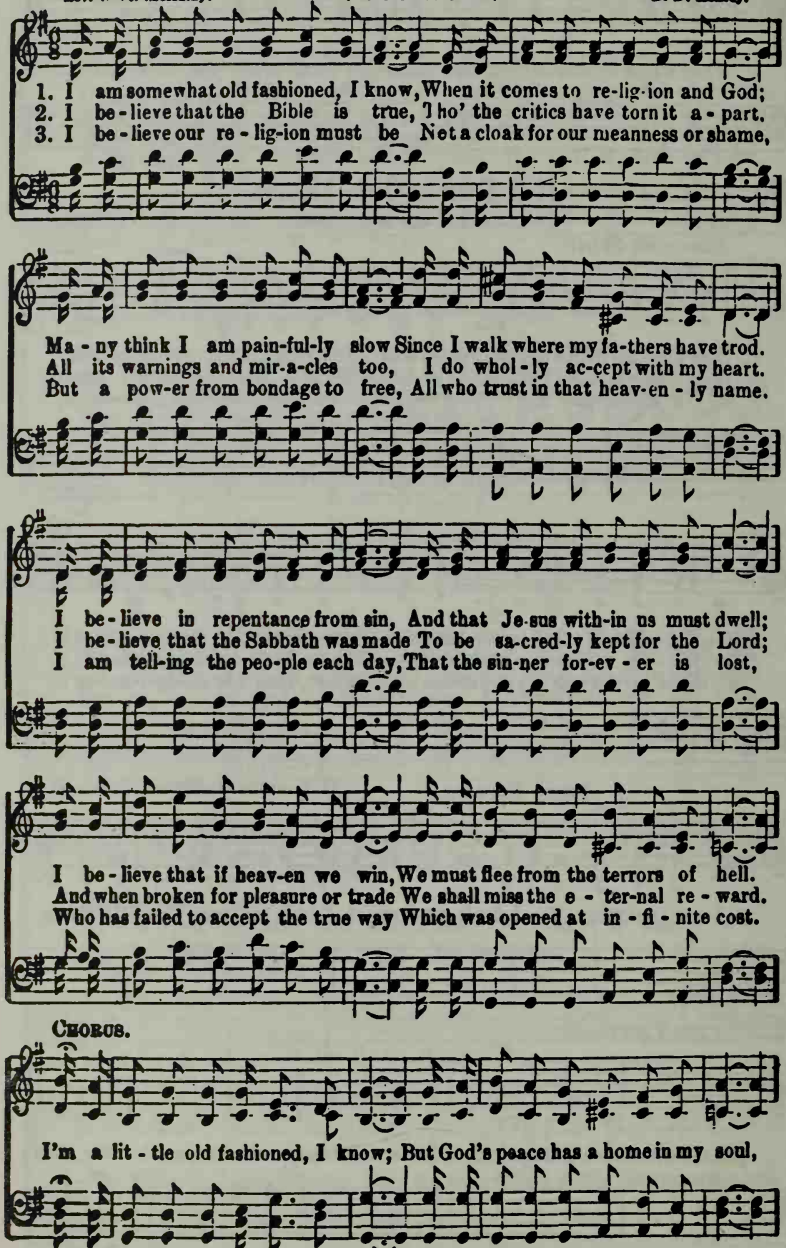
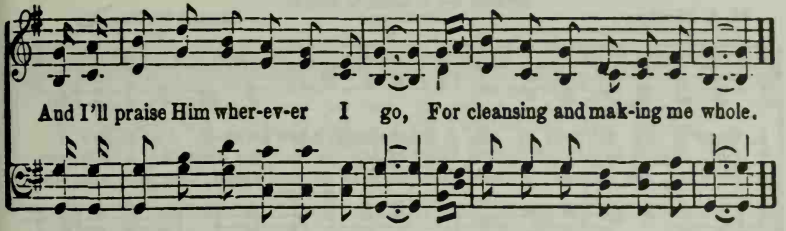
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. N. A. McAuley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am somewhat old fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bible is true, Tho' the critics have torn it a-part.
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our meanness or shame,
Ma-ny think I am pain-ful-ly slow Since I walk where my fa-thers have trod.
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow-er from bondage to free, All who trust in that heav-en-ly name.
I be-lieve in repentance from sin, And that Je-sus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sabbath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,
I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the terrors of hell.
And when broken for pleasure or trade We shall miss the e-ter-nal re-ward.
Who has failed to accept the true way Which was opened at in-fi-nite cost.
CHORUS.
I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,

The Old Fashioned Faith.



119 I Need Thee Every Hour.

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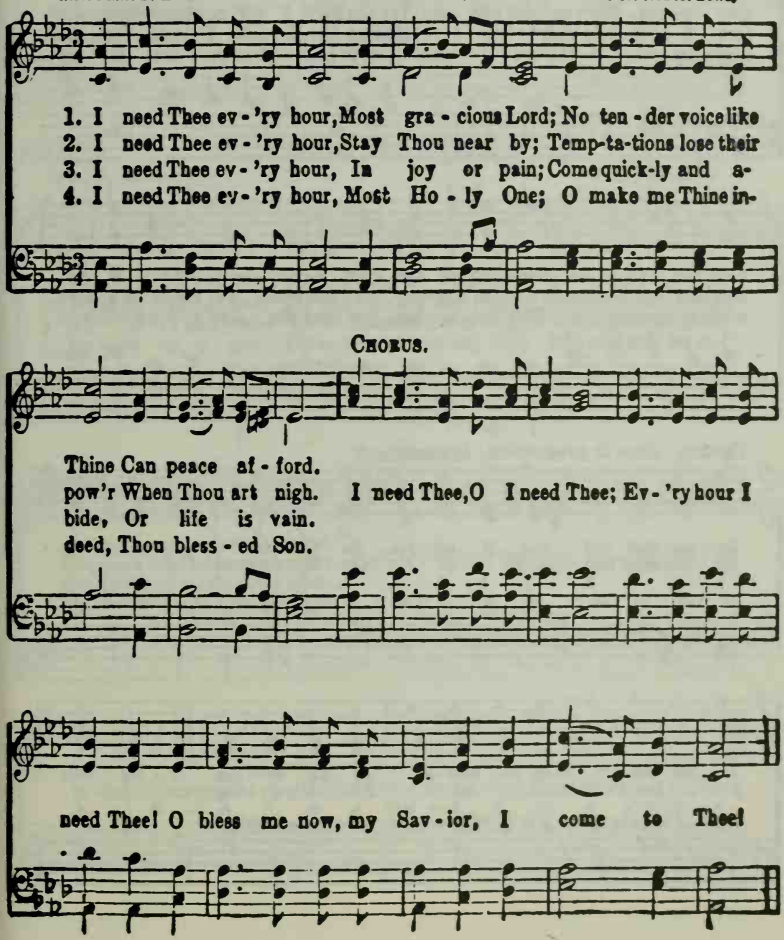
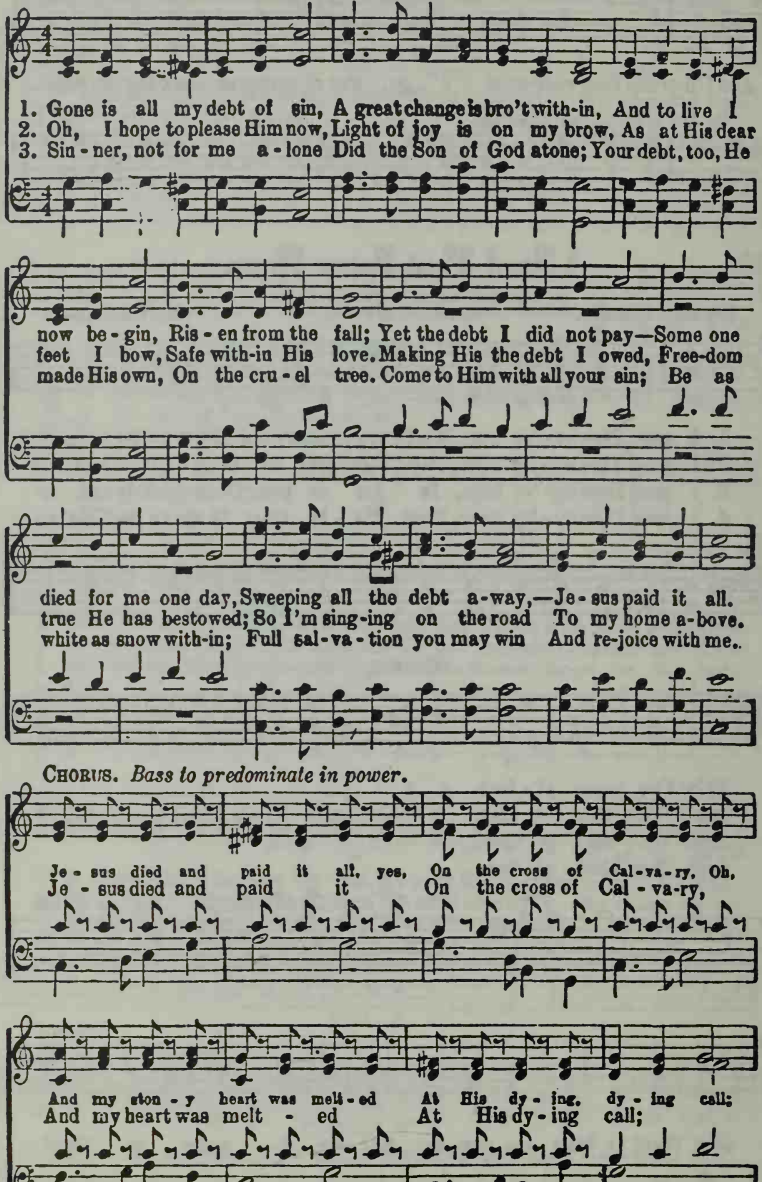
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

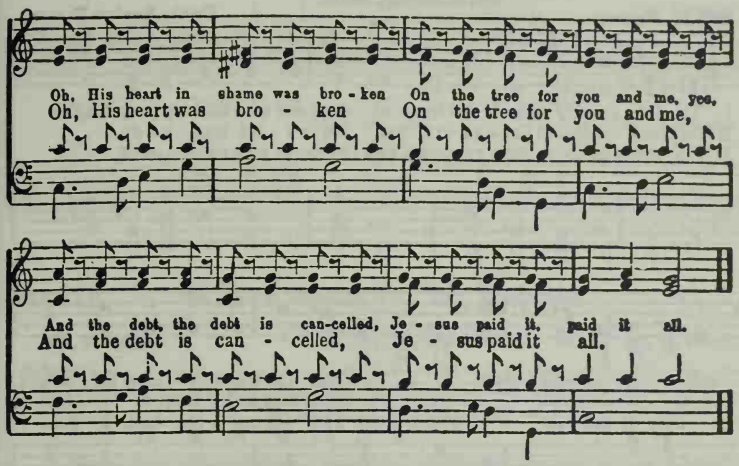
Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
CHORUS.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 120. Jesus Paid It All.

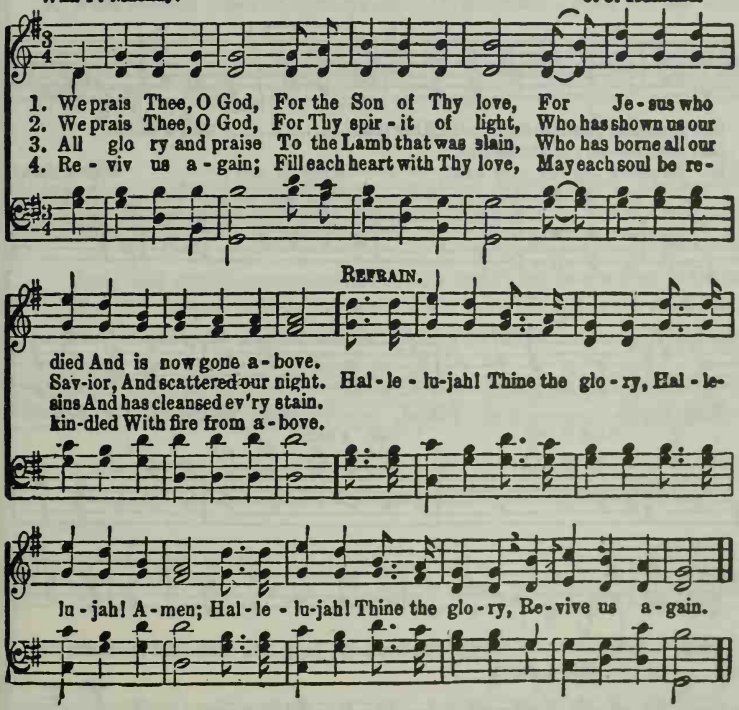
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

M. S. Shaffer. IN "HOSANNAS." Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't with-in, And to live I now be-gin, Ris-en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay—Some one died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way,—Je-sus paid it all.
2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Making His the debt I owed, Free-dom true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a-bove.
3. Sin-ner, not for me a-lone Did the Son of God atone; Your debt, too, He made His own, On the cru-el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as white as snow with-in; Full sal-va-tion you may win And re-joice with me.
CHORUS. Bass to predominate in power.
Je-sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal-va-ry, Oh,
Je-sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal-va-ry,
And my ston-y heart was meli-ed At His dy-ing, dy-ing call;
And my heart was melt-ed At His dy-ing call;

Jesus Paid it All.

Oh, His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,
And the debt, the debt is can-celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

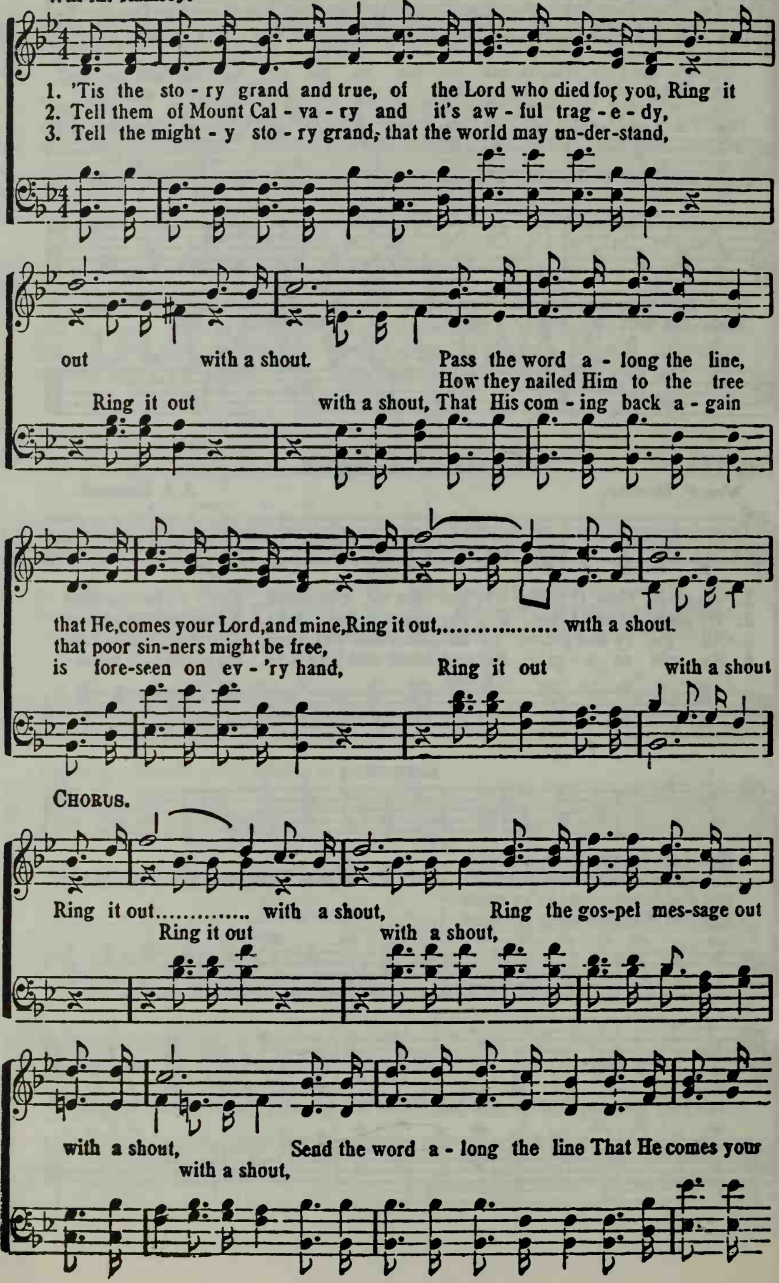
No. 121. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We prais Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We prais Thee, O God, For Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - viv us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re-
REFRAIN.
died And is now gone a - bove.
Sav-ior, And scattered our night. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-
sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled With fire from a - bove.
lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

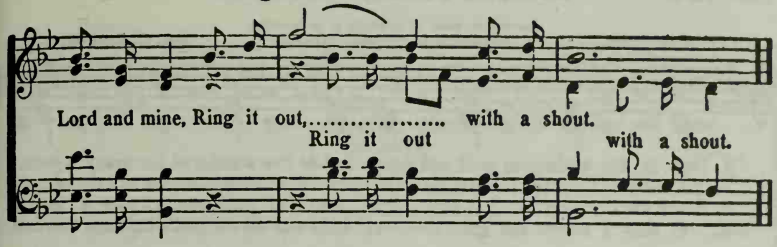
No. 122. Ring it Out With a Shout.

Will M. Ramsey, owner.

Will M. Ramsey. Carrie Booker Person.


1. 'Tis the sto - ry grand and true, of the Lord who died for you, Ring it
2. Tell them of Mount Cal - va - ry and it's aw - ful trag - e - dy,
3. Tell the might - y sto - ry grand, that the world may un-der-stand,
out with a shout. Pass the word a - long the line,
How they nailed Him to the tree
Ring it out with a shout, That His com - ing back a - gain
that He, comes your Lord, and mine, Ring it out,..... with a shout.
that poor sin-ners might be free,
is fore-seen on ev - 'ry hand, Ring it out with a shout
CHORUS.
Ring it out..... with a shout, Ring the gos-pel mes-sage out
Ring it out with a shout,
with a shout, Send the word a - long the line That He comes your
with a shout,

Ring it Out With a Shout.



No. 123. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

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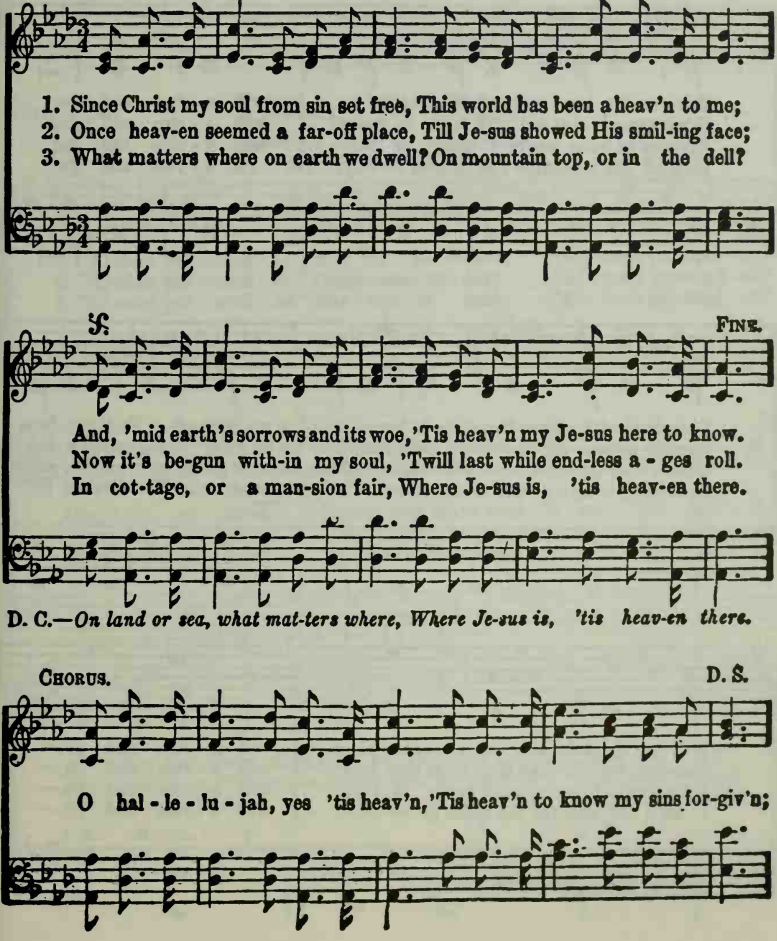
USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?
Fine.
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.
D. C.—On land or sea, what mat-ters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.
Chorus.
D. S.
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

No. 124. The Prodigal Son.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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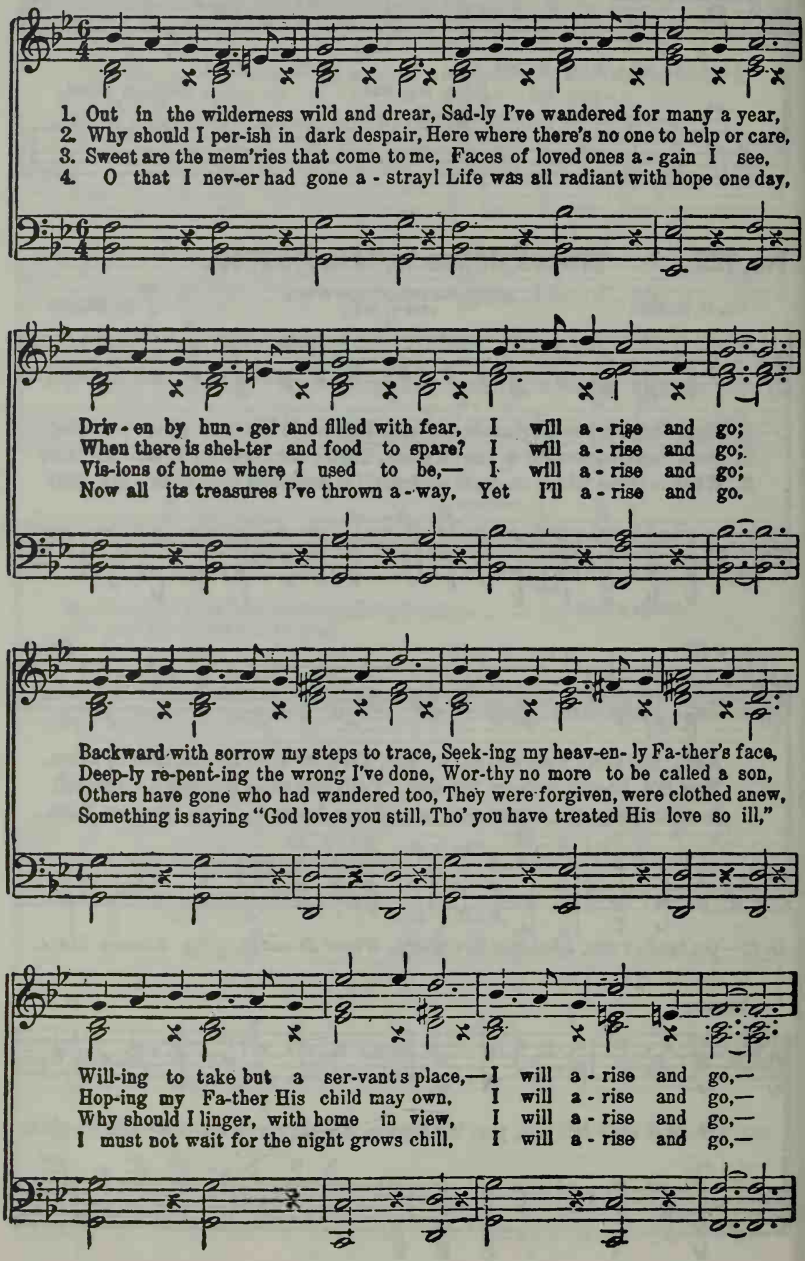
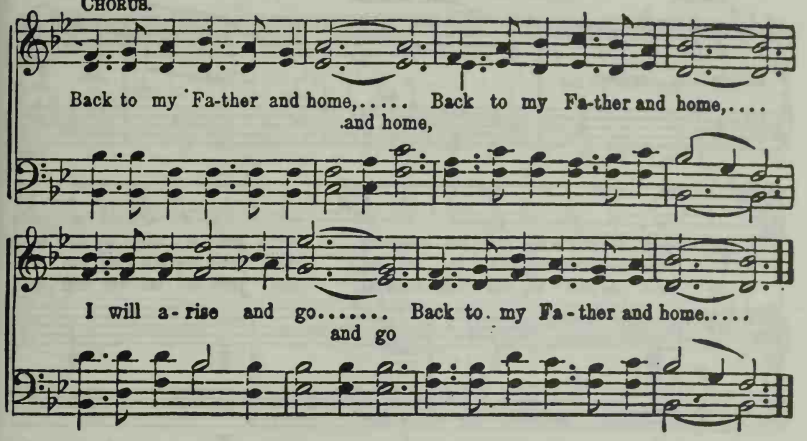
T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I per-ish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Faces of loved ones a-gain I see,
4. O that I nev-er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,
Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a-rise and go;
When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a-rise and go;
Vis-ions of home where I used to be,— I will a-rise and go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a-way, Yet I'll a-rise and go.
Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
Others have gone who had wandered too, They were forgiven, were clothed anew,
Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"
Will-ing to take but a ser-vant's place,— I will a-rise and go,—
Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a-rise and go,—
Why should I linger, with home in view, I will a-rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a-rise and go,—

The Prodigal Son.

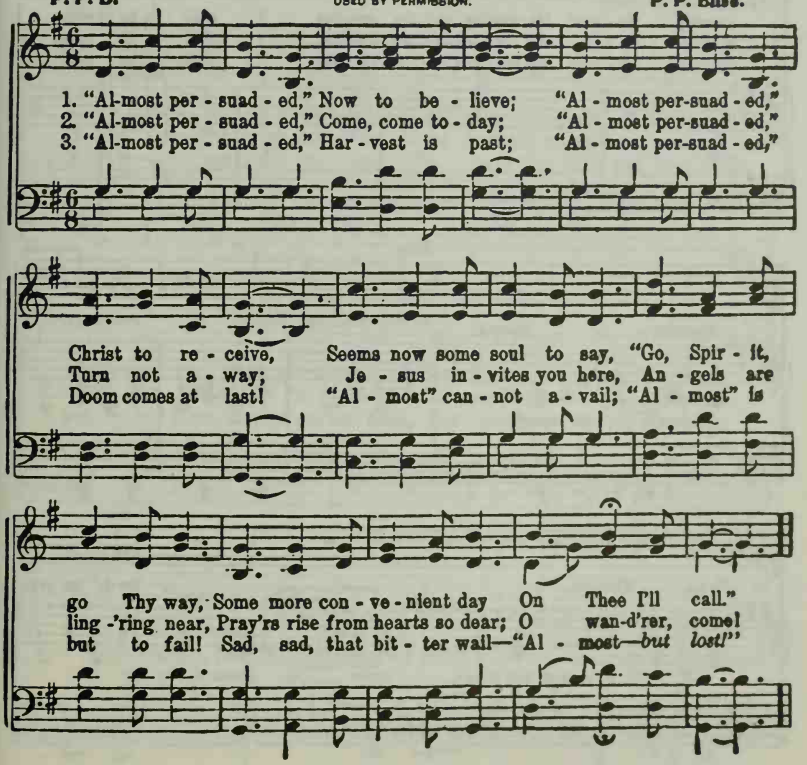
CHORUS.



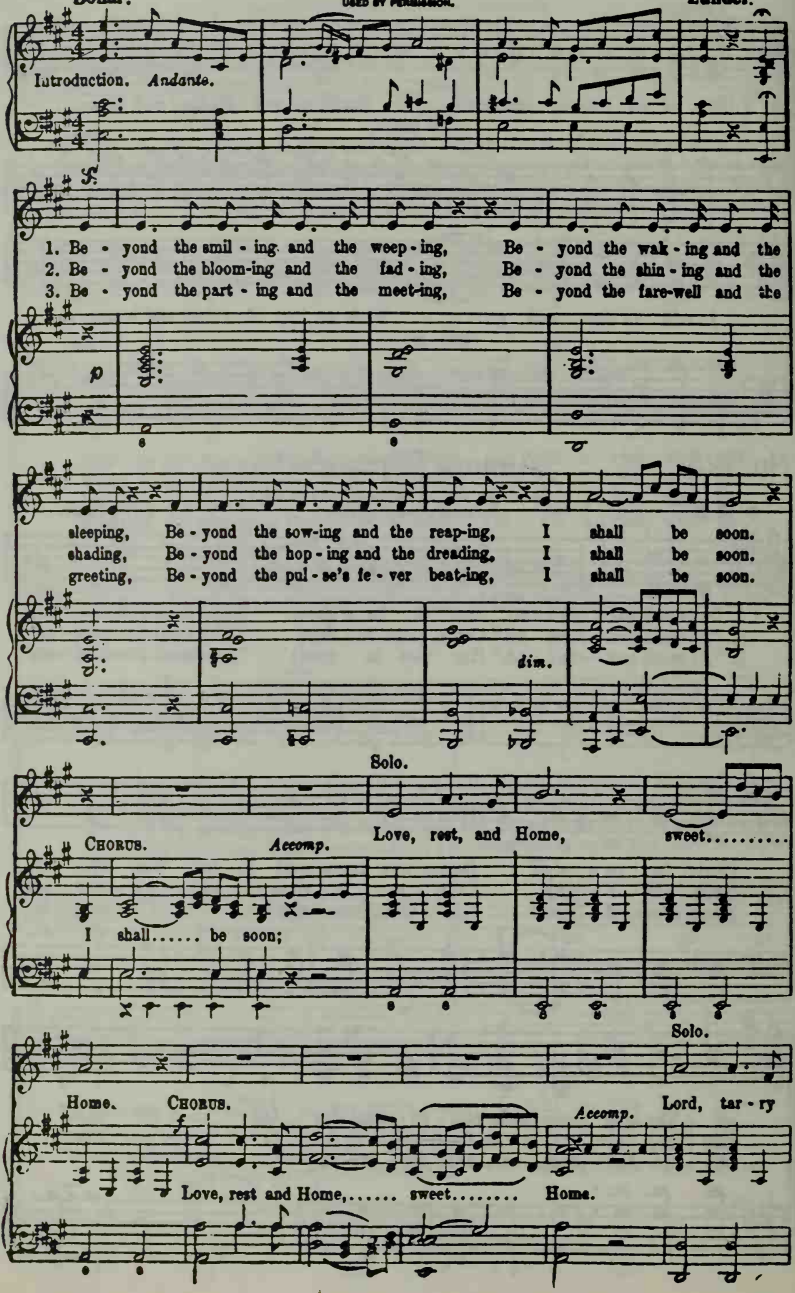
No. 125. Almost Persuaded.

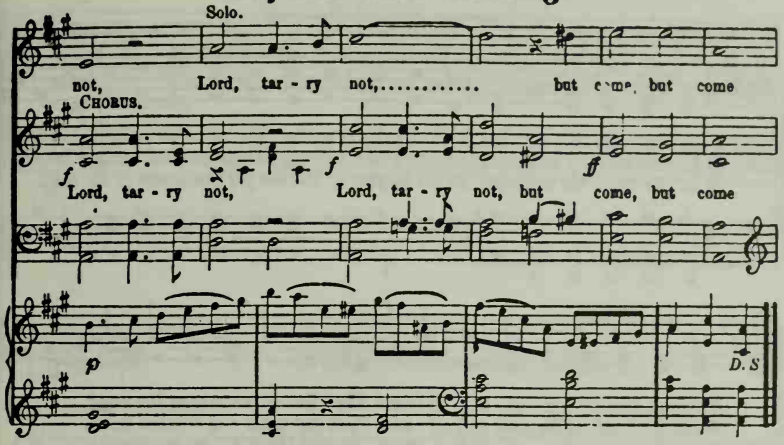
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive, Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
Turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ve-nient day On Thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—*but lost!*"

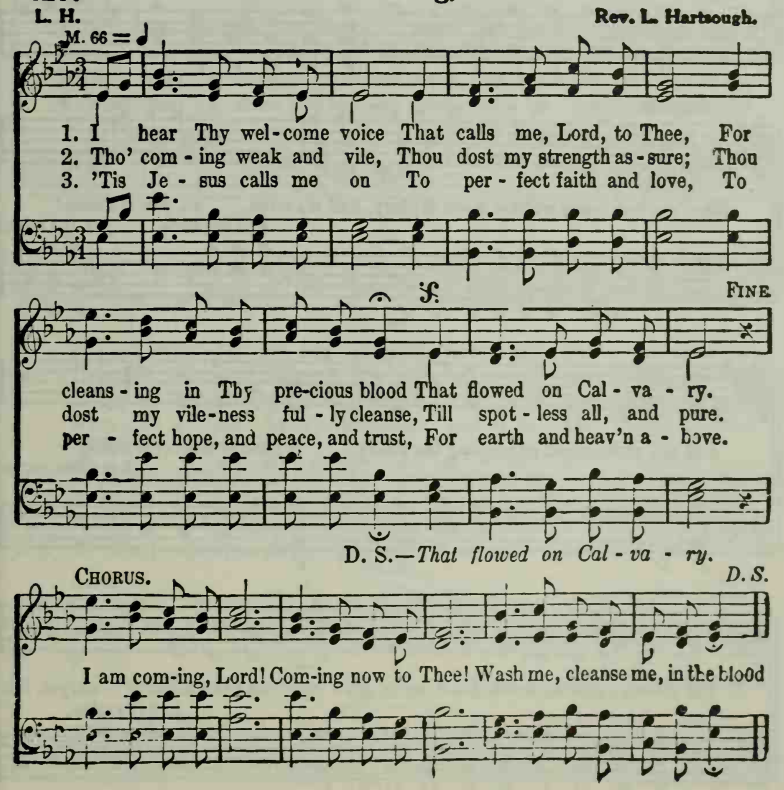
No. 126. Beyond the Smiling.

Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. Zundel.

Introduction. Andante.
1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
2. Be - yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet-ing, Be - yond the fare-well and the
sleeping, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shading, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greeting, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.
dim.
Solo.
Love, rest, and Home, sweet.....
Chorus.
Accomp.
I shall..... be soon;
Solo.
Home.
Chorus.
Lord, tar - ry
Accomp.
Love, rest and Home,..... sweet..... Home.

Beyond the Smiling.

127.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

M. 66 =
1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
FINE
D. S.—That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
Chorus.
D. S.
I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

No. 128. A New Name In Glory.

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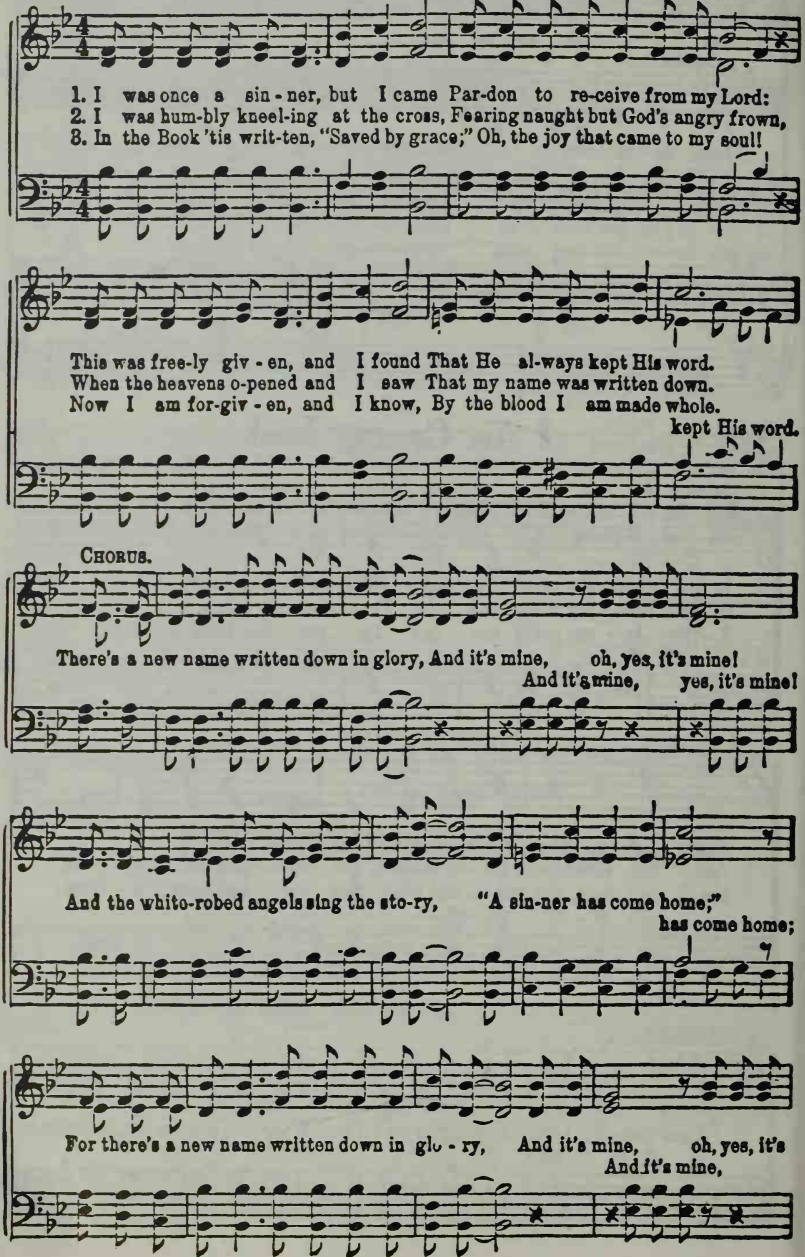
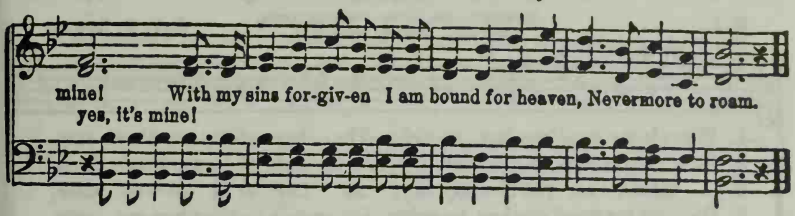
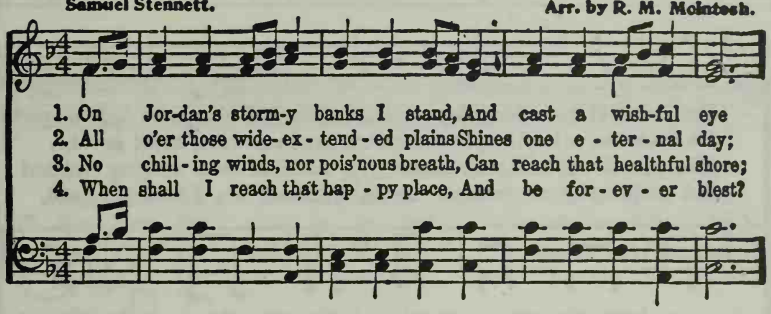
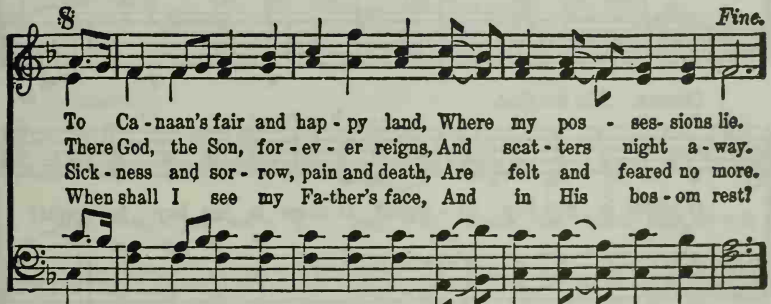
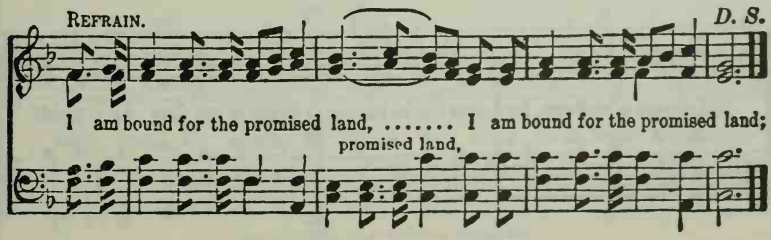
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my Lord:
2. I was hum-bly kneel-ing at the cross, Fearing naught but God's angry frown,
3. In the Book 'tis writ-ten, "Saved by grace;" Oh, the joy that came to my soul!
This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word.
When the heavens o-pened and I saw That my name was written down.
Now I am for-giv-en, and I know, By the blood I am made whole.
kept His word.
CHORUS.
There's a new name written down in glory, And it's mine, oh, yes, it's mine!
And it's mine, yes, it's mine!
And the white-robed angels sing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home;"
has come home;
For there's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, oh, yes, it's
And it's mine,

A New Name In Glory.

No. 129. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. Mcintosh.

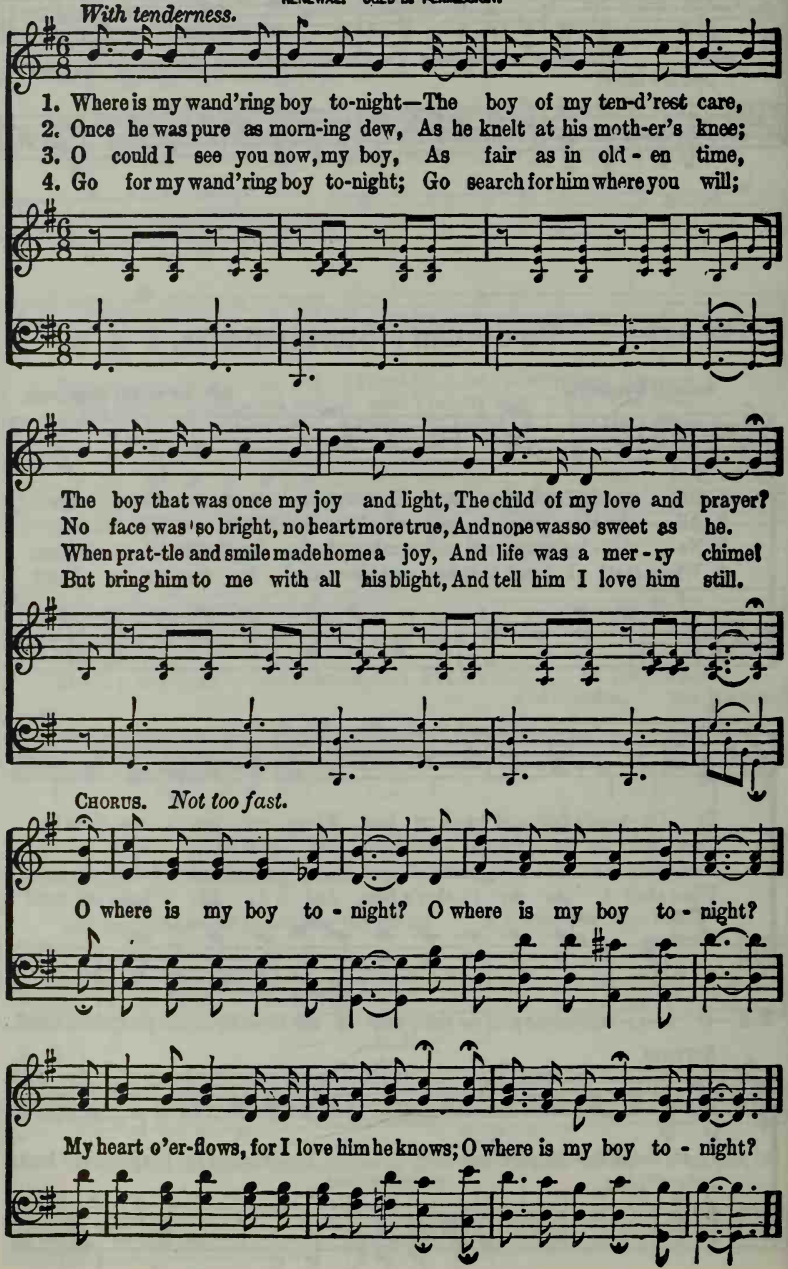

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?


S.
Fine.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D. S.—*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.*

No. 130. Where is My Boy To-Night?

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

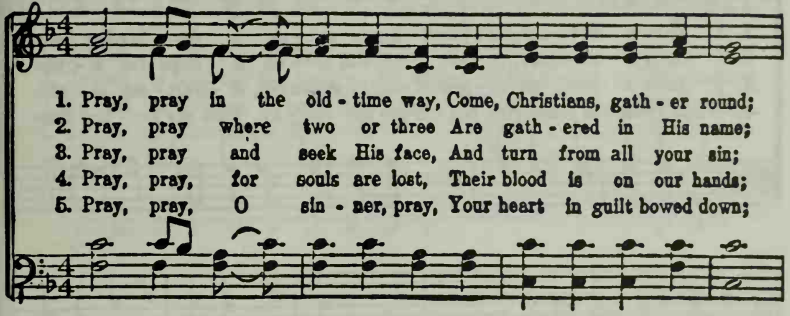
R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

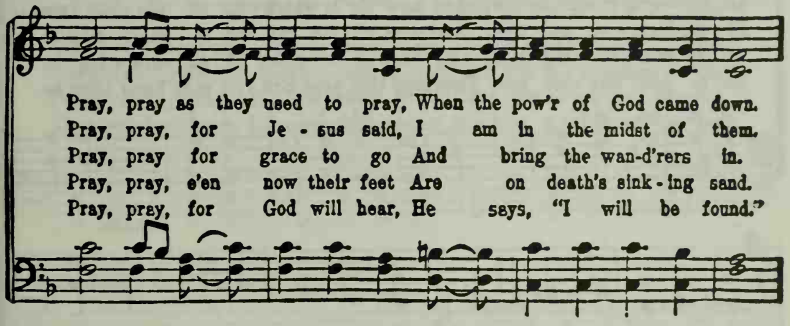
With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*
O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?
My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

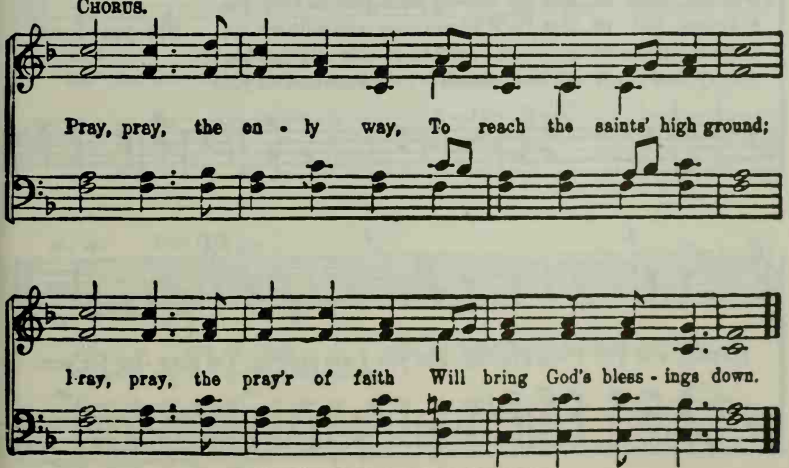
No. 131. Pray.

If my people which are called by my name, will humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.—2 CHRON. 7: 14.

J. A. B. J. A. BROWN.


1. Pray, pray in the old - time way, Come, Christians, gath - er round;
2. Pray, pray where two or three Are gath - ered in His name;
3. Pray, pray and seek His face, And turn from all your sin;
4. Pray, pray, for souls are lost, Their blood is on our hands;
5. Pray, pray, O sin - ner, pray, Your heart in guilt bowed down;


Pray, pray as they used to pray, When the pow'r of God came down.
Pray, pray, for Je - sus said, I am in the midst of them.
Pray, pray for grace to go And bring the wan-d'rers in.
Pray, pray, e'en now their feet Are on death's sink - ing sand.
Pray, pray, for God will hear, He says, "I will be found."



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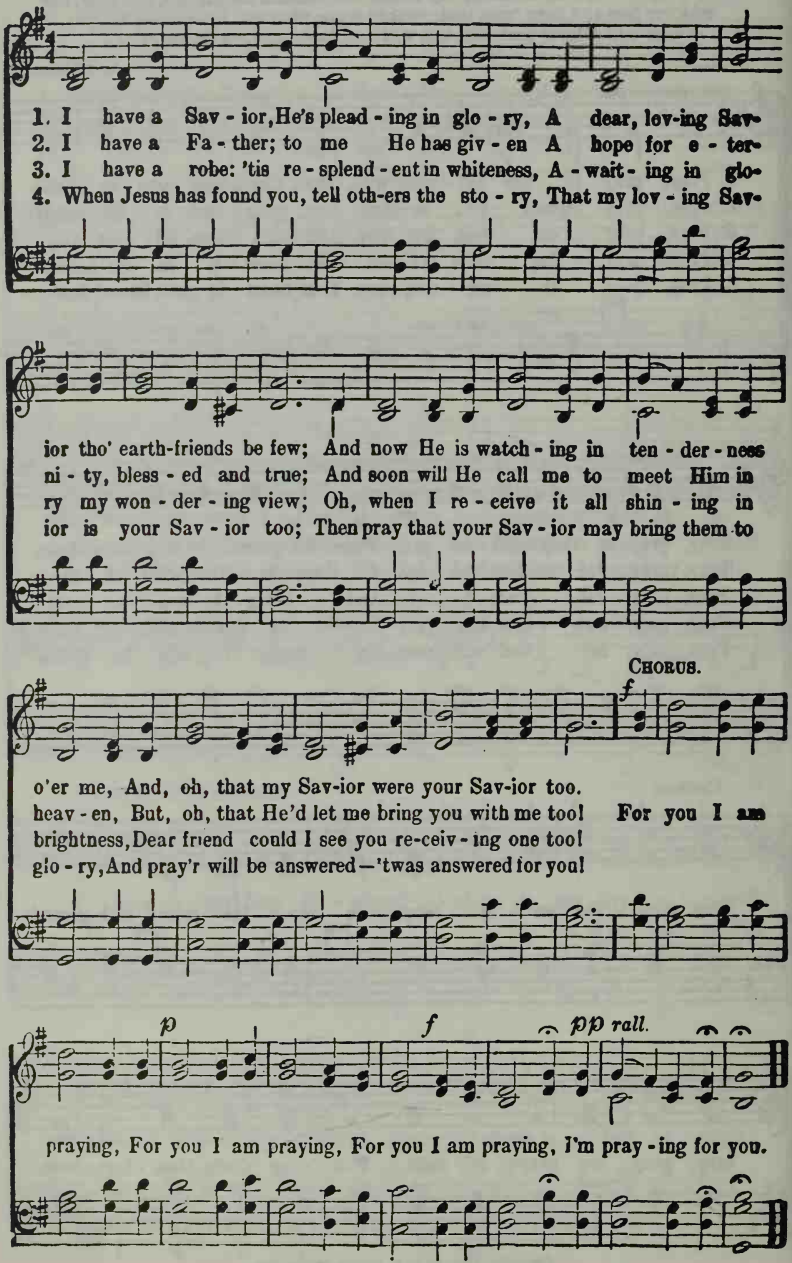
132. I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

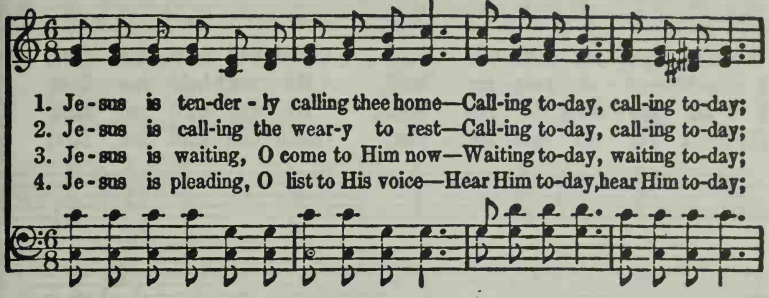
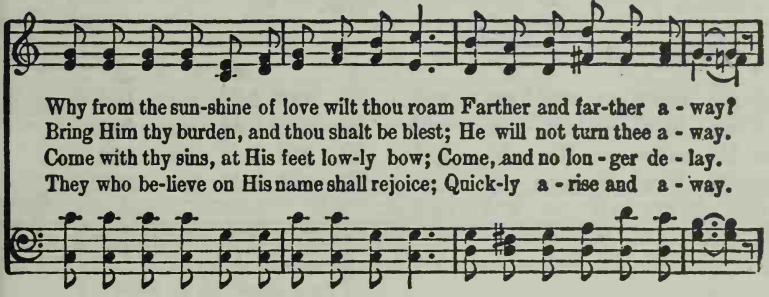
S. O'Malley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

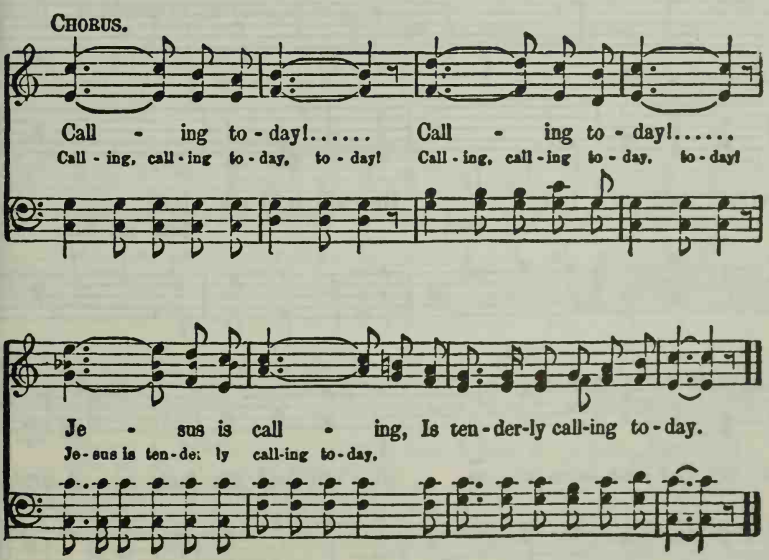

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-
ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to
CHORUS.
f
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

No. 133 Jesus Is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.


CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.

No. 134. He Will Hold Me Fast.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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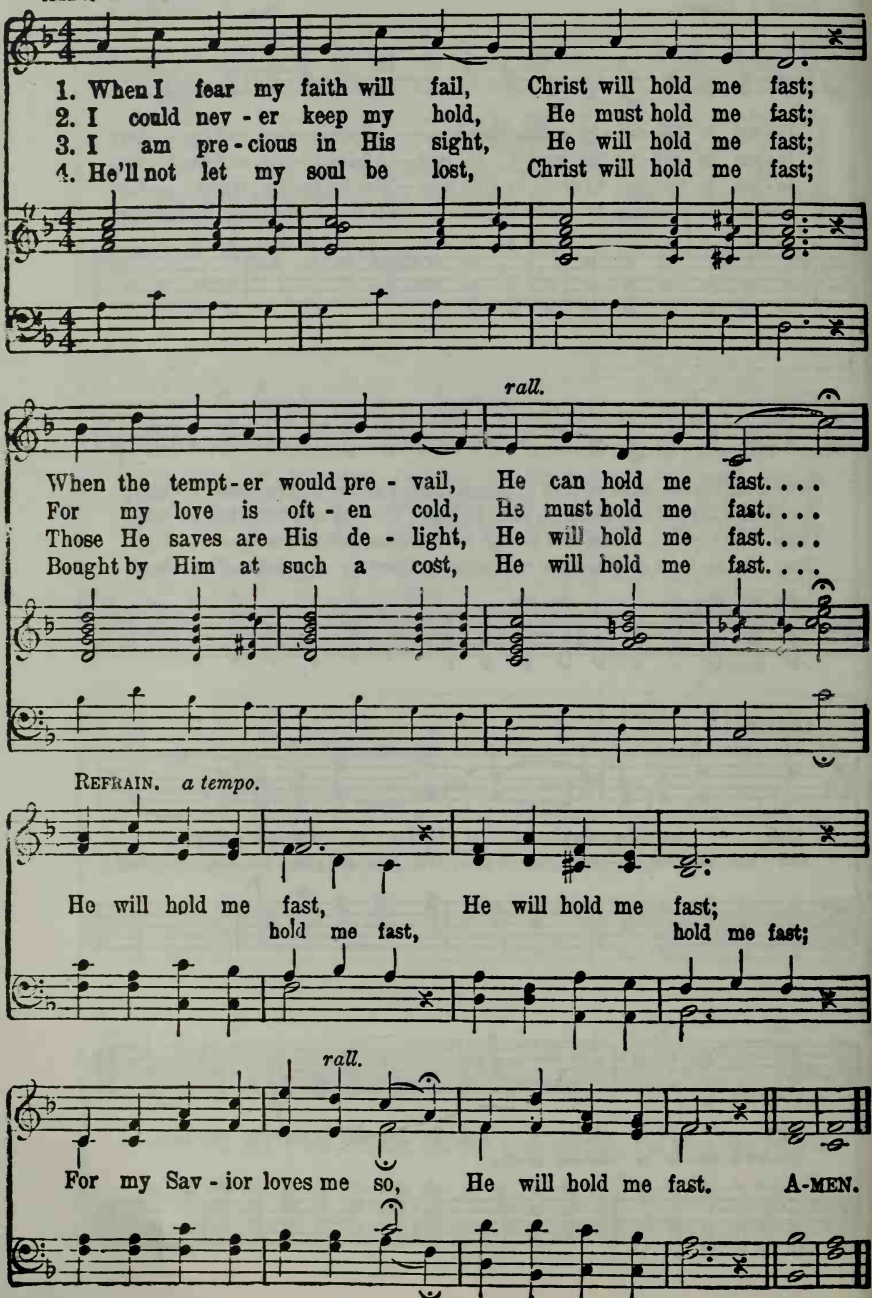
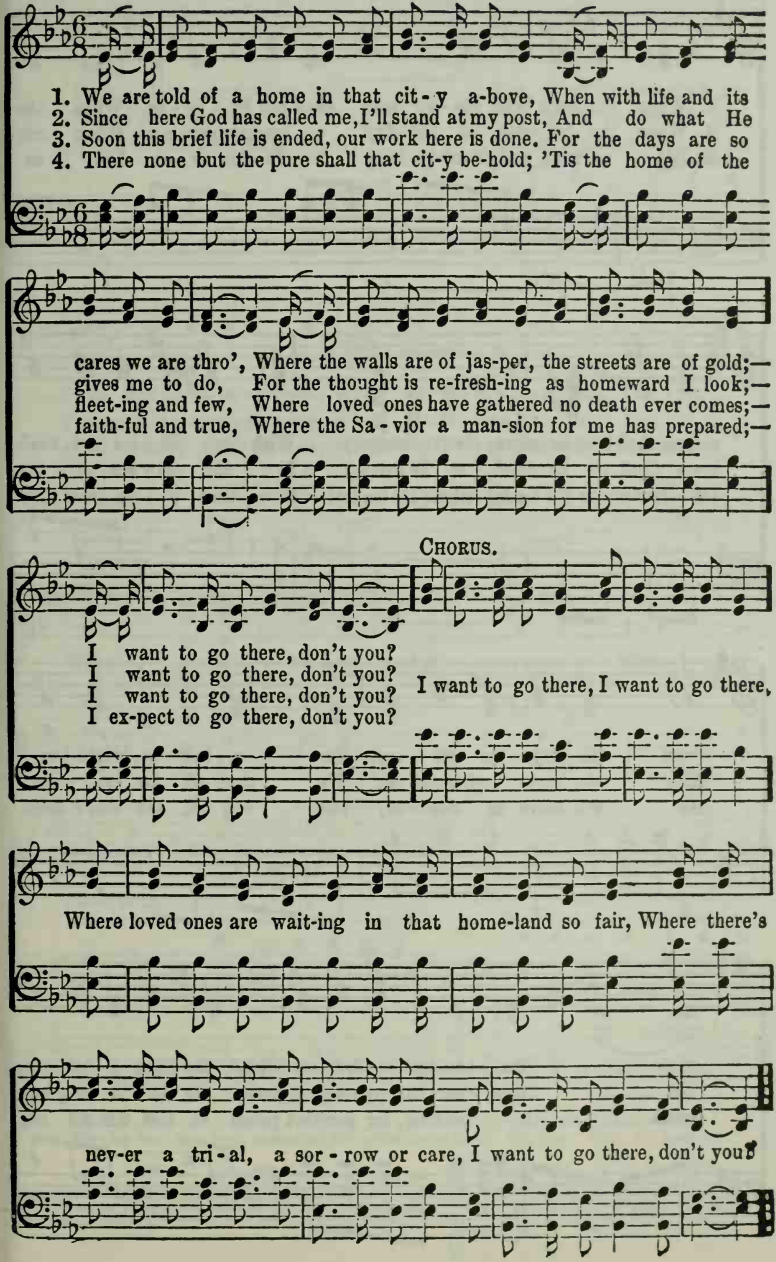
Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.


1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;
rall.
When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast. . . .
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast. . . .
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast. . . .
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. . . .
REFRAIN. a tempo.
He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;
rall.
For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.

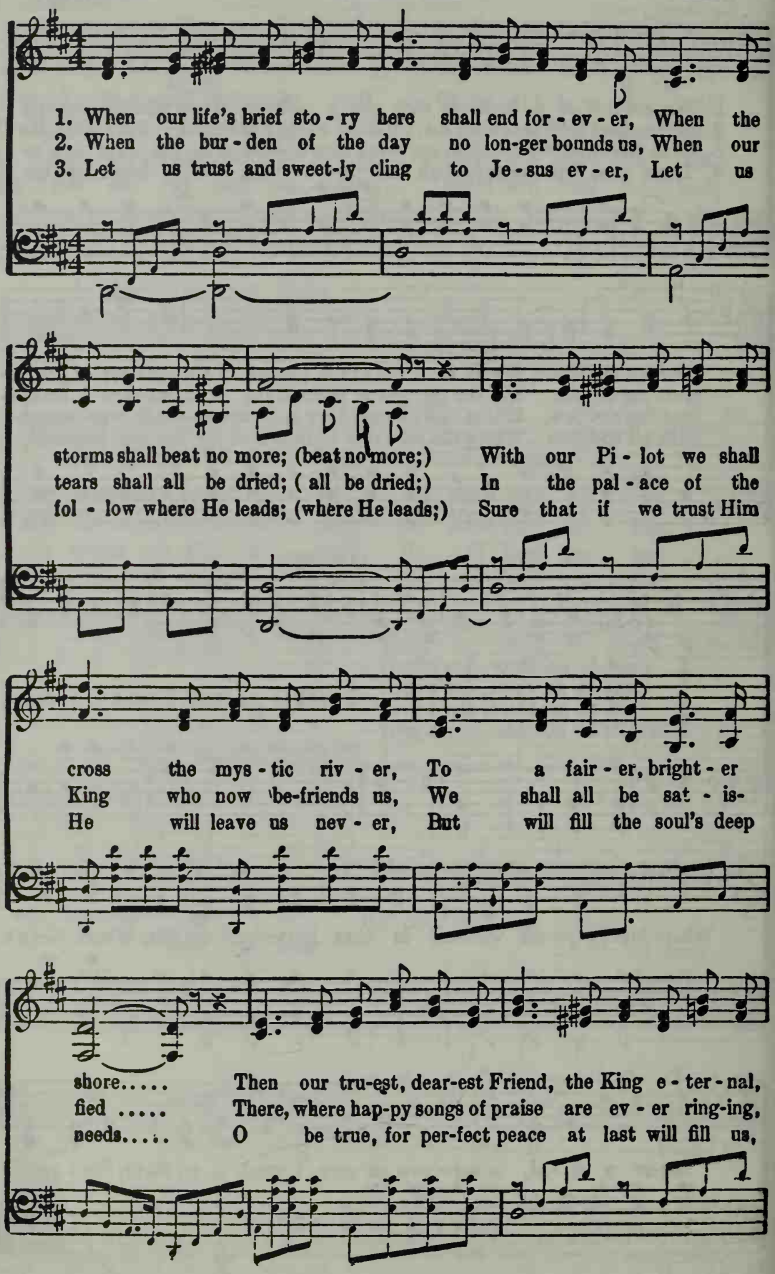
No. 135. I Want to Go There.

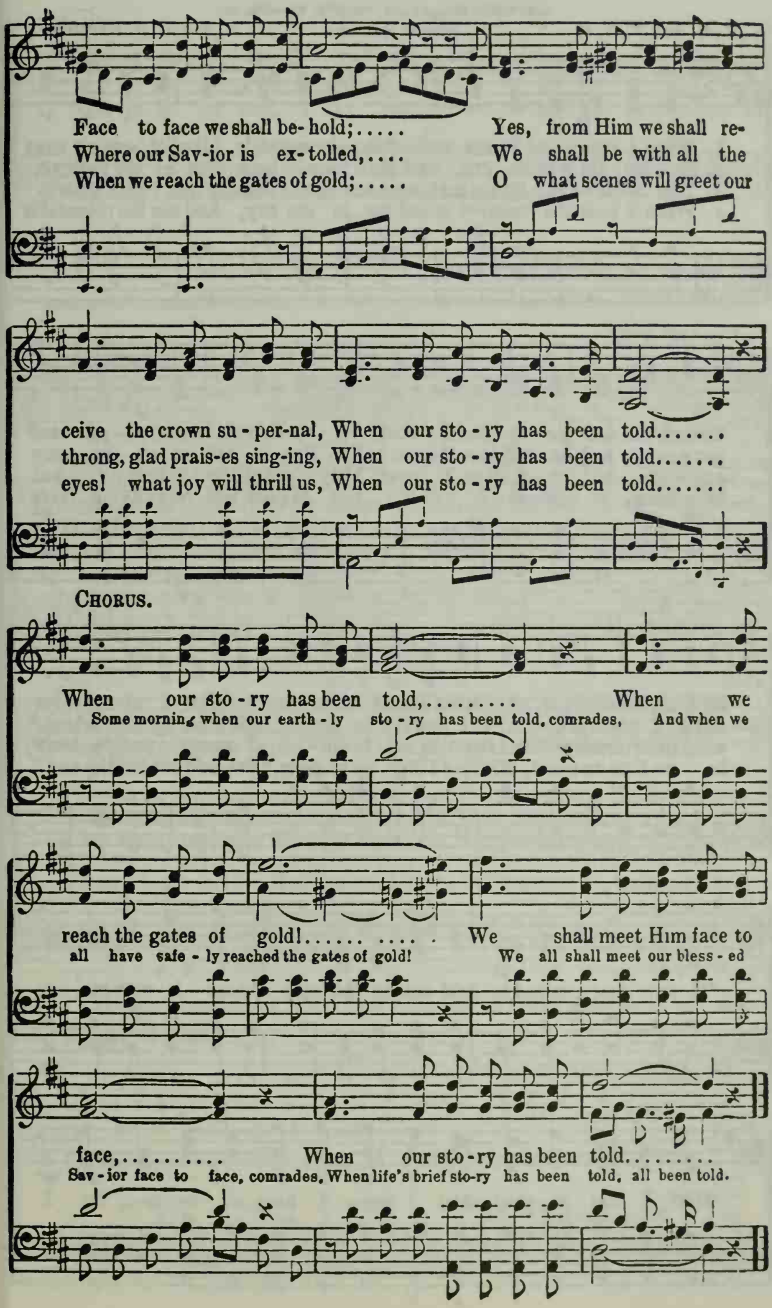
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

H. L. Harry Loper.

1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a-bove, When with life and its
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what He
3. Soon this brief life is ended, our work here is done. For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit-y be-hold; 'Tis the home of the
cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas-per, the streets are of gold;—
gives me to do, For the thought is re-fresh-ing as homeward I look;—
fleet-ing and few, Where loved ones have gathered no death ever comes;—
faith-ful and true, Where the Sa - vior a man-sion for me has prepared;—
CHORUS.
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I ex-pect to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, I want to go there,
Where loved ones are wait-ing in that home-land so fair, Where there's
nev-er a tri-al, a sor - row or care, I want to go there, don't you?

No. 136. When Our Story Has Been Told.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER. T. B. Mosley.

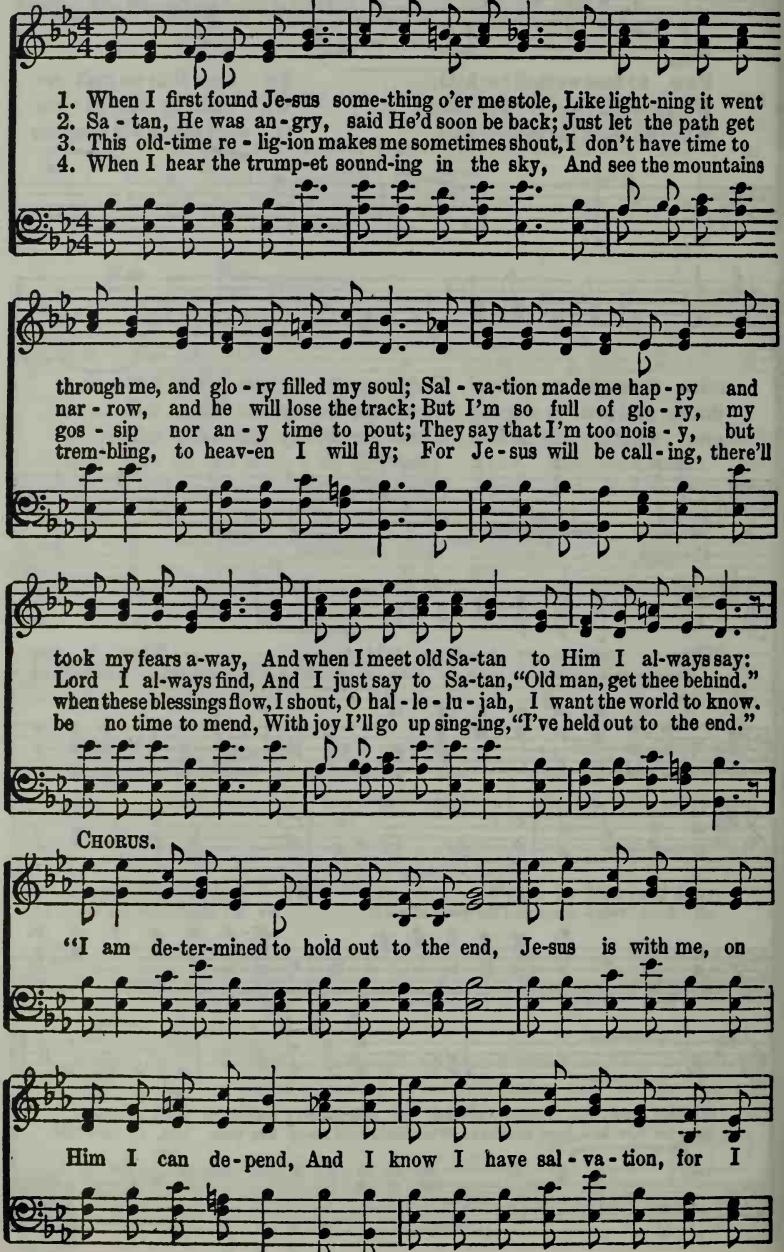

1. When our life's brief sto - ry here shall end for - ev - er, When the
2. When the bur - den of the day no lon-ger bounds us, When our
3. Let us trust and sweet-ly cling to Je - sus ev - er, Let us
storms shall beat no more; (beat no more;) With our Pi - lot we shall
tears shall all be dried; (all be dried;) In the pal - ace of the
fol - low where He leads; (where He leads;) Sure that if we trust Him
cross the mys - tic riv - er, To a fair - er, bright - er
King who now be-friends us, We shall all be sat - is-
He will leave us nev - er, But will fill the soul's deep
shore..... Then our tru-est, dear-est Friend, the King e - ter - nal,
fied ..... There, where hap-py songs of praise are ev - er ring-ing,
needs..... O be true, for per-fect peace at last will fill us,

When Our Story Has Been Told.

Face to face we shall be- hold;.....
Where our Sav-ior is ex- tolled,....
When we reach the gates of gold;.....
Yes, from Him we shall re-
We shall be with all the
O what scenes will greet our
ceive the crown su - per-nal, When our sto - ry has been told.....
throng, glad prais-es sing-ing, When our sto - ry has been told.....
eyes! what joy will thrill us, When our sto - ry has been told.....
CHORUS.
When our sto - ry has been told,..... When we
Some morning when our earth - ly sto - ry has been told, comrades, And when we
reach the gates of gold!..... We shall meet Him face to
all have safe - ly reached the gates of gold! We all shall meet our bless - ed
face,..... When our sto - ry has been told.....
Sav - ior face to face, comrades, When life's brief sto-ry has been told, all been told.

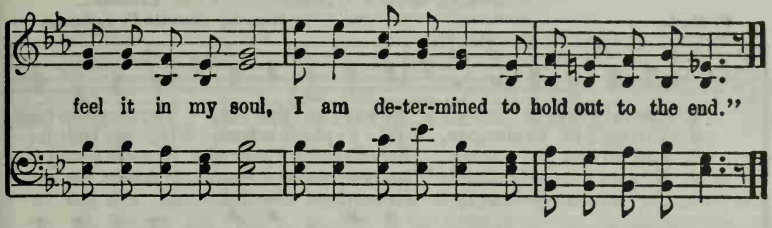
No. 137. I Am Determined to Hold Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY L. L. PICKETT, WILMORE, KY.

C. S. and T. P. H. USED BY PERMISSION. C. S. and T. P. Hamilton.


1. When I first found Je-sus some-thing o'er me stole, Like light-ning it went through me, and glo-ry filled my soul; Sal-va-tion made me hap-py and
2. Sa-tan, He was an-gry, said He'd soon be back; Just let the path get nar-row, and he will lose the track; But I'm so full of glo-ry, my
3. This old-time re-lig-ion makes me sometimes shout, I don't have time to gos-sip nor an-y time to pout; They say that I'm too nois-y, but
4. When I hear the trump-et sound-ing in the sky, And see the mountains trem-bling, to heav-en I will fly; For Je-sus will be call-ing, there'll
took my fears a-way, And when I meet old Sa-tan to Him I al-ways say:
Lord I al-ways find, And I just say to Sa-tan, "Old man, get thee behind."
when these blessings flow, I shout, O hal-le-lu-jah, I want the world to know.
be no time to mend, With joy I'll go up sing-ing, "I've held out to the end."
CHORUS.
"I am de-ter-mined to hold out to the end, Je-sus is with me, on
Him I can de-pend, And I know I have sal-va-tion, for I

I Am Determined to Hold Out.

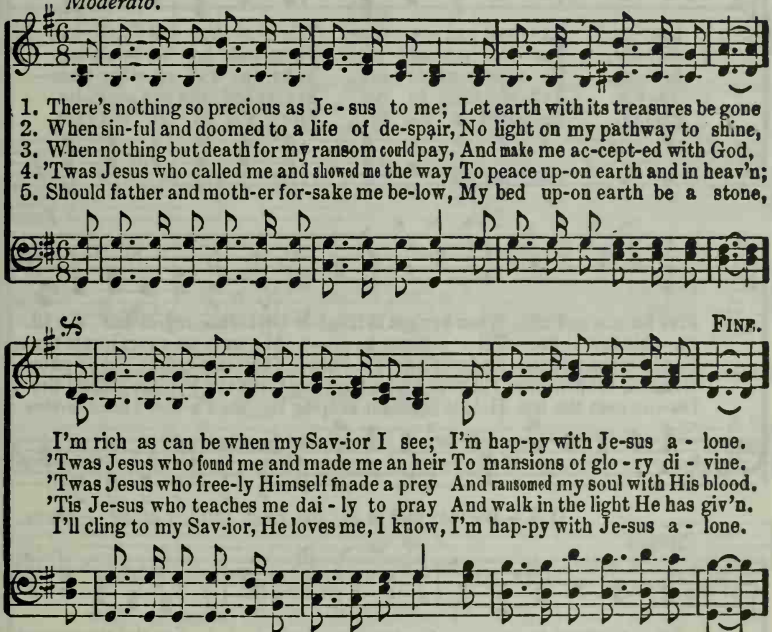


No. 138. I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

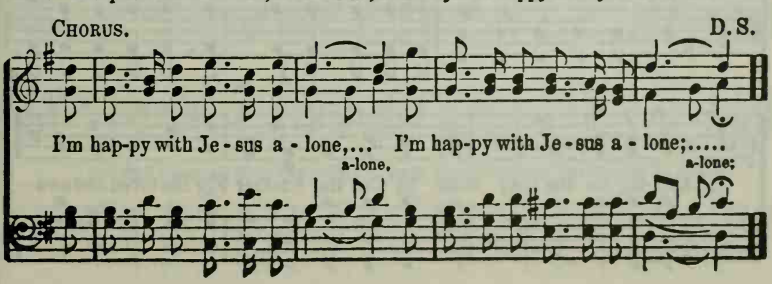
"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—JER. 17:7.

C. P. J. Chas. P. Jones.

Moderato.


1. There's nothing so precious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone
2. When sin-ful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,
4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace up-on earth and in heav'n;
5. Should father and moth-er for-sake me be-low, My bed up-on earth be a stone,
FINE.
I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.
'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo - ry di - vine.
'Twas Jesus who free-ly Himself made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
'Tis Je-sus who teaches me dai - ly to pray And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'll cling to my Sav-ior, He loves me, I know, I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

D.S.—*Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm happy with Je-sus a - lone.*

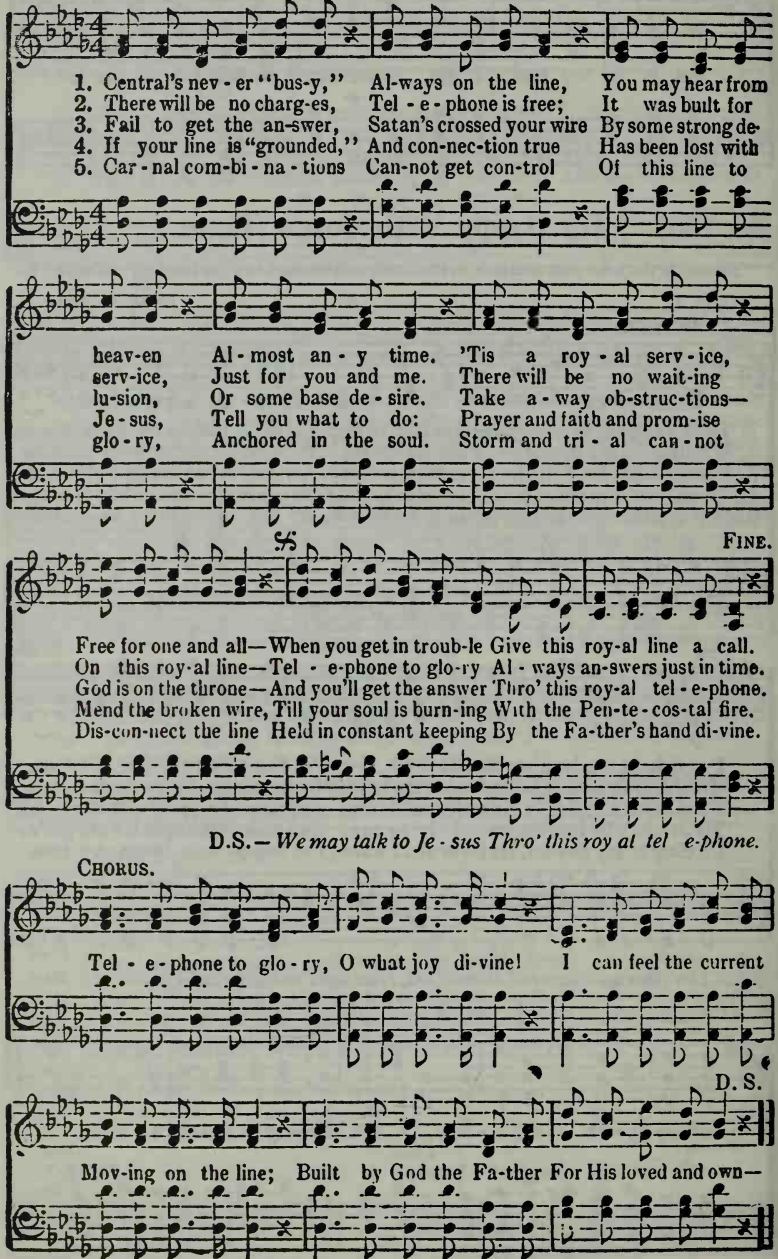


No. 139. The Royal Telephone.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY F. M. LEHMAN.

F. M. Lehman.

F. M. L. Har. by Claudia F. Lehman.


1. Central's nev - er "bus-y," Al-ways on the line, You may hear from
2. There will be no charg-es, Tel - e - phone is free; It was built for
3. Fail to get the an-swer, Satan's crossed your wire By some strong de-
4. If your line is "grounded," And con-nec-tion true Has been lost with
5. Car - nal com-bi - na - tions Can-not get con-trol Of this line to
heav-en Al - most an - y time. 'Tis a roy - al serv - ice,
serv-ice, Just for you and me. There will be no wait-ing
lu-sion, Or some base de - sire. Take a - way ob-struc-tions—
Je - sus, Tell you what to do: Prayer and faith and prom-ise
glo - ry, Anchored in the soul. Storm and tri - al can - not
FINE.
Free for one and all—When you get in troub-le Give this roy-al line a call.
On this roy-al line—Tel - e-phone to glo-ry Al - ways an-swers just in time.
God is on the throne—And you'll get the answer Thro' this roy-al tel - e-phone.
Mend the broken wire, Till your soul is burn-ing With the Pen-te - cos-tal fire.
Dis-con-nect the line Held in constant keeping By the Fa-ther's hand di-vine.
D.S.—We may talk to Je - sus Thro' this roy al tel e-phone.
CHORUS.
Tel - e - phone to glo - ry, O what joy di-vine! I can feel the current
D. S.
Mov-ing on the line; Built by God the Fa-ther For His loved and own—

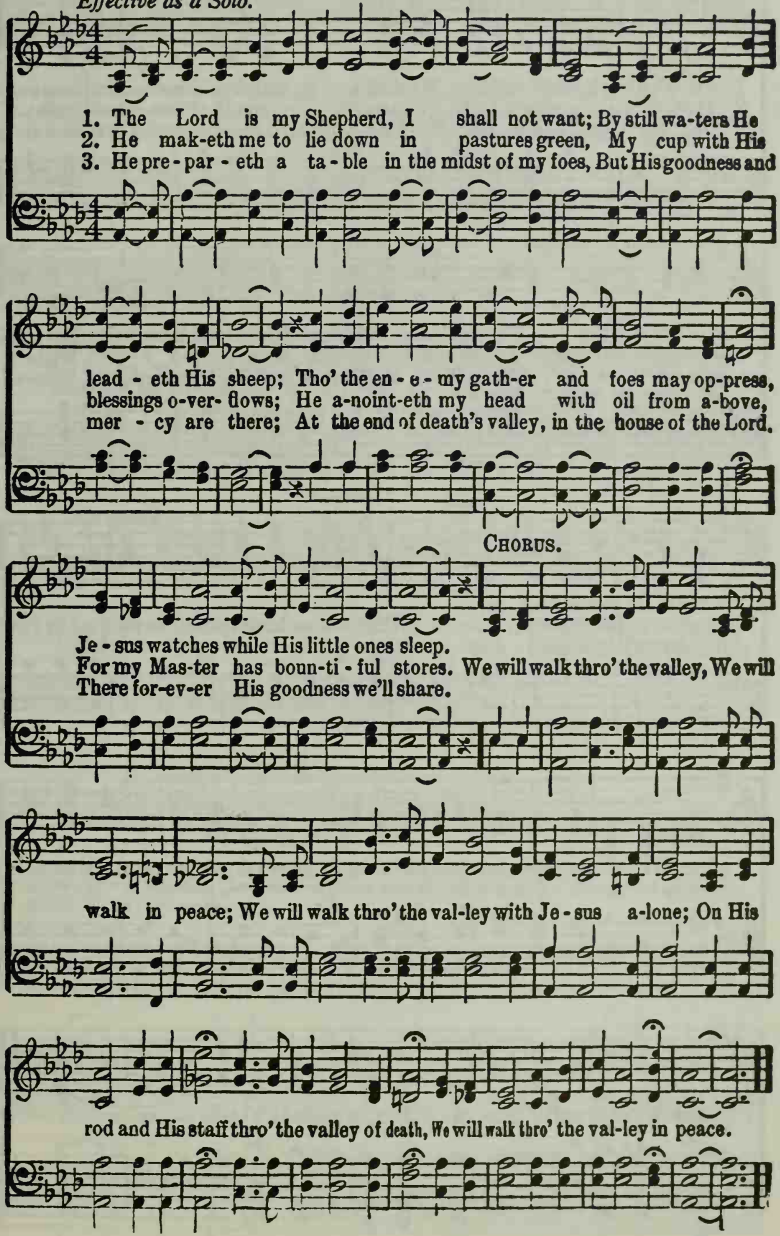
No. 140. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

Dedicated to my Mother, June, 1919.

COPYRIGHT, 1921. USED BY PERMISSION.

23rd Psalm. Words and Music by Lucie E. Campbell.

Effective as a Solo.

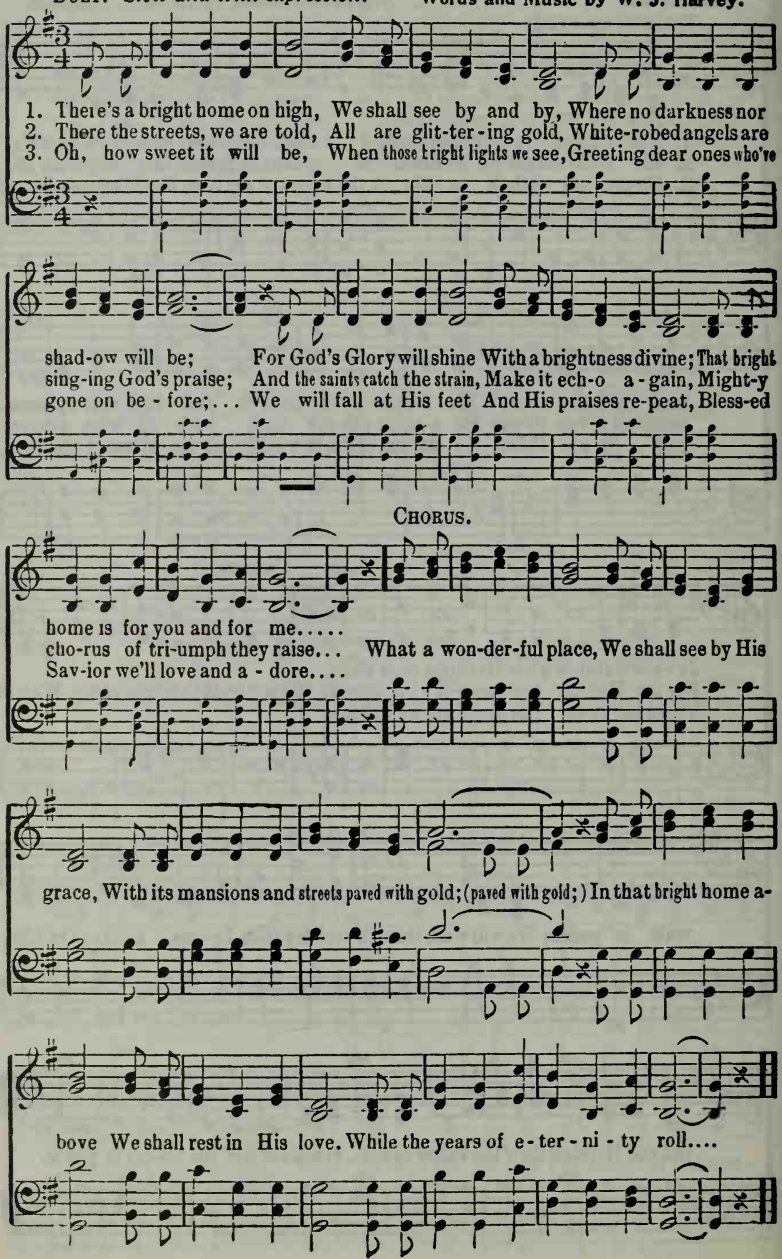

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; By still wa-ters He
2. He mak-eth me to lie down in pastures green, My cup with His
3. He pre-par-eth a ta-ble in the midst of my foes, But His goodness and
lead-eth His sheep; Tho' the en-e-my gath-er and foes may op-press,
blessings o-ver-flows; He a-noint-eth my head with oil from a-bove,
mer-cy are there; At the end of death's valley, in the house of the Lord.
CHORUS.
Je-sus watches while His little ones sleep.
For my Mas-ter has boun-ti-ful stores. We will walk thro' the valley, We will
There for-ev-er His goodness we'll share.
walk in peace; We will walk thro' the val-ley with Je-sus a-lone; On His
rod and His staff thro' the valley of death, We will walk thro' the val-ley in peace.

No. 141. A Wonderful Place.

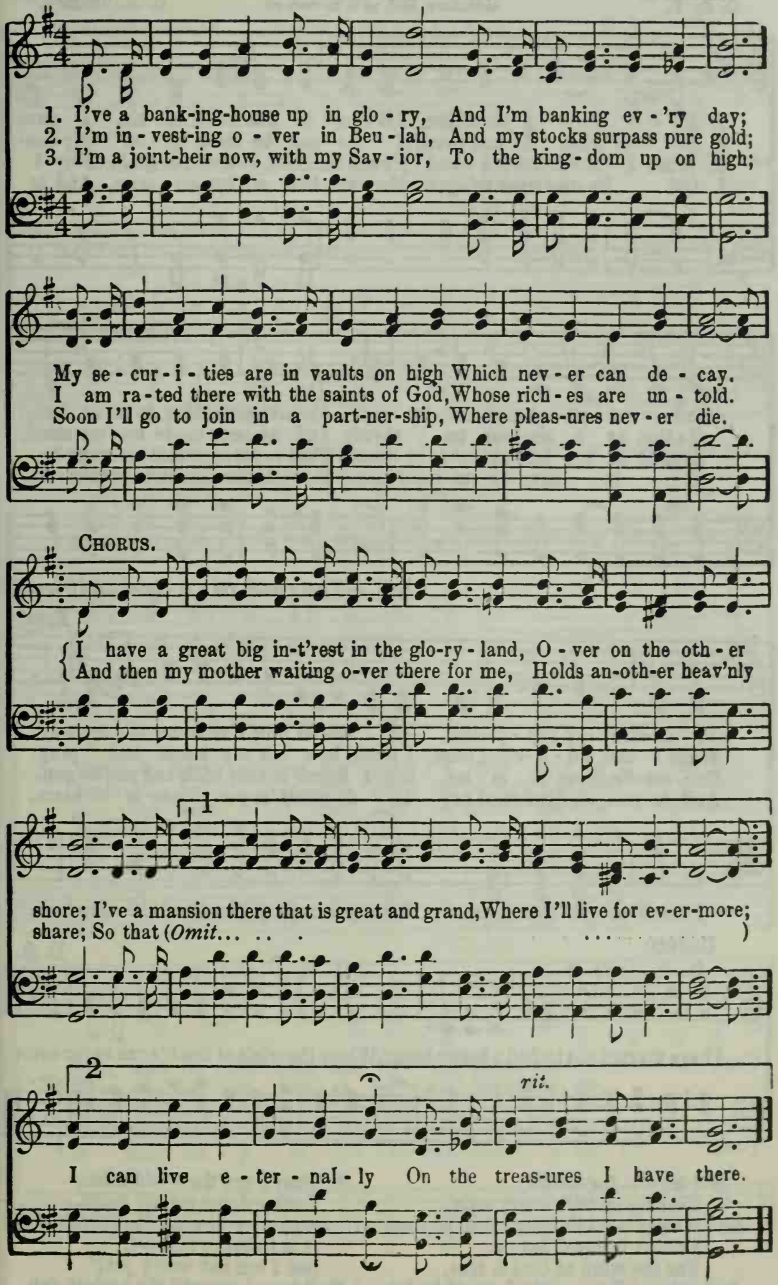
Dedicated to the Metropolitan Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

USED BY PERMISSION.

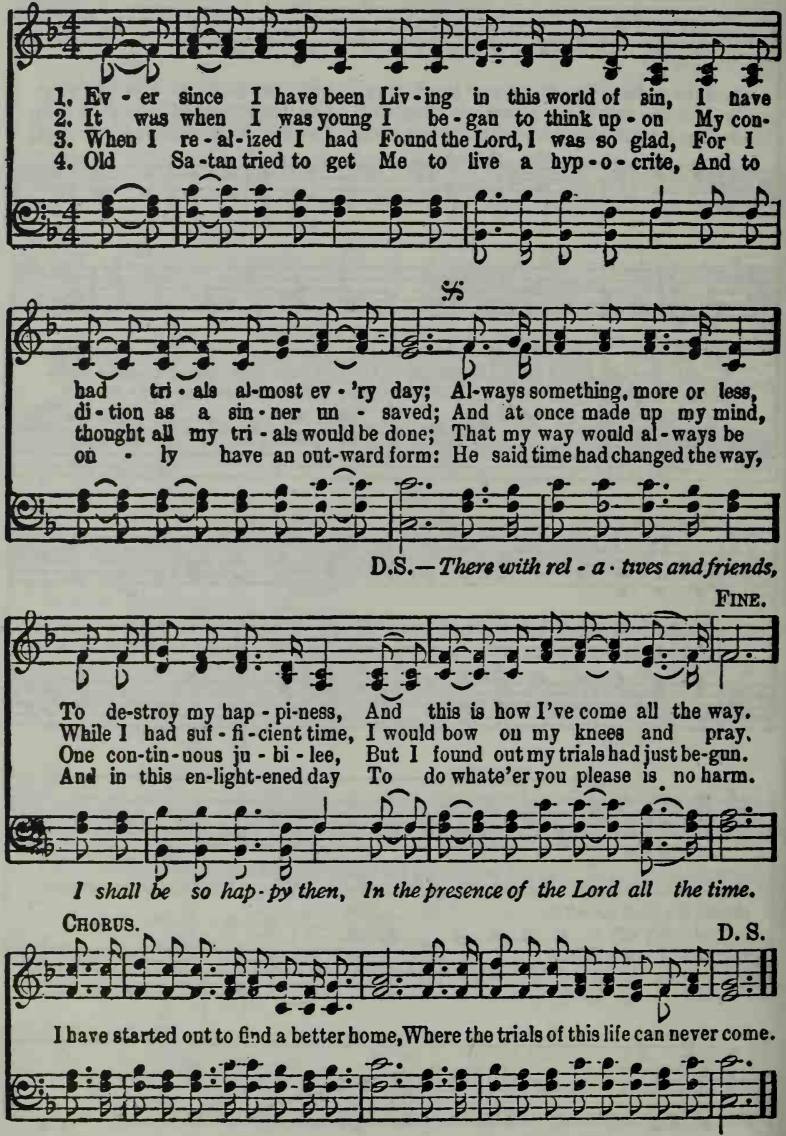
DUET. *Slow and with expression.* **Words and Music by W. J. Harvey.**


1. There's a bright home on high, We shall see by and by, Where no darkness nor
2. There the streets, we are told, All are glit-ter-ing gold, White-robed angels are
3. Oh, how sweet it will be, When those bright lights we see, Greeting dear ones who're
shad-ow will be; For God's Glory will shine With a brightness divine; That bright
sing-ing God's praise; And the saints catch the strain, Make it ech-o a-gain, Might-y
gone on be-fore;... We will fall at His feet And His praises re-peat, Bless-ed
CHORUS.
home is for you and for me.....
cho-rus of tri-umph they raise... What a won-der-ful place, We shall see by His
Sav-ior we'll love and a-dore....
grace, With its mansions and streets paved with gold; (paved with gold;) In that bright home a-
bove We shall rest in His love. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll....

No. 142. Big Business In Glory.

E. C. D. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. C. DEAS. E. C. Deas.

1. I've a bank-ing-house up in glo - ry, And I'm banking ev - 'ry day;
2. I'm in - vest-ing o - ver in Beu - lah, And my stocks surpass pure gold;
3. I'm a joint-heir now, with my Sav - ior, To the king - dom up on high;
My se - cur - i - ties are in vaults on high Which nev - er can de - cay.
I am ra - ted there with the saints of God, Whose rich - es are un - told.
Soon I'll go to join in a part-ner-ship, Where pleas-ures nev - er die.
CHORUS.
I have a great big in-t'rest in the glo-ry - land, O - ver on the oth - er
And then my mother waiting o-ver there for me, Holds an-oth-er heav'nly
1
shore; I've a mansion there that is great and grand, Where I'll live for ev-er-more;
share; So that (Omit... .. . ...)
2
rit.
I can live e - ter - nal - ly On the treas-ures I have there.

No. 143. A Better Home.

C. A. T. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. A. TINDLEY. C. A. Tindley.

1. Ev - er since I have been Liv - ing in this world of sin, I have had tri - als al-most ev - 'ry day; Al-ways something, more or less,
2. It was when I was young I be - gan to think up - on My con- di - tion as a sin - ner un - saved; And at once made up my mind,
3. When I re - al - ized I had Found the Lord, I was so glad, For I thought all my tri - als would be done; That my way would al - ways be
4. Old Sa - tan tried to get Me to live a hyp - o - crite, And to on - ly have an out-ward form: He said time had changed the way,
D.S.—There with rel - a - tives and friends,
FINE.
To de-stroy my hap - pi-ness, And this is how I've come all the way.
While I had suf - fi - cient time, I would bow on my knees and pray.
One con-tin-uous ju - bi - lee, But I found out my trials had just be-gun.
And in this en-light-ened day To do whate'er you please is no harm.
I shall be so hap - py then, In the presence of the Lord all the time.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I have started out to find a better home, Where the trials of this life can never come.

5 I tried it for awhile,
Keeping up with every style,
And was trying to get the crown without the cross.
I found it would not do;
For the word of God is true,
And unless I live upright I would be lost.

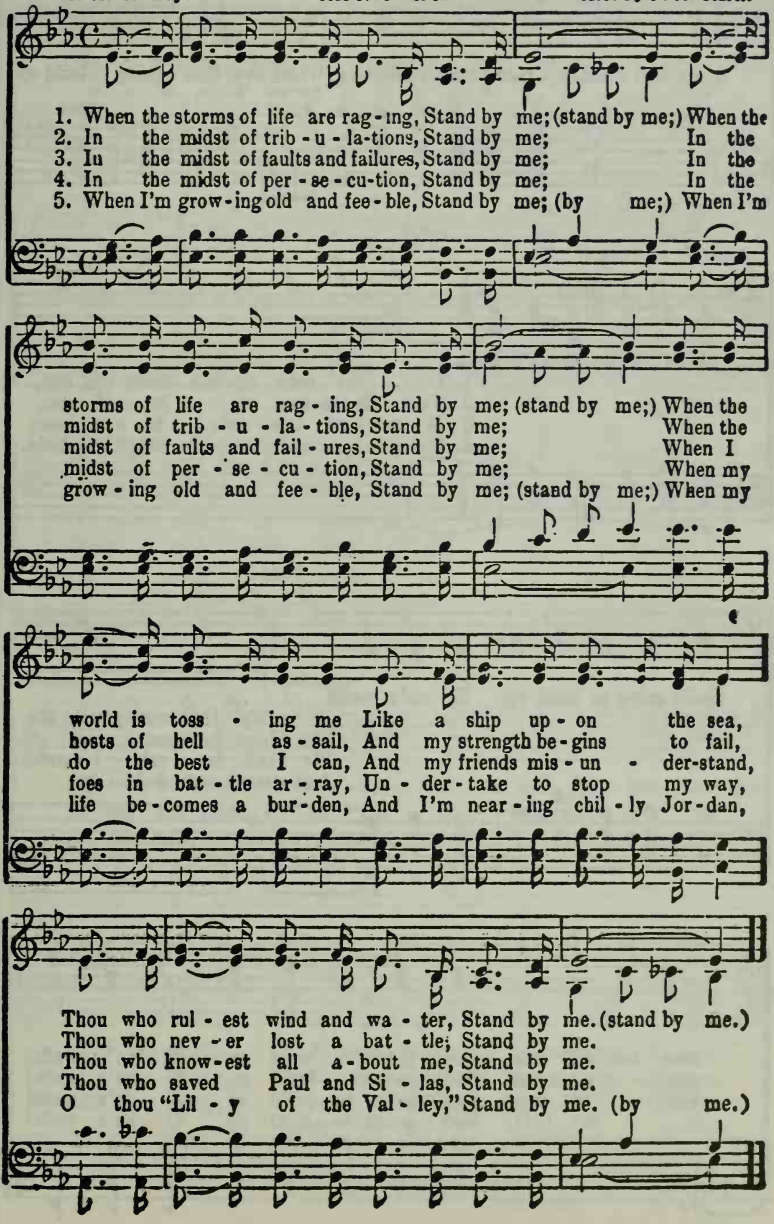
6 Then I put the world aside,
Taking Jesus for my guide,
I began to try to walk the narrow way.
It is tedious, I admit,
But I am not weary yet;
I shall travel on until the perfect day.

SPIRITUALS.

No. 144. Stand By Me.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY. USED BY PERMISSION.

C. A. Tindley. Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When the
2. In the midst of trib - u - la-tions, Stand by me; In the
3. In the midst of faults and failures, Stand by me; In the
4. In the midst of per - se - cu-tion, Stand by me; In the
5. When I'm grow-ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me; (by me;) When I'm
storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When the
midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me; When the
midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me; When I
midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me; When my
grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When my
world is toss - ing me Like a ship up - on the sea,
hosts of hell as - sail, And my strength be - gins to fail,
do the best I can, And my friends mis - un - der-stand,
foes in bat - tle ar - ray, Un - der - take to stop my way,
life be - comes a bur - den, And I'm near - ing chil - ly Jor - dan,
Thou who rul - est wind and wa - ter, Stand by me. (stand by me.)
Thou who nev - er lost a bat - tle; Stand by me.
Thou who know - est all a - bout me, Stand by me.
Thou who saved Paul and Si - las, Stand by me.
O thou "Lil - y of the Val - ley," Stand by me. (by me.)

No. 145. Great Day.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

Intrepido. *Sempre.* *ff* Arr. by Work Brothers.

Great day! great day, the righteous marching. Great day! God's going to build up

1 FINE. 2 SOLO.

Zi - on's walls; Zi - on's walls.....

1. Char - iot rode on the moun-tain top,
2. This is the day of ju - bi - lee,
3. We want no cow - ards in our band,
4. Going to take my breast-plate, sword and shield,

SOLO.

God's going to build up Zi - on's walls!.....

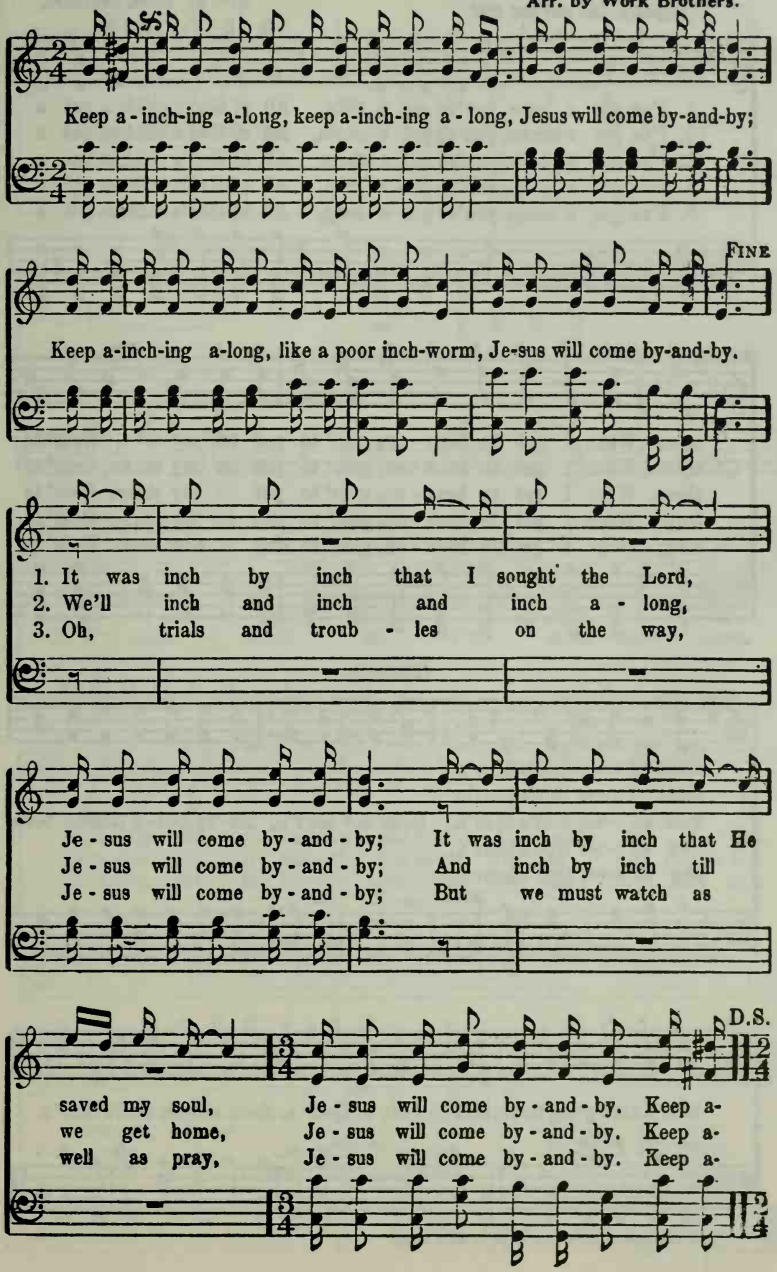
My God spoke and the
The Lord has set His
We call for val - i - ant-
And march out bold - ly

D. C.

char - iot did stop, God's going to build up Zi - on's walls!
peo - ple free, God's going to build up Zi - on's walls!
heart - ed men, God's going to build up Zi - on's walls!
in the field, God's going to build up Zi - on's walls!

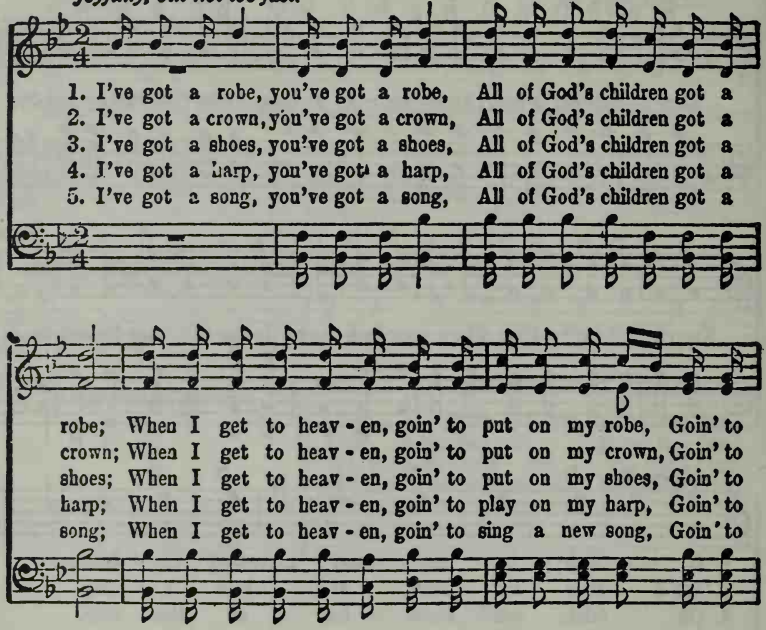
No. 146 Inching Along.

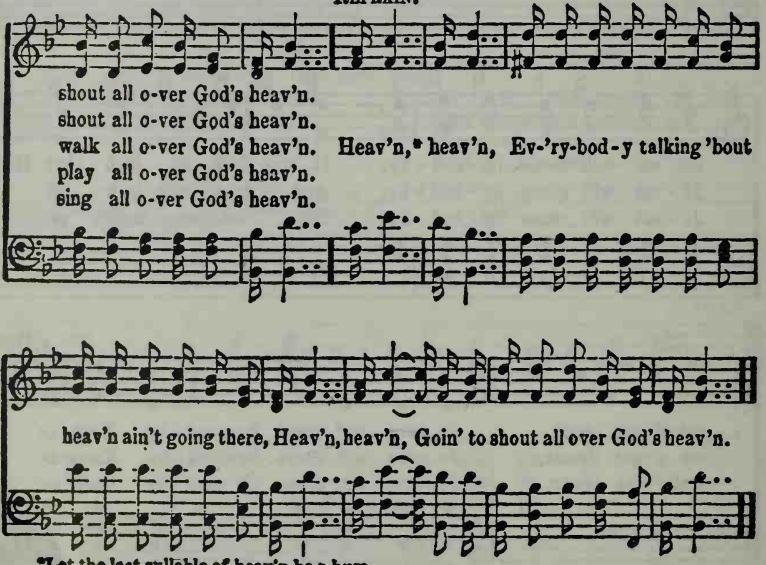
USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

Arr. by Work Brothers.

Keep a - inch-ing a-long, keep a-inch-ing a - long, Jesus will come by-and-by;
FINE
Keep a-inch-ing a-long, like a poor inch-worm, Je-sus will come by-and-by.
1. It was inch by inch that I sought the Lord,
2. We'll inch and inch and inch a - long,
3. Oh, trials and troub - les on the way,
Je - sus will come by - and - by; It was inch by inch that He
Je - sus will come by - and - by; And inch by inch till
Je - sus will come by - and - by; But we must watch as
D.S.
saved my soul, Je - sus will come by - and - by. Keep a-
we get home, Je - sus will come by - and - by. Keep a-
well as pray, Je - sus will come by - and - by. Keep a-

No. 147. Going to Shout All Over God's Heav'n.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

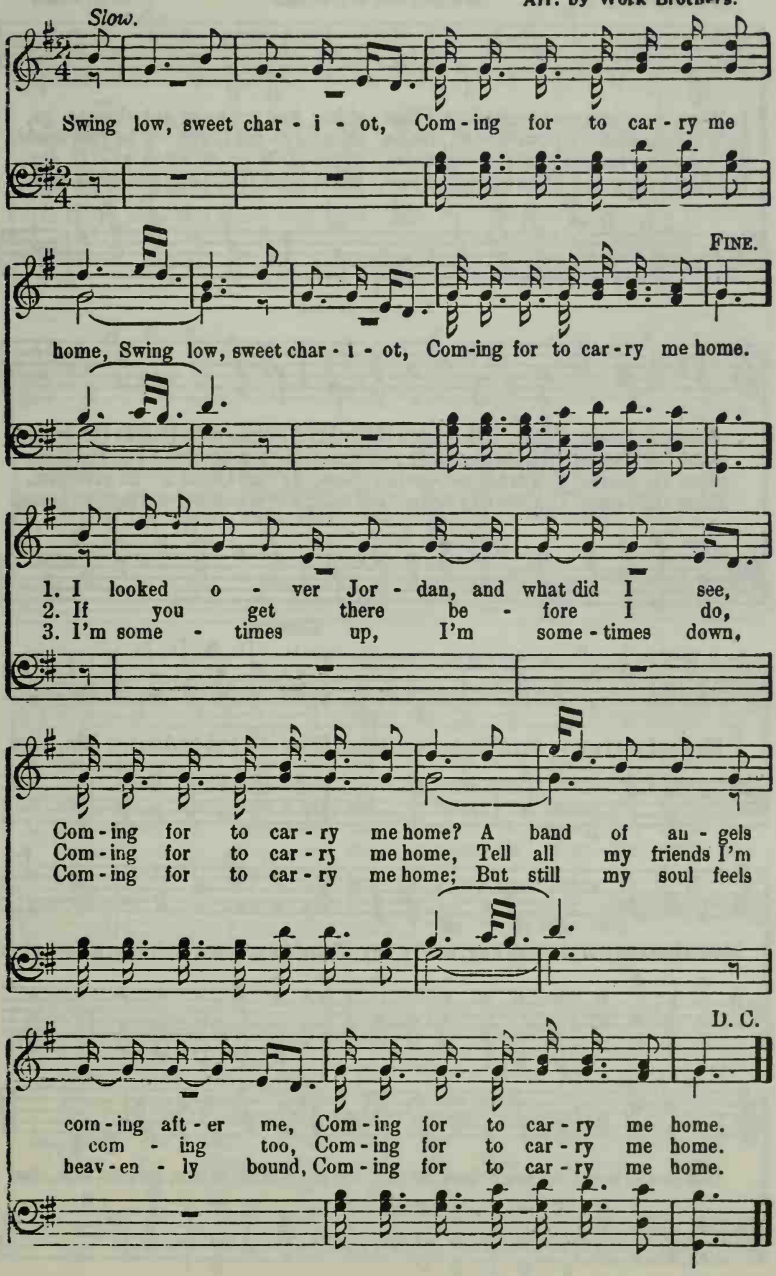
Joyfully, but not too fast. Arr. by Work Brothers.

1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children got a
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children got a
3. I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes, All of God's children got a
4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children got a
5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children got a
robe; When I get to heav - en, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to
crown; When I get to heav - en, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to
shoes; When I get to heav - en, goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to
harp; When I get to heav - en, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to
song; When I get to heav - en, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to

REFRAIN.

shout all o-ver God's heav'n.
shout all o-ver God's heav'n.
walk all o-ver God's heav'n. Heav'n,* heav'n, Ev-'ry-bod-y talking 'bout
play all o-ver God's heav'n.
sing all o-ver God's heav'n.
heav'n ain't going there, Heav'n, heav'n, Goin' to shout all over God's heav'n.

*Let the last syllable of heav'n be a hum.

No. 148. Swing Low.

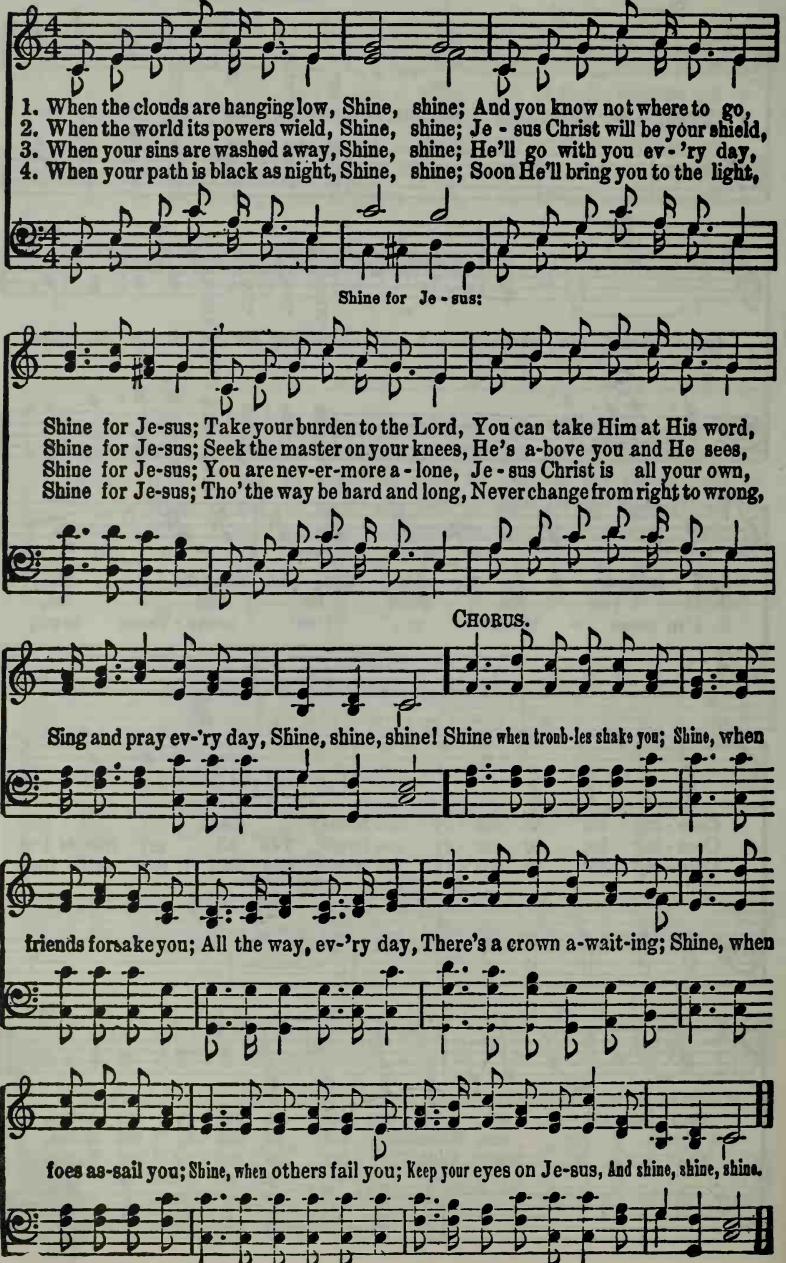
USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

Arr. by Work Brothers.

Slow.
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me
FINE.
home, Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. I'm some - times up, I'm some - times down,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Com - ing for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
Com - ing for to car - ry me home; But still my soul feels
D. C.
com - ing aft - er me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

No. 149. Shine for Jesus.

(JUBILEE.)

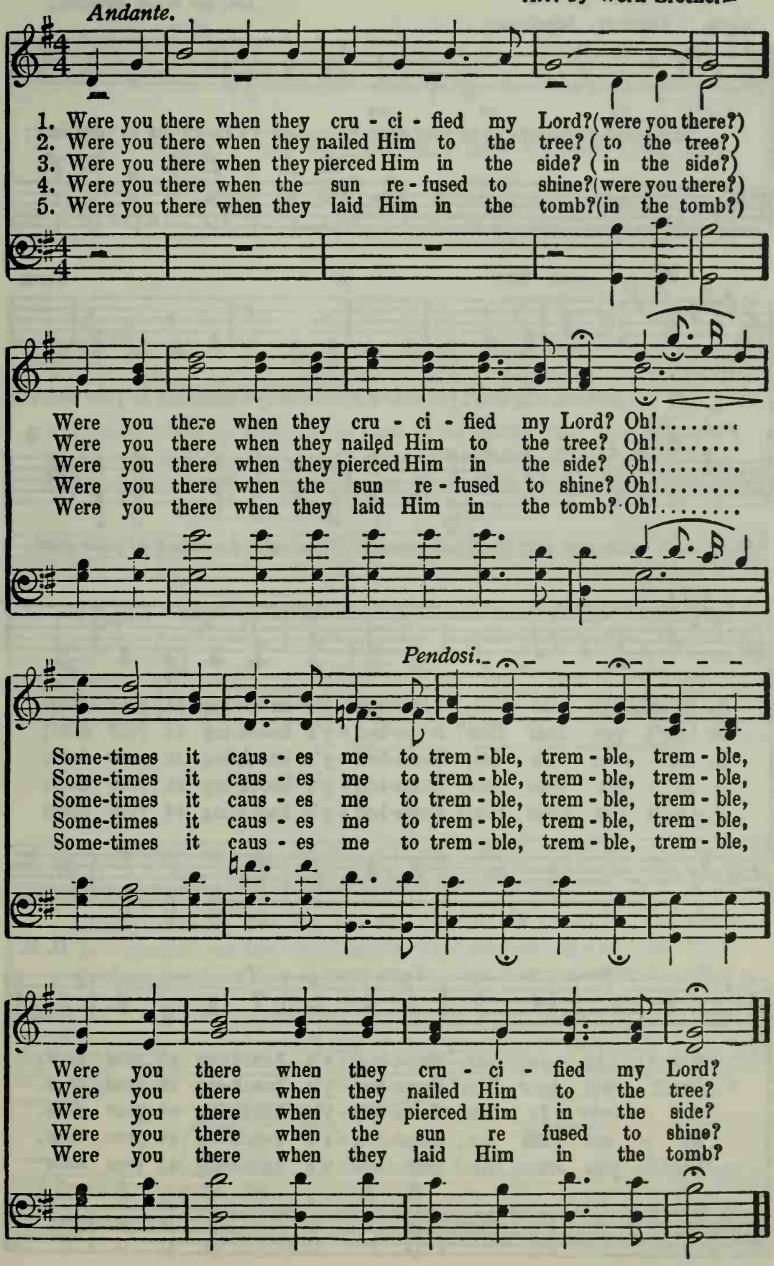
Julian Alford. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. DEAS. E. O. Deas.


1. When the clouds are hanging low, Shine, shine; And you know not where to go,
2. When the world its powers wield, Shine, shine; Je - sus Christ will be your shield,
3. When your sins are washed away, Shine, shine; He'll go with you ev - 'ry day,
4. When your path is black as night, Shine, shine; Soon He'll bring you to the light,
Shine for Je - sus:
Shine for Je-sus; Take your burden to the Lord, You can take Him at His word,
Shine for Je-sus; Seek the master on your knees, He's a-bove you and He sees,
Shine for Je-sus; You are nev-er-more a - lone, Je - sus Christ is all your own,
Shine for Je-sus; Tho' the way be hard and long, Never change from right to wrong,
CHORUS.
Sing and pray ev-'ry day, Shine, shine, shine! Shine when troub-les shake you; Shine, when
friends forsake you; All the way, ev-'ry day, There's a crown a-wait-ing; Shine, when
foes as-sail you; Shine, when others fail you; Keep your eyes on Je-sus, And shine, shine, shine.

No. 150. Were You There?

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS

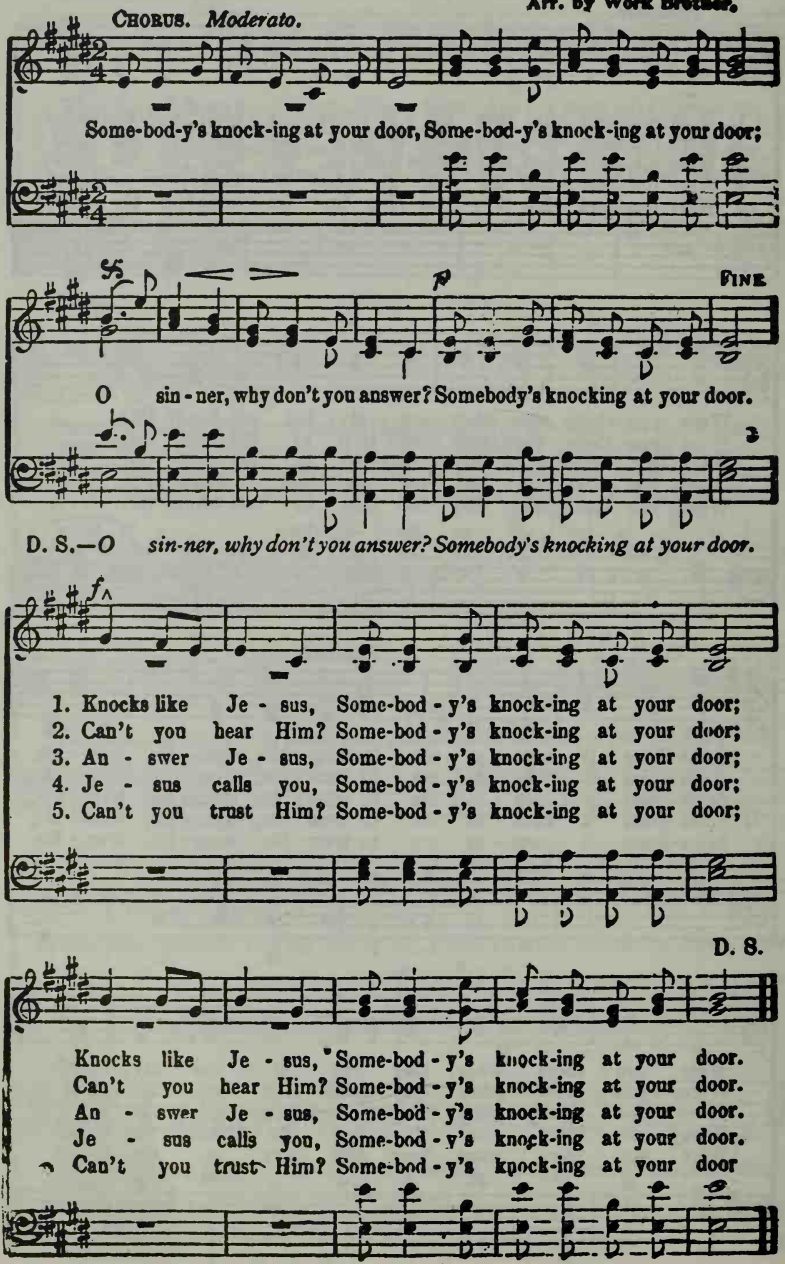
Arr. by Work Brothers.

Andante.

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?(were you there?)
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (to the tree?)
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? (in the side?)
4. Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?(were you there?)
5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?(in the tomb?)
Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh!.....
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh!.....
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh!.....
Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? Oh!.....
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh!.....
Pendosi.
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
Were you there when the sun re fused to shine?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

No. 151 Somebody's Knocking At Your Door.

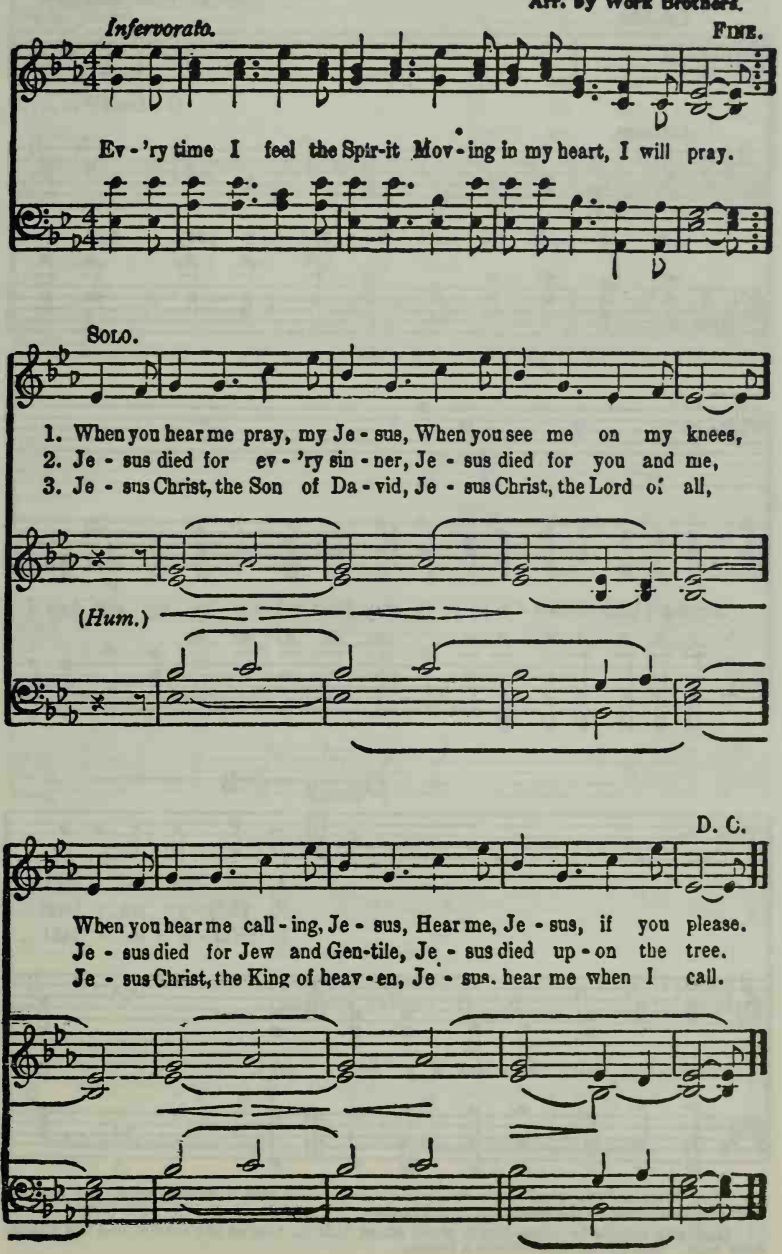
USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

Arr. by Work Brother.


CHORUS. Moderato.
Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door, Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door;
FINE
O sin-ner, why don't you answer? Somebody's knocking at your door.
D. S.—O sin-ner, why don't you answer? Somebody's knocking at your door.
1. Knocks like Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door;
2. Can't you hear Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door;
3. An - swer Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door;
4. Je - sus calls you, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door;
5. Can't you trust Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door;
D. S.
Knocks like Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Can't you hear Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
An - swer Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Je - sus calls you, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Can't you trust Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door

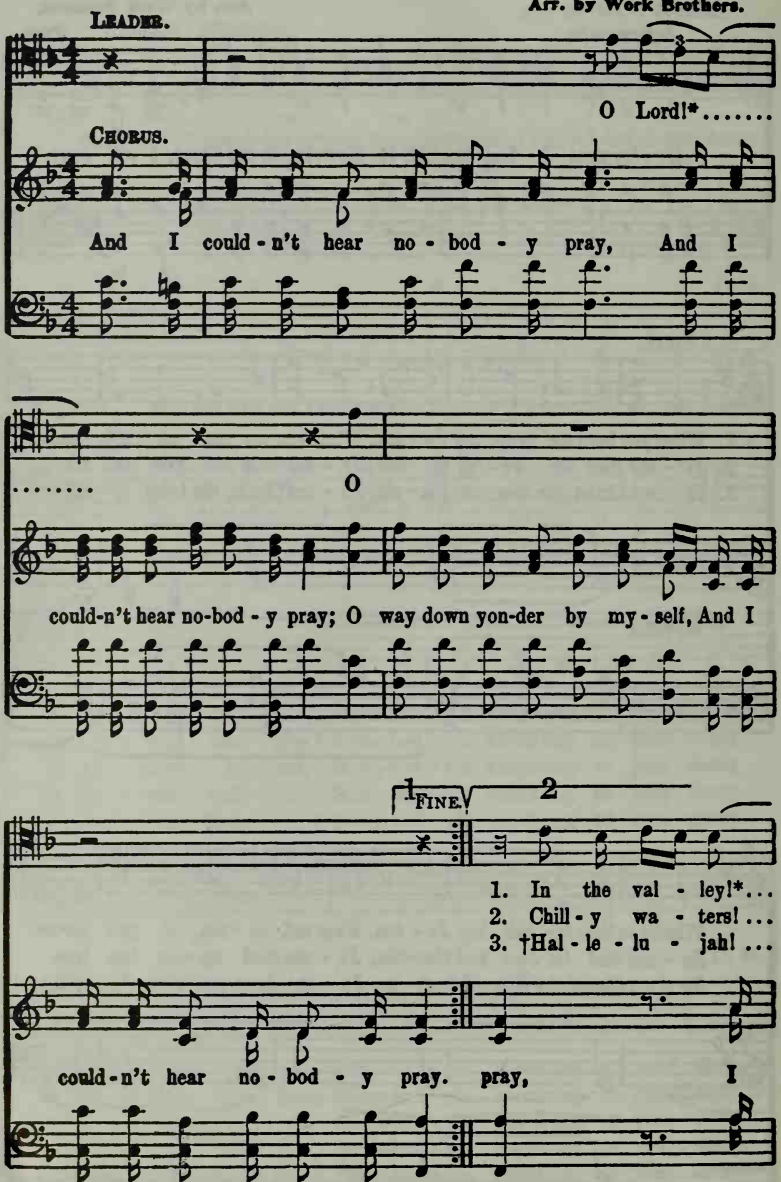
No. 152. I Will Pray.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

Arr. by Work Brothers.

Infervorato.
FINE.
Ev - 'ry time I feel the Spir-it Mov - ing in my heart, I will pray.
SOLO.
1. When you hear me pray, my Je - sus, When you see me on my knees,
2. Je - sus died for ev - 'ry sin - ner, Je - sus died for you and me,
3. Je - sus Christ, the Son of Da - vid, Je - sus Christ, the Lord of all,
(Hum.)
D. C.
When you hear me call - ing, Je - sus, Hear me, Je - sus, if you please.
Je - sus died for Jew and Gen-tile, Je - sus died up - on the tree.
Je - sus Christ, the King of heav - en, Je - sus. hear me when I call.

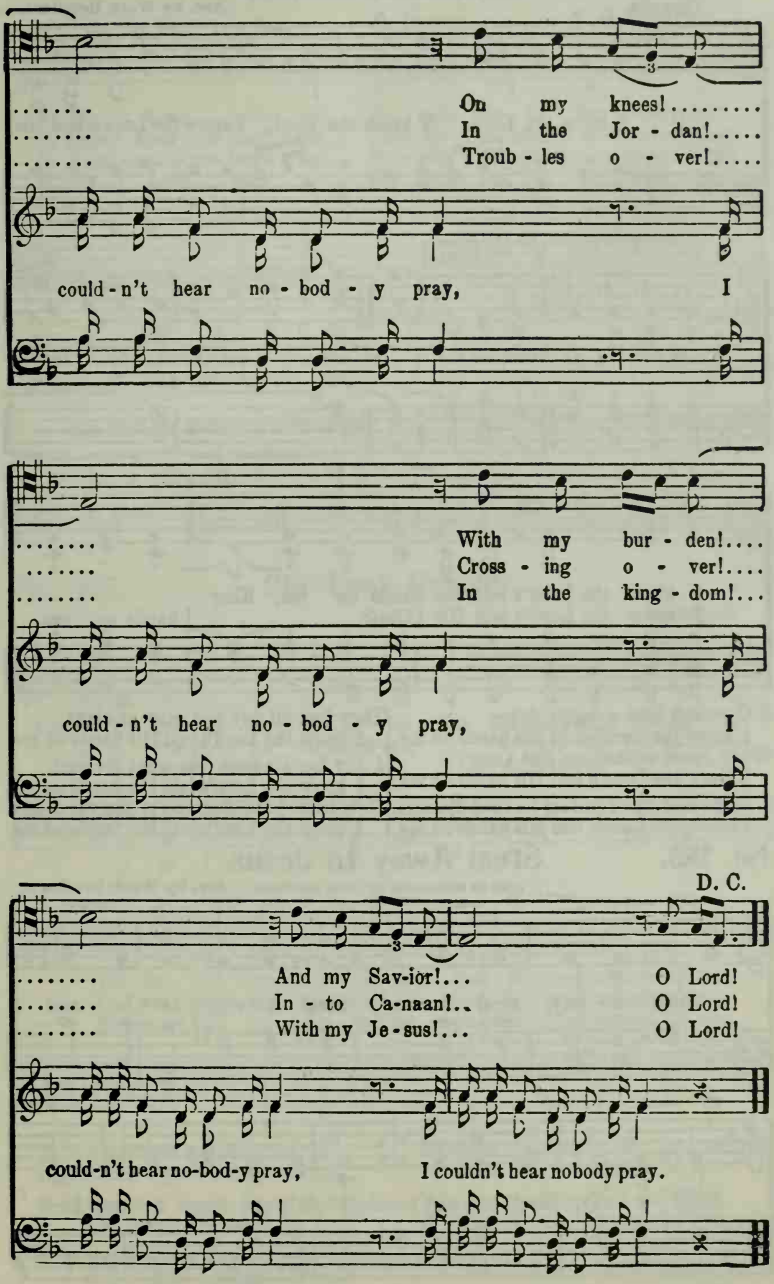
No. 153. I Gouldn't Hear Nobody Pray.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

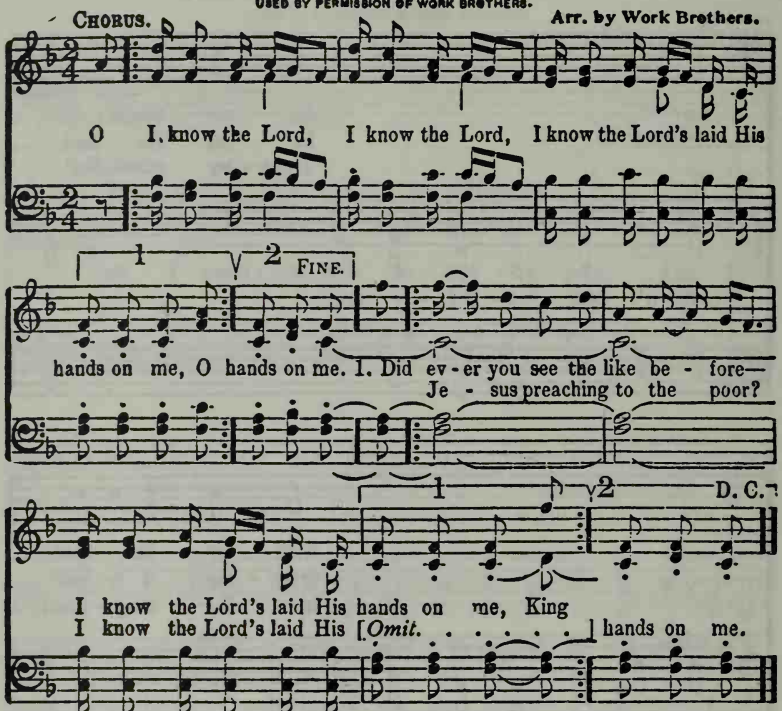
Arr. by Work Brothers.

*The interjections used here are not the only ones which can be used, but may be changed according to the emotions of the leader.

†Let this stanza be exceedingly slow, about half as fast as the others, and the chorus very soft. But go into the refrain a tempo.

I Gouldn't Hear Nobody Pray.


On my knees!.....
In the Jor - dan!.....
Troub - les o - ver!.....
could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, I
With my bur - den!....
Cross - ing o - ver!....
In the king - dom!...
could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, I
D. C.
And my Sav-ior!... O Lord!
In - to Ca-naan!.. O Lord!
With my Je - sus!... O Lord!
could-n't hear no-bod-y pray, I couldn't hear nobody pray.

No. 154. I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

CHORUS.
Arr. by Work Brothers.
O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His
1
2
FINE.
hands on me, O hands on me. 1. Did ev - er you see the like be - fore—
Je - sus preaching to the poor?
1
2
D. C.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, King
I know the Lord's laid His [Omit. hands on me.

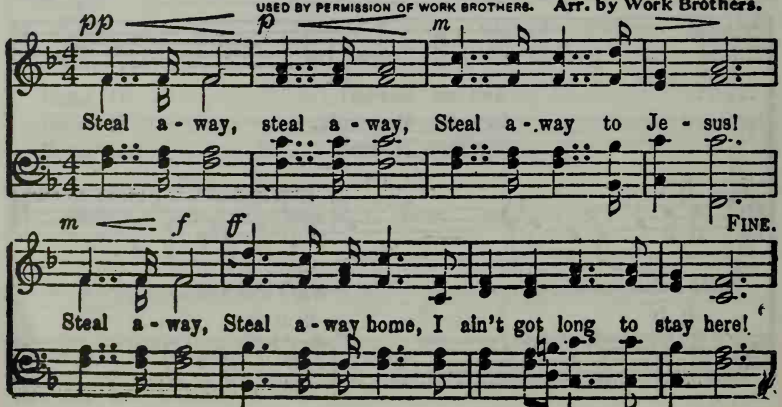
2 O wasn't that a happy day—
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me,
When Jesus washed my sins away?
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.

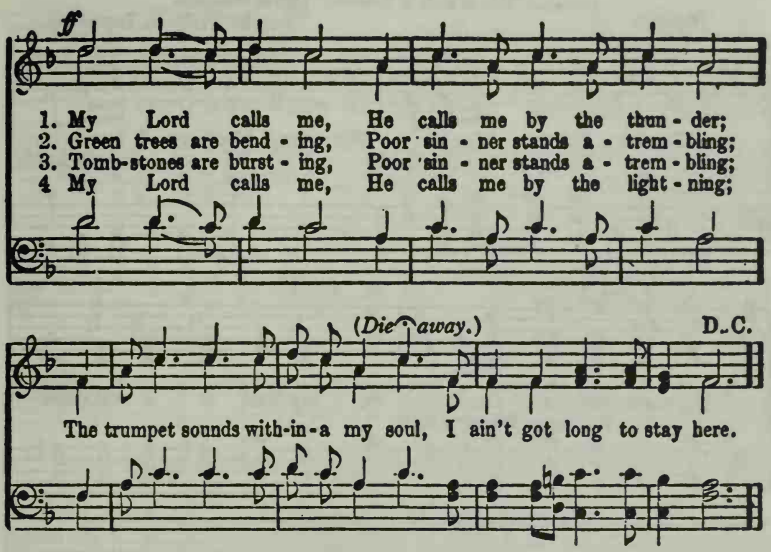
3 Some seek the Lord and don't seek Him right,
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me,
They fool all day and pray at night,
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.

4 My Lord's done just what He said,
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me,
He's healed the sick and raised the dead,
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.

No. 155. Steal Away to Jesus.

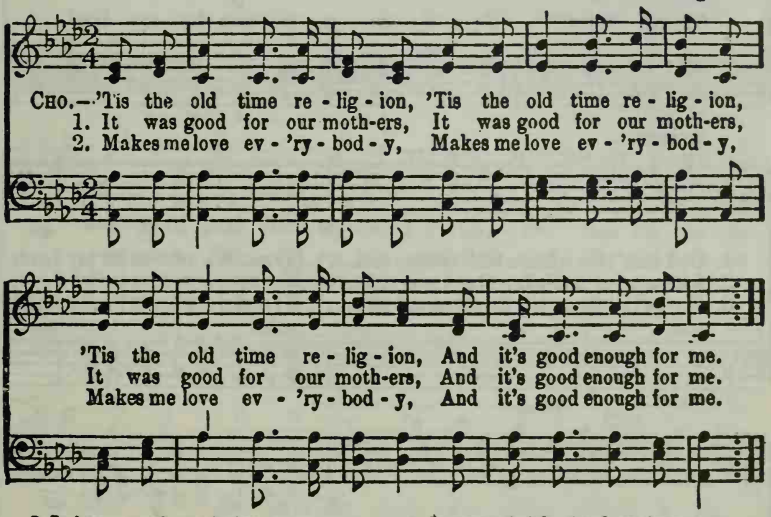
USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS. Arr. by Work Brothers.



Steal Away to Jesus.

ff
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem - bling;
3. Tomb-stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem - bling;
4 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;
(Die away.)
D. C.
The trumpet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

No. 156. Old Time Religion.

Arranged.


Cho.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good enough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good enough for me.

3 It has sav-ed our fathers,
And it's good enough for me.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
And it's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
And it's good enough for me.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And it's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
And it's good enough for me.

8 It will do when I am dying,
And it's good enough for me.

No. 157. Witness For My Lord.

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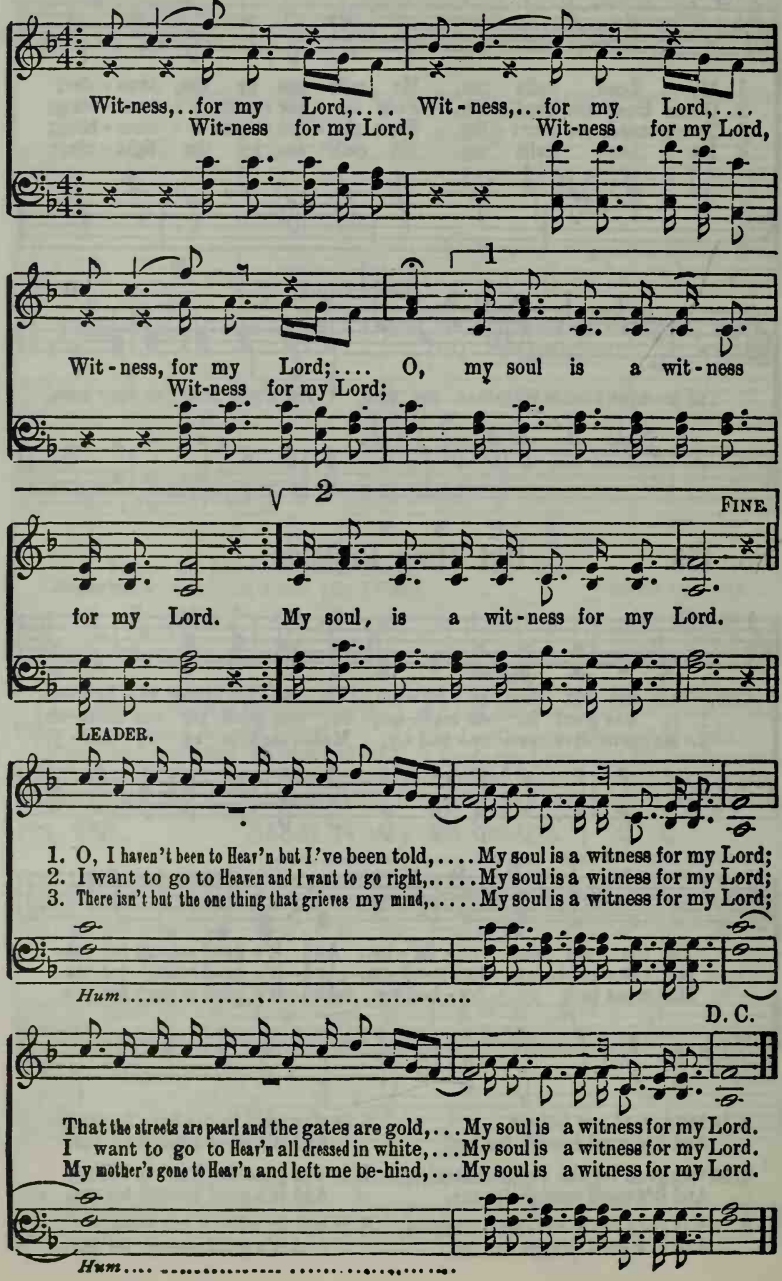
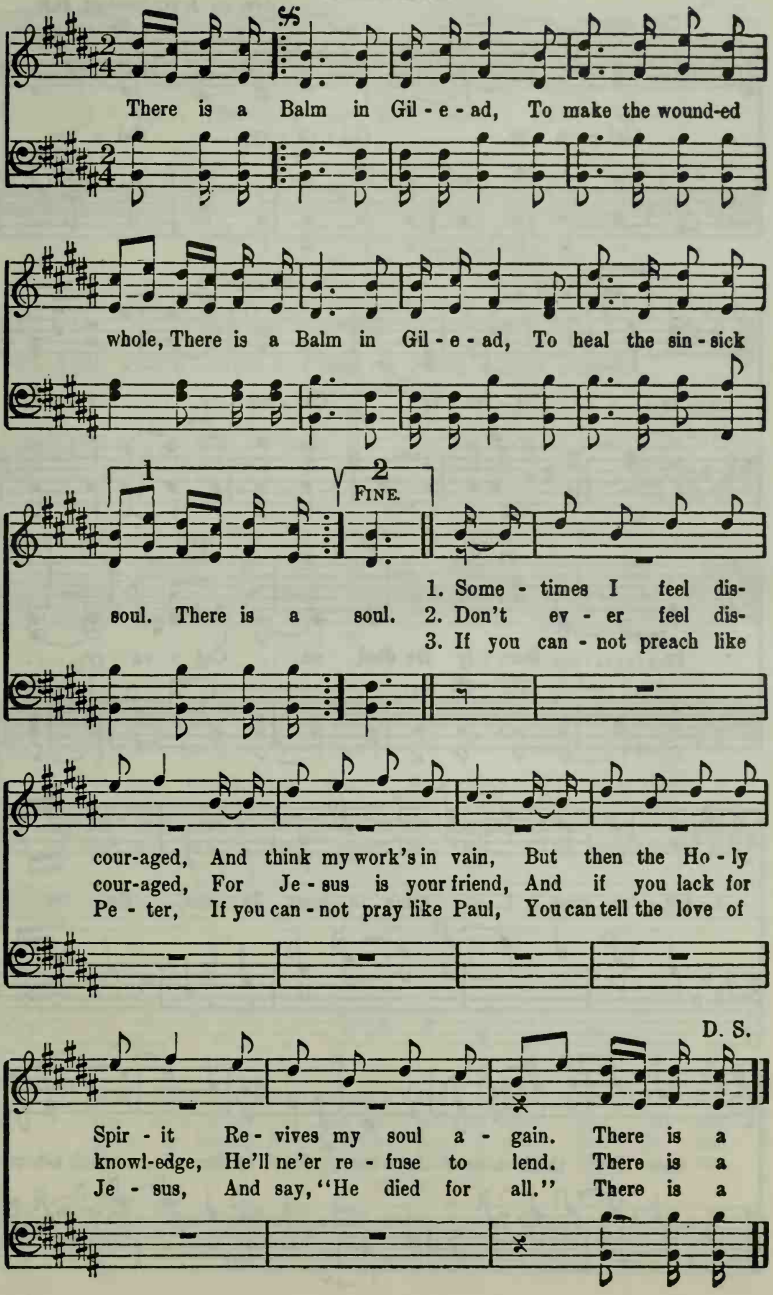
Joyfully.

Arr. by Willa A. Townsend.

Wit-ness,..for my Lord,.... Wit-ness,...for my Lord,....
Wit-ness for my Lord, Wit-ness for my Lord,
1
Wit-ness, for my Lord;.... O, my soul is a wit-ness
Wit-ness for my Lord;
2
FINE.
for my Lord. My soul, is a wit-ness for my Lord.
LEADER.
1. O, I haven't been to Heav'n but I've been told,....My soul is a witness for my Lord;
2. I want to go to Heaven and I want to go right,.....My soul is a witness for my Lord;
3. There isn't but the one thing that grieves my mind,.....My soul is a witness for my Lord;
Hum.....
D. C.
That the streets are pearl and the gates are gold,...My soul is a witness for my Lord.
I want to go to Heav'n all dressed in white,...My soul is a witness for my Lord.
My mother's gone to Heav'n and left me be-hind,...My soul is a witness for my Lord.
Hum....

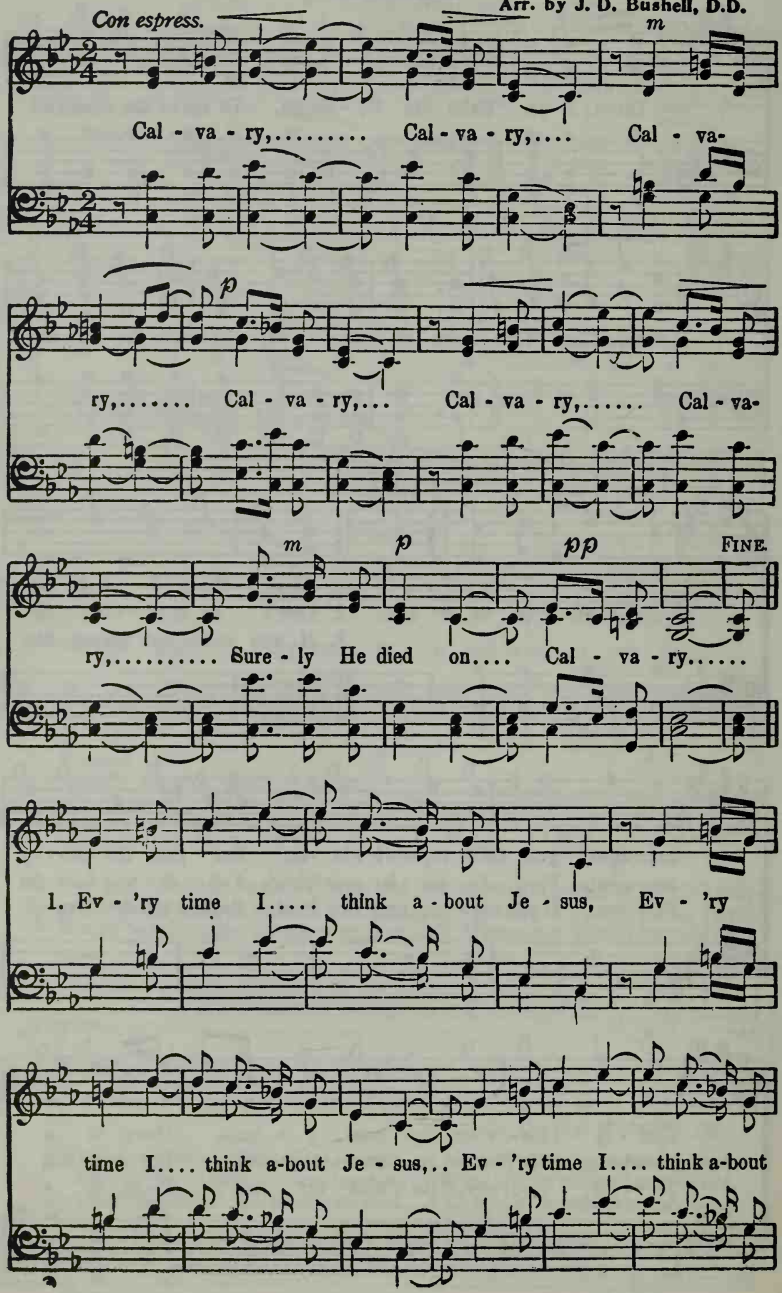
No. 158. Balm in Gilead.

USED BY PERMISSION.

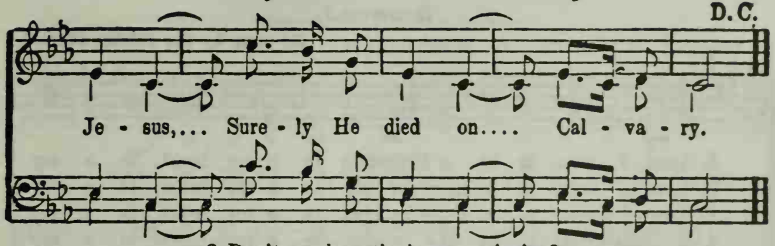

There is a Balm in Gil - e - ad, To make the wound-ed
whole, There is a Balm in Gil - e - ad, To heal the sin - sick
1
2
FINE.
soul. There is a soul.
1. Some - times I feel dis-
2. Don't ev - er feel dis-
3. If you can - not preach like
cour-aged, And think my work's in vain, But then the Ho - ly
cour-aged, For Je - sus is your friend, And if you lack for
Pe - ter, If you can - not pray like Paul, You can tell the love of
D. S.
Spir - it Re - vives my soul a - gain. There is a
knowl-edge, He'll ne'er re - fuse to lend. There is a
Je - sus, And say, "He died for all." There is a

No. 159. Surely He Died On Calvary.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Arr. by J. D. Bushell, D.D.

Con espress.
m
Cal - va - ry,..... Cal - va - ry,.... Cal - va-
p
ry,..... Cal - va - ry,... Cal - va - ry,..... Cal - va-
m
p
pp
FINE.
ry,..... Sure - ly He died on.... Cal - va - ry.....
1. Ev - 'ry time I..... think a - bout Je - sus, Ev - 'ry
time I.... think a-bout Je - sus,.. Ev - 'ry time I.... think a-bout

Surely He Died On Calvary.

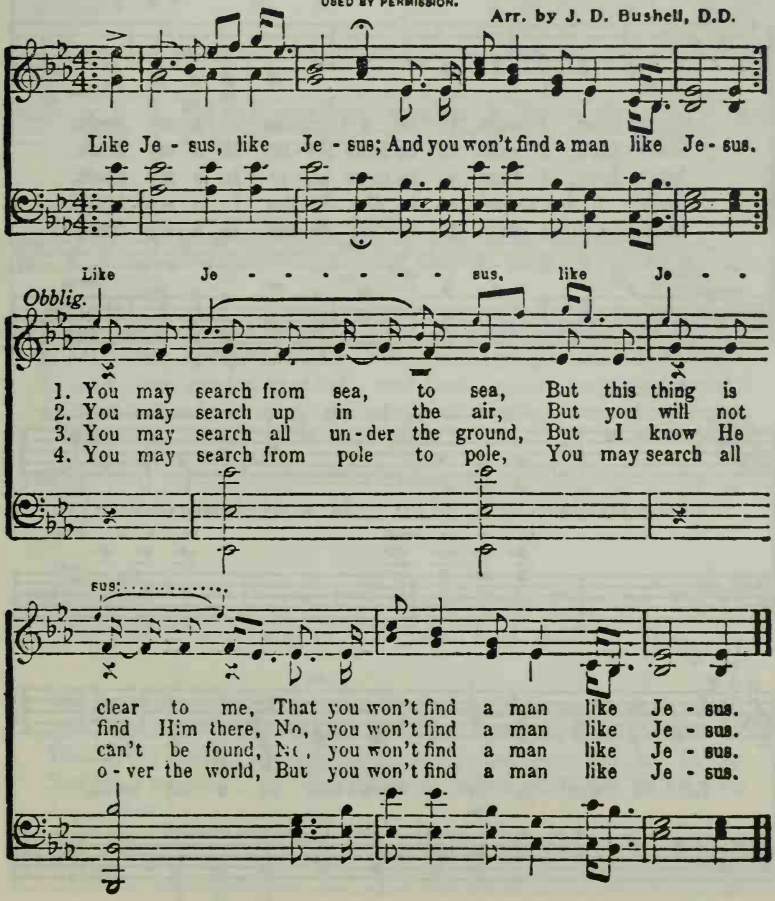


2 Don't you hear the hammer ringing?
3 Don't you hear Him calling His Father?
4 Don't you hear Him say, "It is finished?"
5 Jesus furnished my salvation.
6 Sinner, do you love my Jesus?

No. 160. You Won't Find a Man Like Jesus.

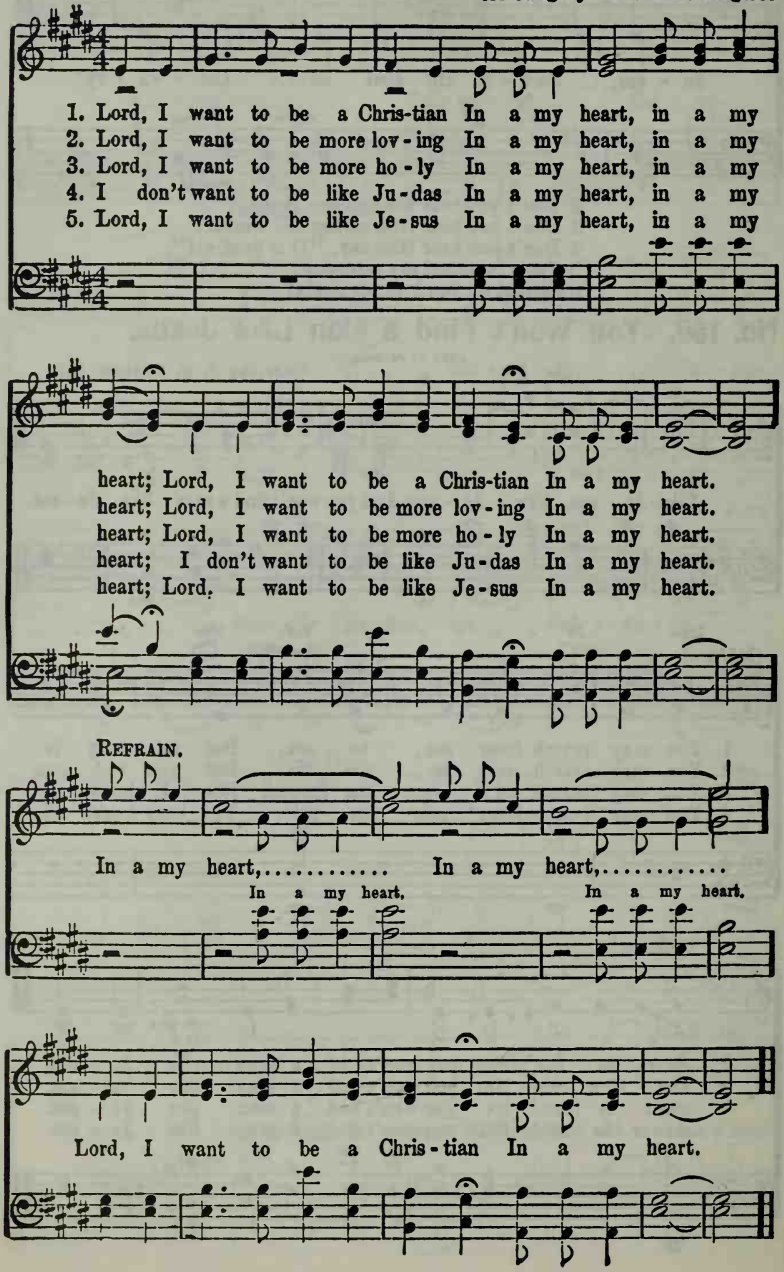
USED BY PERMISSION.

Arr. by J. D. Bushell, D.D.


Like Je - sus, like Je - sus; And you won't find a man like Je - sus.
Like Je - - - - - - - sus, like Je - -
Obblig.
1. You may search from sea, to sea, But this thing is
2. You may search up in the air, But you will not
3. You may search all un - der the ground, But I know He
4. You may search from pole to pole, You may search all
sus:
clear to me, That you won't find a man like Je - sus.
find Him there, No, you won't find a man like Je - sus.
can't be found, No, you won't find a man like Je - sus.
o - ver the world, But you won't find a man like Je - sus.

No. 161. Lord, I Want to Be a Christian.

(SPIRITUAL.)

As sung by the Jubilee Singers.

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In a my heart, in a my
2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In a my heart, in a my
3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In a my heart, in a my
4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In a my heart, in a my
5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In a my heart, in a my
heart; Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In a my heart.
heart; Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In a my heart.
heart; Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In a my heart.
heart; I don't want to be like Ju-das In a my heart.
heart; Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In a my heart.
REFRAIN.
In a my heart,..... In a my heart,.....
In a my heart. In a my heart.
Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In a my heart.

No. 162. Wade In the Water.

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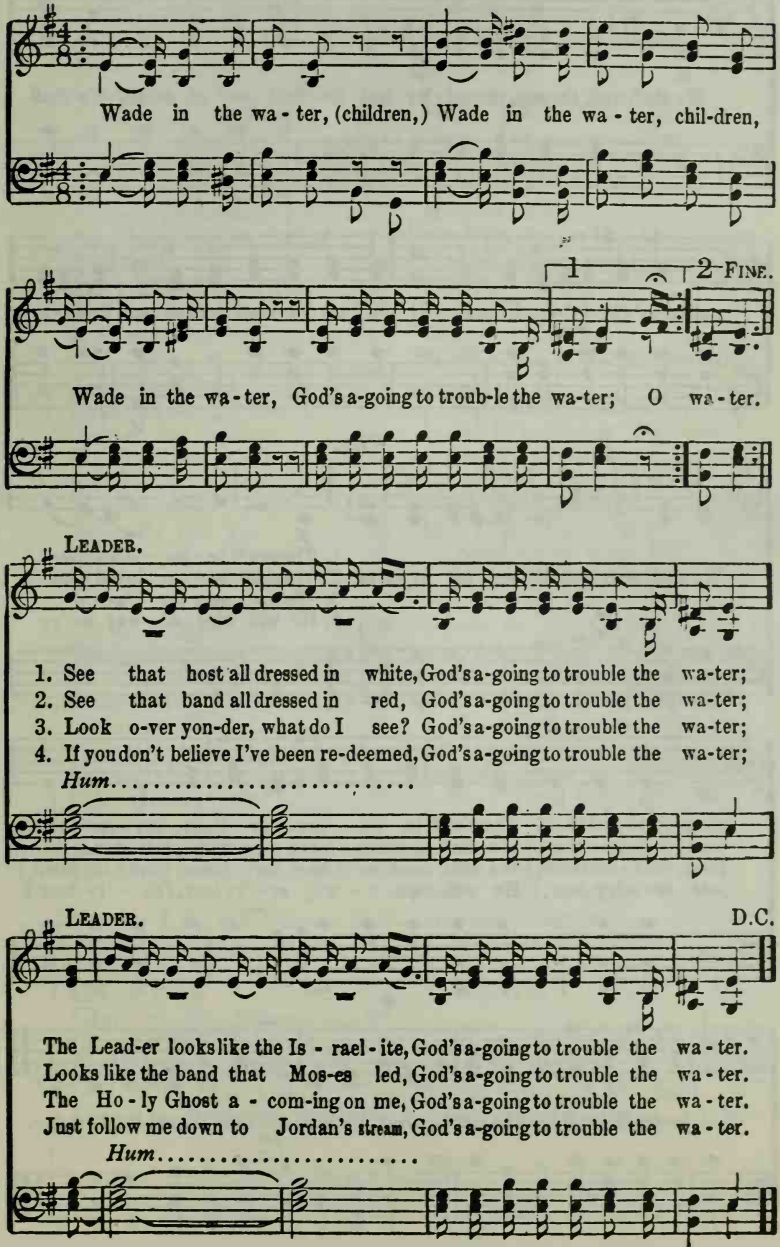
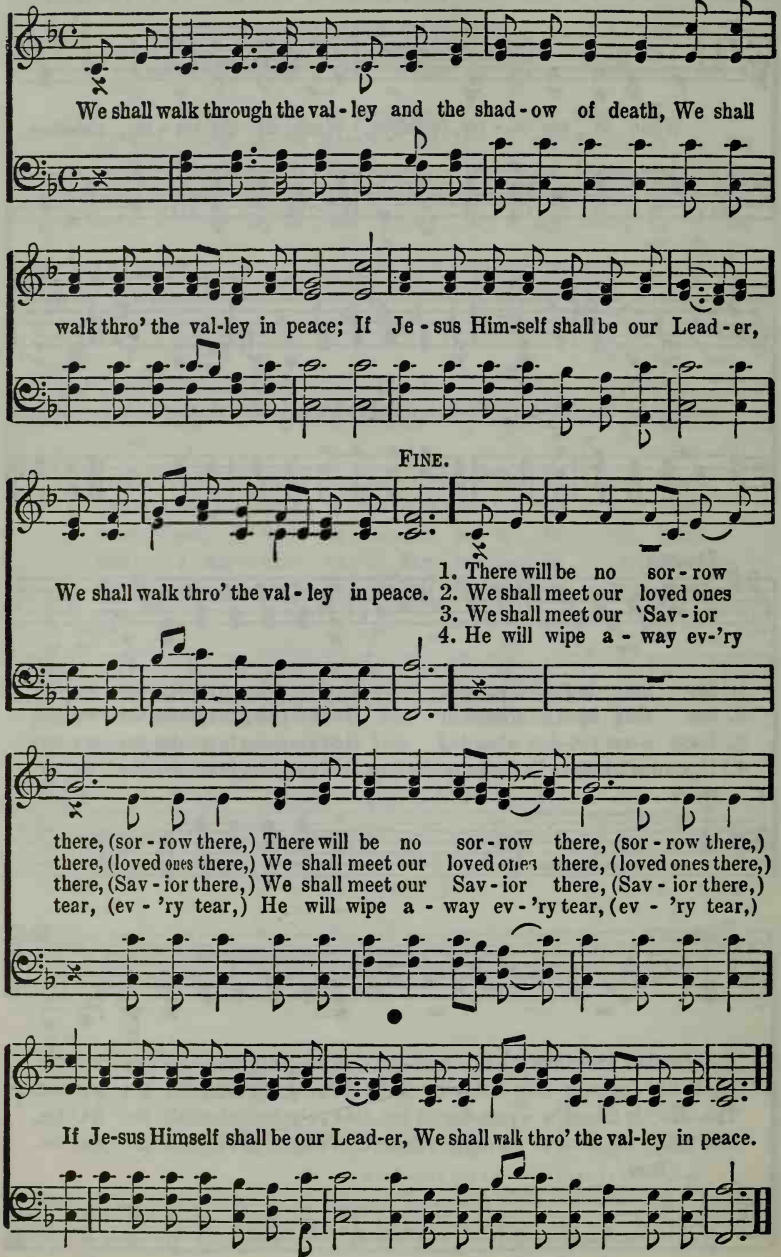
USED BY PERMISSION. Arr. by Willa A. Townsend.

Wade in the wa - ter, (children,) Wade in the wa - ter, chil-dren,
1
2 FINE.
Wade in the wa - ter, God's a-going to troub-le the wa-ter; O wa - ter.
LEADER.
1. See that host all dressed in white, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
2. See that band all dressed in red, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
3. Look o-ver yon-der, what do I see? God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
4. If you don't believe I've been re-deemed, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
Hum.....
LEADER.
D.C.
The Lead-er looks like the Is - rael - ite, God's a-going to trouble the wa - ter.
Looks like the band that Mos-es led, God's a-going to trouble the wa - ter.
The Ho - ly Ghost a - com-ing on me, God's a-going to trouble the wa - ter.
Just follow me down to Jordan's stream, God's a-going to trouble the wa - ter.
Hum.....

No. 163. We Shall Walk Through the Valley.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

Work Brothers.

We shall walk through the val - ley and the shad - ow of death, We shall
walk thro' the val-ley in peace; If Je - sus Him-self shall be our Lead - er,
FINE.
We shall walk thro' the val - ley in peace.
1. There will be no sor - row
2. We shall meet our loved ones
3. We shall meet our 'Sav - ior
4. He will wipe a - way ev-'ry
there, (sor - row there,) There will be no sor - row there, (sor - row there,)
there, (loved ones there,) We shall meet our loved ones there, (loved ones there,)
there, (Sav - ior there,) We shall meet our Sav - ior there, (Sav - ior there,)
tear, (ev - 'ry tear,) He will wipe a - way ev - 'ry tear, (ev - 'ry tear,)
If Je-sus Himself shall be our Lead-er, We shall walk thro' the val-ley in peace.

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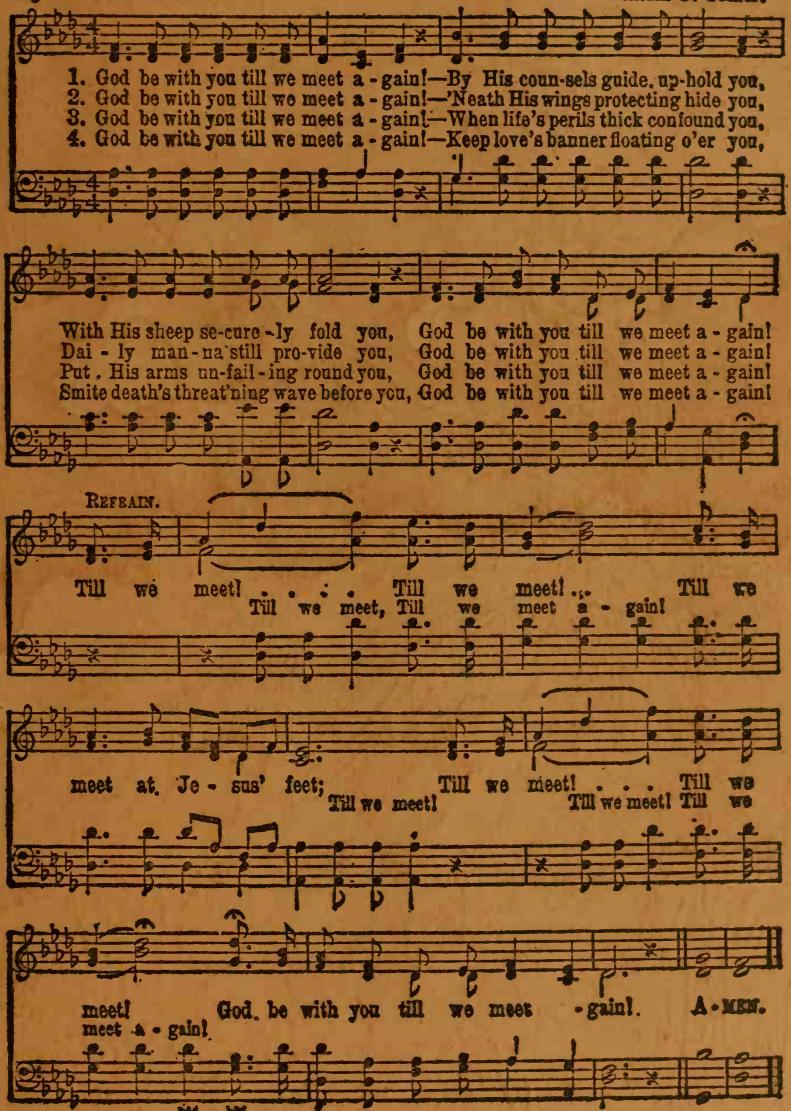
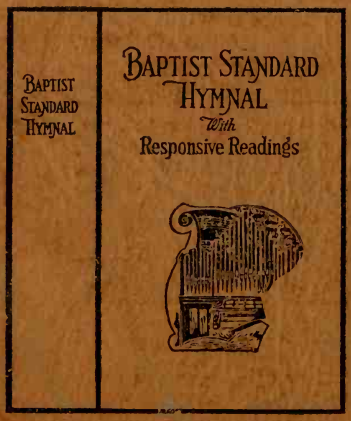
God Be With You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS. 16: 20.

Jeremiah R. Rankin. William G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
REFRAIN.
Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.



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